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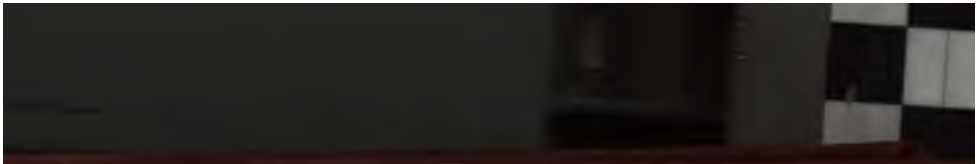

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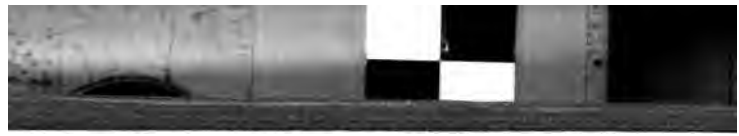

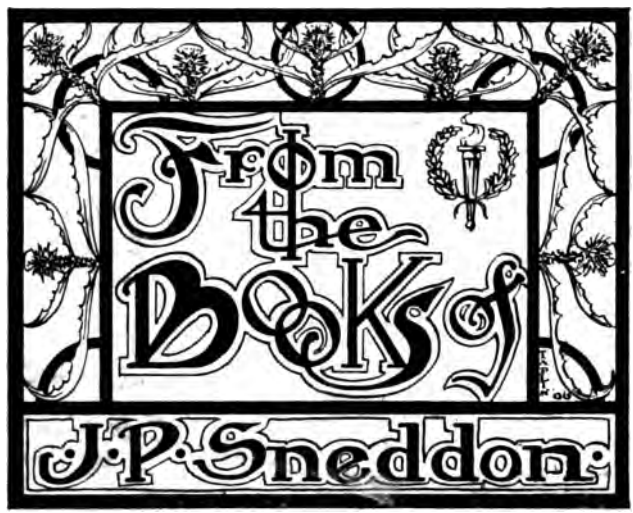
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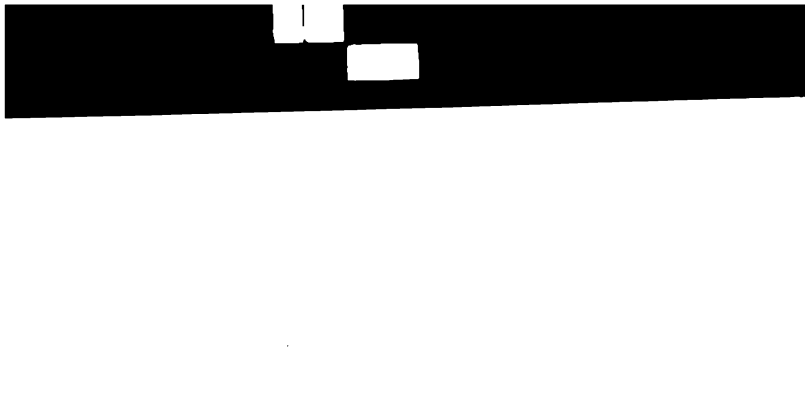

Charles Kingsley, age 48.
Reproduced from the Reich portrait.

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THE WORKS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY

VOLUME VII

VOLUMES I AND II

LETTERS AND MEMORIES

John D. Morris & Company
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Dedicated

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY

OF

A RIGHTEOUS MAN

WHO LOVED GOD AND TRUTH ABOVE ALL THINGS,
A MAN OF UNTARNISHED HONOR—
LOYAL AND CHIVALROUS — GENTLE AND STRONG —
MODEST AND HUMBLE — TENDER AND TRUE —
PITIFUL TO THE WEAK — YEARNING AFTER THE ERRING —
STERN TO ALL FORMS OF WRONG AND OPPRESSION,
YET MOST STERN TOWARDS HIMSELF —
WHO BEING ANGRY, YET SINNED NOT.
WHOSE HIGHEST VIRTUES WERE KNOWN ONLY
TO HIS WIFE, HIS CHILDREN, HIS SERVANTS, AND THE POOR.
WHO LIVED IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD HERE,
AND PASSING THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH
NOW LIVETH UNTO GOD FOR EVERMORE.

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INTRODUCTION

A MORE lasting and beautiful tribute to the beloved dead can hardly be imagined than "Charles Kingsley's Letters and Memories of his Life," edited by his wife; and what is most striking, perhaps, is the complete elimination of the author's own personality. Indeed, but for the avowal on the titlepage, "by his wife," the biography might have been written by some intimate friend, and, for aught the reader knew, the wife of Charles Kingsley might have been a nonentity in the household.

How different was the reality! His equal intellectually, and as a literary critic possibly his superior — with a man's power of grasping great subjects — she was withal the most womanly of wives and mothers. In all his literary work she was his adviser. Poems, novels, lectures, sermons, passed under her supervision, and often she acted as his amanuensis. The entire care of the household was taken off his shoulders, and if he might be termed the father of Eversley Parish, surely she was no less the mother, — beloved alike by rich and poor.

And above all, when overworked and discouraged, as he was at times, by attacks on his writings and utterances, he could turn to her for comfort and renewed strength:

> "Till the heart which at even was weary and old
> Could rise in the morning gay,
> Sweet wife;
> To its work in the morning gay."

It has been commented on that no mention is made of Charles Kingsley's brothers, George and Henry, and of his sister, Mrs. Chaunter; but we also find no reference to Mrs. Kingsley's own family except the statement that she was the daughter of Pascoe Penfell, Esq., of Tablow. This was done purposely. As she expressed it to one of her children: "I propose to write a biography of your father — as I saw him and as the world should see him — and not a family history of the Kingsleys and Penfells — any one can do that: but only I know Charles Kingsley's every thought and action."

In her labor of love — for such one must call it — she was pre-eminently successful. It is not always easy to form a true opinion of the man from his writings; and Charles Kingsley's very versatility made it the more difficult in his case, so many of his deepest thoughts being expressed in allegory. For instance, in the child's story of

"The Water-Babies," veiled in exquisite fun, are hidden the deepest riddles of human life and thought; and his letter in reference to the book written to Frederick Maurice, and printed in the Memories, gives the key note to the underlying mystery, so far as he cared to explain it. This is a single instance, but in many other ways the Memories will interpret the man in his true light to those who did not know him personally. This is done principally in the form of his letters, with sufficient comment by the author to make it a short, consecutive, history of her husband's life and works. These letters reveal the reasons for many utterances which might be misunderstood, or, as has happened in several cases, which have been wilfully misinterpreted; and they prove, above all, Charles Kingsley's innate rightmindedness and honesty of purpose.

Of the charm and beauty of their home life, it is not for me to speak: suffice it to say that the hope, expressed by the Rector of Eversley to his future wife:

> "So we through this world's waning night
> May, hand in hand, pursue our way;
> Shed round us order, love, and light,
> And shine into the perfect day" —

was verified. And now, in a corner of the quiet little church-yard at Eversley, under the shadow

of the giant pines they loved so well, stands a white cross over the grave of Charles Kingsley and Fanny Eliza, his wife, united in life and in death, with this inscription carved upon it:

"Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus."

M. K.

PREFACE

IN bringing out these volumes, thanks are due and gratefully offered to all who have generously given their help to the work; — to the many known and unknown Correspondents who have treasured and lent the letters now first made public; — to the publishers who have allowed quotations to be made from Mr. Kingsley's published works; — but above all, to the friends who have so eloquently borne witness to his character and genius. These written testimonies to their father's worth are a rich inheritance to his children, and God only knows the countless unwritten ones, of souls rescued from doubt, darkness, error, and sin, of work done, the worth of which can never be calculated upon earth, of seed sown which has borne, and will still bear fruit for years, perhaps for generations to come, when the name of CHARLES KINGSLEY is forgotten, while his unconscious influence will endure treasured up in the eternal world, where nothing really good or

great can be lost or pass away, to be revealed at that Day when God's Book shall be opened and the thoughts of all hearts be made known.

F. E. K.

BYFLEET, *October*, 1876.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

" Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE."

CHAPTER I

1819–1838

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE — INHERITED TALENTS — REMOVAL FROM DEVONSHIRE — CLIFTON — BARNACK AND ITS GHOST-CHAMBER — FIRST SERMON AND POEMS — CHILDISH CHARACTER — EFFECT OF FEN SCENERY ON HIS MIND — LIFE AT CLOVELLY — SCHOOL LIFE AT CLIFTON AND HELSTON — CHELSEA — KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

And Nature, the old Nurse, took
  The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story book
  Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come wander with me," she said,
  "Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
  In the Manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
  With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
  The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long
  Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
  Or tell a more wonderful tale.

. . . . . .

LONGFELLOW.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, son of Charles Kingsley, of Battramsley in the New Forest, was born on the 12th of June, 1819, at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, Devonshire. His family claimed descent from the

Kingsleys of Kingsley or Vale Royal, in Delamere Forest, and from Rannulph de Kingsley, whose name in an old family pedigree stands as "Grantee of the Forest of Mara and Mondrem from Randall Meschines, ante 1128." Charles's father was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and was a man of cultivation and refinement, a good linguist, an artist, a keen sportsman and natural historian. He had been brought up with fair expectations as a country gentleman, but having been left an orphan early in life, and his fortune squandered for him during his minority, he soon spent what was left, and at the age of thirty was obliged, for the first time, to think of a profession. Being too old for the army, he decided on the Church, sold his hunters and land, and, with a young wife, went for a second time to college, and read for Holy Orders at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was curate of Holne when his son was born.

Charles's mother, born in the West Indies, but brought up in England, was a remarkable woman, full of poetry and enthusiasm. Keenly alive to the charms of scenery, and highly imaginative, she believed that all impressions made on her own mind before the birth of her child, by the romantic surroundings of her Devonshire home, would be transmitted to him; and in this faith gave herself up to the enjoyment of the exquisite scenery of Holne and Dartmoor, the Chase, the hills, the lovely river Dart which flowed below the grounds of the little parsonage, and of every sight and sound which she hoped would be dear to her child in after life. These hopes were realized, and though her little son left Holne when he was six weeks old, and never saw his birthplace till he

was a man of thirty, yet Devonshire scenes and associations had always a mysterious charm for him.

"I firmly believe," he said in after life, "in the magnetic effect of the place where one has been bred; and have continually the true 'heimweh' home-sickness of the Swiss and Highlanders. The thought of the West Country will make me burst into tears at any moment. Wherever I am it always hangs before my imagination as *home*, and I feel myself a stranger and a sojourner in a foreign land the moment I get east of Taunton Dean, on the Mendips. It may be fancy, but it is most real, and practical, as many fancies are."

Charles Kingsley was an instance of the truth of Mr. Darwin's theory, "That genius which implies a wonderfully complex combination of high faculties tends to be inherited;" for, from his father's side, he inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood—the men of his family having been soldiers for generations, some of them having led troops to battle at Naseby, Minden, and elsewhere. And from the mother's side came, not only his love of travel, science, and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humor, and a force and originality which characterized the women of her family of a still older generation. His maternal grandfather, Nathan Lucas, of Farley Hall, who had estates in the West Indies and Demerara, and was for many years a judge in Barbadoes, was a man of science and letters; a great traveller, and the intimate friend of Sir Joseph Banks and the distinguished John Hunter. His stories of tropical scenes, and reminiscences of the old war times, during which

he had been on board his friend Lord Rodney's ship, the "Formidable," in the great naval engagement off St. Lucia, were the delight of Charles's boyhood, and woke up in him that longing to see the West Indies which was at last accomplished.

"We are," he says himself, when writing to Mr. Galton, in 1865, on his book on Hereditary Talent, where the Kingsleys as a family are referred to, "but the *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl. . . ."

But to return. His father, after leaving Holne, went to Clifton in Nottinghamshire; and, while curate there, the Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Herbert Marsh, made him his Examining Chaplain and gave him the living of Barnack to hold for six years. Barnack Rectory was a fine old house, built in the fourteenth century, and contained a celebrated haunted room called Button Cap, which is still looked upon with mysterious dread by the parishioners. On one occasion, when ill of brain fever, little Charles was moved into this room, and for years afterwards his imagination was haunted by the weird sights and sounds associated with that time in his memory. To this he attributed his strong disbelief in the existence of ghosts in later years, telling his own children he

had heard too many ghosts in old Button Cap's room at Barnack to have much respect for them. He thus describes the room to Mrs. Francis Pelham:

EVERSLEY, 1864. — "Of Button Cap — he lived in the Great North Room at Barnack. I knew him well. He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the leaves of books to find the missing deed, whereof he had defrauded the orphan and the widow. He was an old Rector of Barnack. Everybody heard him who chose. Nobody ever saw him; but in spite of that, he wore a flowered dressing-gown, and a cap with a button on it. I never heard of any skeleton being found; and Button Cap's history had nothing to do with murder, only with avarice and cheating. Sometimes he turned cross and played Polter-geist, as the Germans say, rolling the barrels in the cellar about with surprising noise, which was undignified. So he was always ashamed of himself, and put them all back in their places before morning. I suppose he is gone now. Ghosts hate mortally a certificated National Schoolmaster, and (being a vain and peevish generation) as soon as people give up believing in them, go away in a huff — or perhaps some one had been laying phosphoric paste about, and he ate thereof and ran down to the pond, and drank till he burst. He was rats!"

Charles was a precocious child, and his poems and sermons date from four years old. His delight was to make a little pulpit in his nursery, from which, after arranging the chairs for an imaginary congregation, and putting on his pinafore as a surplice, he would deliver addresses of a rather severe tone of theology. His mother, unknown to him, took them down at the time,

and the Bishop of Peterborough, to whom she showed them, thought them so remarkable for such a young child, that he predicted that the boy would grow up to be no common man. These are among the specimens his mother kept. The sermon was written at four years old, the poem at four years and eight months.

FIRST SERMON

"It is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing. Christ has shown us true religion. We must follow God, and not follow the devil, for if we follow the devil we shall go into that everlasting fire, and if we follow God, we shall go to Heaven. When the tempter came to Christ in the Wilderness, and told him to make the stones into bread, he said, Get thee behind me, Satan. He has given us a sign and an example how we should overcome the devil. It is written in the Bible that we should love our neighbor, and not covet his house, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his wife, nor anything that is his. It is to a certainty that we cannot describe how thousands and ten thousands have been wicked; and nobody can tell how the devil can be chained in hell. Nor can we describe how many men and women and children have been good. And if we go to Heaven we shall find them all singing to God in the highest. And if we go to hell, we shall find all the wicked ones gnashing and wailing their teeth, as God describes in the Bible. If humanity, honesty, and good religion fade, we can to a certainty get them back, by being good again. Religion is reading good books, doing good actions, and not telling lies and speaking evil, and not calling their brother Fool and Raca. And if we rebel against God, He will to a certainty cast us into hell.

And one day, when a great generation of people came to Christ in the Wilderness, he said, Yea ye generation of vipers!"

SONG UPON LIFE

"Life is, and soon will pass;
As life is gone, death will come.
We — we rise again —
In Heaven we must abide.
Time passes quickly;
He flies on wings as light as silk.
We must die.
It is not false that we must rise again;
Death has its fatal sting,
It brings us to the grave.
Time and Death is and must be."

Charles was a delicate, nervous, and painfully sensitive child — he twice had brain fever, and was subject to dangerous attacks of croup. He was always remarkable for his thirst for knowledge and love of physical science. A friend remembers him now, as a little boy in the study at Barnack, repeating his Latin lesson to his father, with his eyes fixed all the time on the fire in the grate. At last he could stand it no longer; there was a pause in the Latin, and Charles cried out, "I do declare, papa, there is pyrites in the coal."

At Barnack the boy's earliest sporting tastes and love of natural history were developed; for his father was one of the old-fashioned type of English clergymen, "where," it has been said, "the country gentleman forms the basis of the character which the minister of the Gospel completes," and while an excellent parish priest was a keen sportsman; so as soon as Charles was old enough, he was mounted on his father's horse in front of

the keeper on shooting-days to bring back the game-bag — a rich one in days when wild duck and coot, bittern and bustard, ruffs and reeves were plentiful in the Fen. Butterflies of species now extinct, were not uncommon then, and used to delight the eyes of the young naturalist. The sunsets of the Great Fen, all the more striking from the wide sweep of horizon, were never forgotten, and low flat scenery had always a charm for him in after life from the memory of those days. "They have a beauty of their own, those great Fens; a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom. Overhead the arch of Heaven spreads more ample than elsewhere, and that vastness gives such cloudlands, such sunrises, such sunsets, as can be seen nowhere else within these isles." — (Preface to "Hereward.") Again, in a lecture given to a Mechanics' Institute at Cambridge on the Fens, in 1867, he says:

"The fancy may linger without blame, over the shining meres, the golden reed-beds, the countless waterfowl, the strange and gaudy insects, the wild nature, the mystery, the majesty — for mystery and majesty there were — which haunted the deep fens for many hundred years. Little thinks the Scotsman, whirled down by the Great Northern Railway from Peterborough to Huntingdon, what a grand place, even twenty years ago, was that Holme and Whittlesea, which is now but a black unsightly steaming flat, from which the meres and reed-beds of the old world are gone, while the corn and roots of the new world have not as yet taken their place. But grand enough it was, that black ugly place, when backed by Caistor Hanglands and Holme Wood and the patches of the primeval forest; while dark green alders, and pale green reeds, stretched for miles round the

broad lagoon, where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around; while high overhead hung motionless, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see. Far off, upon the silver mere, would rise a puff of smoke from a punt, invisible from its flatness and white paint. Then down the wind came the boom of the great stanchion gun; and after that sound, another sound, louder as it neared; a cry as of all the bells of Cambridge and all the hounds of Cottesmore; and overhead rushed and whirled the skein of terrified wild-fowl, screaming, piping, clacking, croaking, —filling the air with the hoarse rattle of their wings, while clear above all sounded the wild whistle of the curlew and the trumpet note of the great wild swan. They are all gone now. No longer do the ruffs trample the sedge into a hard floor in their fighting rings, while the sober reeves stand round, admiring the tournament of their lovers, gay with ruffs and tippets, no two of them alike. Gone are ruffs and reeves, spoonbills, bitterns, avosets; the very snipe, one hears, disdains to breed. Gone, too, not only from the Fens, but from the whole world, is that most exquisite of butterflies — *Lycæna dispar* — the great copper; and many a curious insect more." ["Prose Idylls."]

This picture, stamped on the boy's young mind, inspired him in after years in writing the story of Hereward the Wake.

In 1830 Mr. Kingsley gave up the living of Barnack, which he had held for Bishop Marsh's son, and went into Devonshire, where Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Clovelly Court, presented him to the rectory of Clovelly.

Here a fresh life opened for Charles; a new edu-

cation began for him; a new world was revealed to him. The contrast between the sturdy Fen men and the sailors and fishermen at Clovelly — between the flat Eastern Counties, and the rocky Devonshire coast with its rich vegetation, its new fauna and flora, and blue sea with the long Atlantic swell, filled him with delight and wonder. At Clovelly he and his brothers had their boat and their ponies, and Charles at once plunged into the study of conchology. His parents, both people of excitable natures and poetic feeling, shared in the boy's enthusiasm. The new elements of their life at Clovelly, the unique scenery, the impressionable character of the people and their singular beauty, the courage of the men and boys, and the passionate sympathy of the women in the wild life of their husbands and sons, threw a charm of romance over the parish work. The people sprang to touch the more readily under the influence of their new rector — a man, who, physically their equal, feared no danger, and could steer a boat, hoist and lower a sail, "shoot" a herring net, and haul a seine as one of themselves. Mr. Kingsley's ministrations in church and in the cottages were acceptable to dissenters as well as church people. And when the herring fleet put to sea, whatever the weather might be, he would start off "down street," for the Quay, with his wife and boys, to give a short parting service, at which "men who worked," and "women who wept," would join in singing the 121st Psalm out of the old Prayer Book, as those only can who have death and danger staring them in the face; and who, "though storms be sudden, and waters deep," can boldly say:

"To Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid,
From Sion's Hill and Sion's God
Who heaven and earth has made."

Such memories made this Psalm, in Tate and Brady's rough versification, more dear and speaking to Charles in after life, than any hymn "ancient or modern" of more artistic form. Such memories still make the name of Kingsley a household word in Clovelly.

A life so full of romantic and often tragic incidents must needs leave its mark on Charles's mind. One day especially would rise up often before him in contrast to the still summer brightness of Clovelly:

"when the old bay lay darkened with the gray columns of the water-spouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale; and the tiny herring-boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone, a single dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fulness of strength and courage. Hardly an old playmate of mine but is drowned and gone.[1] . . ."

Such were the scenes which colored his boyhood, were reflected in his after life, and produced the song of "Three Fishers," which was not a mere creation of his imagination, but the literal tran-

[1] "North Devon." ("Prose Idylls.")

script of what he had seen again and again in Devonshire. "Now that you have seen the dear old Paradise," he said to his wife, after her first visit to Clovelly in 1854, "you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you."

In 1831, Charles went to Clifton, to Mr. Knight's preparatory school, who describes him as an "affectionate boy, gentle and fond of quiet," glad to leave the boys' school-room and take refuge with his tutor's daughters and their governess; capable of making remarkable translations of Latin verse into English; a passionate lover of natural history; and only excited to vehement anger when the housemaid swept away as rubbish some of the treasures collected in his walks on the Downs. The Bristol Riots, which took place in the autumn of 1831, were the marked event in his life at Clifton. He had been a timid boy previous to this time, but the horror of the scenes which he witnessed seemed to wake up a new courage in him.

"It was in this very City of Bristol, twenty-seven years ago," he says, when giving a lecture there in 1858, "that I received my first lesson in what is now called 'social science,' and yet, alas, ten years elapsed ere I could even spell out that lesson, though it had been written for me (as well as for all England) in letters of flame, from one end of the country to the other. I was a school-boy in Clifton up above. I had been hearing of political disturbances, even of riots, of which I understood nothing, and for which I cared nothing. But on one memorable Sunday afternoon I saw an object which was distinctly not political. It was an afternoon of sullen autumn rain. The fog hung thick over the docks and lowlands. Glaring through that fog I saw a bright

mass of flame — almost like a half-risen sun. That, I was told, was the gate of the new jail on fire — that the prisoners had been set free; — that ——. But why speak of what too many here recollect but too well? The fog rolled slowly upward. Dark figures, even at that great distance, were flitting to and fro across what seemed the mouth of the pit. The flame increased — multiplied — at one point after another; till, by ten o'clock that night, one seemed to be looking down upon Dante's Inferno, and to hear the multitudinous moan and wail of the lost spirits surging to and fro amid that sea of fire. Right behind Brandon Hill — how can I ever forget it? —rose the central mass of fire, till the little mound seemed converted into a volcano, from the peak of which the flame streamed up, not red alone, but delicately, green and blue, pale rose and pearly white, while crimson sparks leapt and fell again in the midst of that rainbow, not of hope, but of despair; and dull explosions down below mingled with the roar of the mob, and the infernal hiss and crackle of the flame. Higher and higher the fog was scorched and shrivelled upward by the fierce heat below, glowing through and through with red reflected glare, till it arched itself into one vast dome of red-hot iron, fit roof for all the madness down below — and beneath it, miles away, I could see the lonely tower of Dundry shining red — the symbol of the old faith, looking down in stately wonder and sorrow upon the fearful birth-throes of a new age. . . . It was on the Tuesday or Wednesday after that I saw another, and still more awful sight. Along the north side of Queen Square, in front of ruins which had been three days before noble buildings, lay a ghastly row, not of corpses, but of corpse-fragments, and there was one charred fragment — with a scrap of old red petticoat adhering to it, which I never forgot — which, I trust in God, I never shall forget. It is good for a man to be

brought, once at least in his life, face to face with fact, ultimate fact, however horrible it may be; and have to confess to himself, shuddering, what things are possible upon God's earth, when man has forgotten that his only welfare is in living after the likeness of God." — (Miscellanies: Great Cities and their Influence for Good and Evil.)

From Clifton Charles went to Helston School. His parents had thought of both Rugby and Eton for him. Dr. Hawtry, head-master of Eton, who had heard of the boy's talent, was anxious to have him there, and Dr. Arnold was at that time at Rugby. But the strong Tory principles and evangelical views of his parents (in the former, Charles at that time sympathized) decided them against Rugby — a decision which their son deeply regretted for many reasons, when he grew up. It was his own conviction that nothing but a public school education would have overcome his constitutional shyness, a shyness which he never lost, and which was naturally increased by the hesitation in his speech — "That fearful curse of stammering," as he calls it, "which has been my misery since my childhood." This was a sore trial to him through life; and he often wished, he said, as he entered a room or spoke in public or private, that the earth would open and swallow him up there and then.

Helston School was then under the head-mastership of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Rev. Charles A. Johns, who was then second master, and a first-rate botanist, soon made himself Charles's companion, encouraging his young pupil in all his tastes, and going long rambles with him on the neighboring

moors and on the sea-coast, in search of wild flowers and minerals. Here Charles formed the dearest and most lasting friendship of his life, with Richard Cowley Powles, afterwards Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford.

"It was at Helston, in January, 1833," says Mr. Powles, "when we were each in our fourteenth year, that Charles and I first became acquainted. I remember the long, low room, dimly lighted by a candle on a table at the further end, where the brothers were sitting, engaged at the moment of my entrance in a course of (not uncharacteristic) experiments with gunpowder. Almost from the time of our first introduction Charles and I became friends, and subsequently we shared a study. Looking back on those school-boy days, one can trace without difficulty the elements of character that made his maturer life remarkable. Of him more than of most men who have become famous it may be said 'the boy was father of the man.' The vehement spirit, the adventurous courage, the love of truth, the impatience of injustice, the quick and tender sympathy, that distinguished the man's entrance on public life, were all in the boy, as any of those who knew him then and are still living will remember; and there was, besides, the same eagerness in the pursuit of physical knowledge, the same keen observation of the world around him, and the same thoughtful temper of tracing facts to principles.

"For all his good qualities, Charles was not popular as a school-boy. He knew too much, and his mind was generally on a higher level than ours. Then, too, though strong and active, Charles was not expert at games. He never made 'a score' at cricket. In mere feats of agility and adventure he was among the foremost; and on one of the very last times I ever saw him

he was recalling an old exploit in which he had only two competitors. Our play-ground was separated by a lane, not very narrow, and very deep, from a field on the opposite side. To jump from the play-ground wall to the wall opposite, and to jump back, was a considerable trial of nerve and muscle. The walls, which were not quite on a level, were rounded at the top, and a fall into the deep lane must have involved broken bones. This jump was one of Charles's favorite performances. Again, I remember his climbing a tall tree to take an egg from a hawk's nest. For three or four days he had done this with impunity. There came an afternoon, however, when the hawk was on her nest, and on the intruder's putting in his hand as usual the results were disastrous. To most boys the surprise of the hawk's attack, apart from the pain inflicted by her claws, would have been fatal. They would have loosed their hold of the tree, and tumbled down. But Charles did not flinch. He came down as steadily as if nothing had happened, though his wounded hand was streaming with blood. It was wonderful how well he bore pain. On one occasion, having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by cautery. He heated the poker red-hot in the schoolroom fire, and calmly applied it two or three times till he was satisfied that his object was attained. His own endurance of pain did not, however, make him careless of suffering in others. He was very tender-hearted — often more so than his school-fellows could understand; and what they did not understand they were apt to ridicule. The moral quality that pre-eminently distinguished him as a boy, was the generosity with which he forgave offence. He was keenly sensitive to ridicule; nothing irritated him more; and he had often excessive provocation from those who could not enter into his feelings, or appreciate the workings of his mind. But with the moment of offence the memory of it passed away. He

had no place for vindictiveness in his heart. Again and again I have seen him chafed to intensest exasperation by boys with whom half an hour afterwards he has mixed with the frankest good-humor. How keen his feelings were none of his surviving school-fellows will forget, who were with us at the time his brother Herbert died. Herbert had had an attack of rheumatic fever, but was supposed to be recovering, when one afternoon he suddenly passed away. Charles was summoned from the room where we were all sitting in ignorance of what had just taken place. All at once a cry of anguish burst upon us, such as, after more than forty years, I remember as if it were yesterday. There was no need to tell the awe-struck listeners what had happened.

"Charles's chief taste was for physical science; for botany and geology he had an absolute enthusiasm. Whatever time he could spare he gave to these. He liked nothing better than to sally out, hammer in hand and his botanical tin slung round his neck, on some long expedition in quest of new plants, and to investigate the cliffs within a few miles of Helston, dear to every geologist. For the study of language he had no great liking. Later on, Greek and Latin interested him because of their subject-matter; but for classics, in the school-boy sense of the term, he had no turn. He would work hard at them by fits and starts — on the eve of an examination, for instance; but his industry was intermittent and against the grain. His passion was for natural science, and for art. With regard to the former I think his zeal was led by a strong religious feeling — a sense of the nearness of God in His works. Thus he writes at sixteen years of age to one of two friends, in whose intercourse with each other he was much interested: 'Teach her a love of nature. Stir her imagination, and excite her awe and delight by your example. Point out to her the sublime and terrible, the lovely and joyous, and let

her look on them both with the same over-ruling feeling, with a reference to their Maker. Teach her to love God, teach her to love Nature. God is love; and the more we love Him, the more we love all around us.' In the same letter occurs a passage bearing on art. It shows that, so far as he had then gone, the writer had definite views and conceptions of his own on subjects of which boys of his age — I am speaking of forty years ago — had hardly begun to think at all. 'I love paintings. They and poetry are identical — the one is the figures, the other the names of beauty and feeling of every kind. Of all the painters Vandyke and Murillo are to my mind the most exquisitely poetical. Rubens is magnificent, but dreadful. His "Day of Judgement" is the most *awful* picture I ever saw. It rapt me in awe and horror, and I stood riveted for many minutes in astonishment. What must the original at Dusseldorf be in which the figures are as large as life!' . . ."

In recalling the school days of his pupil, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge writes:

". . . Charles was a tall, slight boy, of keen visage, and of great bodily activity, high-spirited, earnest, and energetic, giving full promise of the intellectual powers, and moral qualities, by which he was afterwards distinguished. Though not a close student, he was an eager reader and inquirer, sometimes in very out of the way quarters. I once found him busily engaged with an old copy of 'Porphyry and Iamblichus,' which he had ferreted out of my library. Truly a remarkable boy, original to the verge of eccentricity, and yet a thorough boy, fond of sport, and up to any enterprise — a genuine out-of-doors English boy. His account of a walk or run would often display considerable eloquence; the impediment in his speech, rather adding to the effect. In manner he was strikingly courteous, and thus, with his

wide and ready sympathies, and bright intelligence, was popular alike with all."

From Helston Charles writes to his mother:

"I am now quite settled and very happy. I read my Bible every night, and try to profit by what I read, and I am sure I do. I am more happy now than I have been for a long time; but I do not like to talk about it, but to prove it by my conduct. I am keeping a journal of my actions and thoughts, and I hope it will be useful to me. . . ."

May 16, 1835.—"I have just received your letter about the plants, and I wish to tell you that you must not send the new plant away without either finding me some more, or keeping one piece. I entreat you, get me a bit. It can hardly be an arum, and they ought to be able to find out whether it is an orchis or not. Dry me as much spurge as you can—as much bird's-nest orchis, and plenty of tway-blade, of which there are quantities in the long walk—all the Arabis to be found, woodruff, Marsh marigold, and cockle. Give my love to Emily, and ask her to dry me some Adoxa. The plant in the moors is in flower now. Menyanthes trifoliata is its name, and we have found it here long ago. I question whether that is really 'Arabis stricta;' Hirsuta, it is very likely to be. If it is 'stricta,' it is a most noble prize. If you go to Bragela you will find a very large red-stalked spurge, 'Euphorbia amygdaloides,' growing by the path, before you enter the wood, as you come up from the beach—pray dry me some of this. I have found Spergula subulata, Vicea angustifolia, Asplenium lanceolatum! ! ! Scilla verna, Arenaria verna, Teesdalia nudicaulis, Ornithopus perpusillus, Carex strigosa, Carex Æden, and several others. I believe there are only two other habitats for Asplenium lanceolatum known. I am only sorry we are not going to Ireland, but I shall make the most of my time at Plymouth, and on the

South Downs, where I shall be certain to get excellent plants. The orchids are unequalled on the South Downs. . . ."

February 24, 1836. — I write to tell you that I am quite well and very happy. I have finished Psyche (a Prose Poem) as you asked me. There is no botany yet, but have been studying a little mineralogy and geology. Tell Papa I have a very good specimen of hornblende rock from the Lizard, and that I have found in great quantities a very beautiful mineral, but whether it is schorl or aximite, I cannot determine. Tell him the gradations of mica, slate, and Grauwackè slate are very beautiful and perfect here. . . ."

His early poems, which were many, show the same minute observation and intense love of nature. They show too, Mr. Powles says, "the pains he took to describe exactly what he saw, instead of running off into the vague generalities and commonplaces with which young versifiers often think to take poetry by storm." But while seemingly absorbed in external objects, the boy lived in a world of his own. He refers to this when at Cambridge.

"Once the love of nature constituted my whole happiness; in the 'shadowy recollections' and vague emotions which were called up by the inanimate creation, I found a mine of mysterious wealth, in which I revelled while I knew not its value. The vast and the sublime, or the excitement of violent motion, affected me almost to madness; I have shed strange tears, I know not why, at the sight of the most luscious and sunny prospects. But 'there has passed away a glory from the earth.' Though I feel the beauty more exquisitely than ever, I do not feel the emotions it produced. I do not shun society as when a boy, because man and his coarseness

and his folly seemed only to disarrange my world of woods and hills, and stream and sea, peopled not with actual existences, but with abstract emotions which were neither seen nor heard, while their presence was felt. . . . ."

In 1836, Lord Cadogan gave his father the living of Chelsea, and the free happy country life was exchanged for a London home. It was a bitter grief to Charles to leave the West Country, with its rich legendary lore, its botany and geology — to lose the intellectual atmosphere of Mr. Coleridge's house and his valuable library, and, above all, the beautiful natural surroundings of both Helston and Clovelly. The change to a London rectory, with its ceaseless parish work, the middle-class society of Chelsea, the polemical conversation all seemingly so narrow and conventional in its tone, chafed the boy's spirit, and had anything but a happy effect on his mind.

"I find a doleful difference," he writes to Mr. Powles, "in the society here and at Helston, paradoxical as it may appear. . . . We have nothing but clergymen (very good and sensible men, but), talking of nothing but parochial schools, and duties, and vestries, and curates, &c., &c., &c. And as for women, there is not a woman in all Chelsea, leaving out my own mother, to be compared to Mrs. C., or ———; and the girls here have got their heads crammed full of schools, and district visiting, and baby-linen, and penny clubs. Confound! ! ! and going about among the most abominable scenes of filth, wretchedness, and indecency, to visit the poor and read the Bible to them. My own mother says the places they go into are fit for no girl to see, and that they should not know such things exist. . . . I have got here two or three good male acquaintances who kill the time; one

is sub-secretary to the Geological society. . . . As you may suppose all this clerical conversation (to which I am obliged to listen) has had a slight effect in settling my opinions on these subjects, and I begin to hate these dapper young-ladies-preachers like the devil, for I am sickened and enraged to see 'silly women blown about with every wind,' falling in love with the preacher instead of his sermon, and with his sermon instead of the Bible. I could say volumes on this subject that should raise both your contempt and indignation. I am sickened with its day-by-day occurrence." [1]

Charles now became a day student at King's College, London, where for two years he had what he called hard grinding work, walking up there every day from Chelsea, reading all the way, and walking home late, to study all the evening. One of his tutors there speaks of him as "gentle and diffident to timidity."

"I have never," writes another, Archdeacon Brown, "forgotten the happy intercourse which I had in former days with him, when he attended my lectures at King's College. I well remember his zeal, taste, and industry in his classical studies, and that he always took a high place in the examinations . . . and some time after he was known to fame, his expressing to me his gratitude for having introduced him to the study of the works of Plato, which he said had a great influence on his mind and habits of thought."

Charles's life at Chelsea was not a bright one. His parents were absorbed in their parish work,

[1] These early experiences made him most careful in after life, when in a parish of his own, to confine all talk of parish business to its own hours, and never, as he called it, to "*talk shop*" before his children, or lower the tone of conversation by letting it degenerate into mere parochial and clerical gossip.

and their religious views precluded all public amusements for their children. So in his spare hours, which were few and far between, he comforted himself for the lack of all variety by devouring every book he could lay hands on; old plays, old ballads, and many a strange volume picked up at old book-stalls in his walks between Chelsea and King's College. Percy's "Reliques," Southey, Shelley and Coleridge's poetry he knew by heart. His love for Wordsworth developed later; but from first to last Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and Spenser's "Faerie Queene," were among his most beloved books. Spenser was more dear to him than even Shakespeare, and in later life, when his brain needed rest and refreshment, especially on Sunday evenings, he would turn instinctively to Spenser. He was always a good French scholar, and at sixteen he knew enough German to make a translation of Krummacher's "John the Baptist" for the Religious Tract Society. Of his first return to Clovelly, in 1838, he writes to his mother:

"Though I have not written to you I have not forgotten you. . . And to prove my remembrance of you, I am reading my Bible and my Paley, and my mathematics steadily, and am learning poetry by heart. And, moreover, I am keeping a journal full of thoughts and meditations and *prose poetry*, for I am not alone enough to indite verses — as I have not had any walks by myself. However, I hope that the fine weather (which now appears to be returning) will draw out my poetical thoughts again. I am exceedingly well here — quite a different being since I came. . . . The dear old place looks quite natural, and yet somehow it is like a dream when I think of the total revulsion that two days' journey

has made in me, and how I seem like some spirit in the metempsychosis which has suddenly passed back, out of a new life, into one which it bore long ago, and has recovered, in one moment, all its old ties, its old feelings, its old friends and pleasures! O that you were but here to see, and to share the delight of your affectionate son,

"C. KINGSLEY."

CHAPTER II

1838–42

AGED 19–23

CAMBRIDGE — VISIT TO OXFORDSHIRE — A TURNING POINT IN LIFE — UNDERGRADUATE DAYS — DECIDES TO TAKE ORDERS — CORRESPONDENCE — TAKES HIS DEGREE.

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, "All this has been before;
All this hath been, I know not when or where."
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true —
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each —
That tho' I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And either lived in either's heart and speech.

TENNYSON (Early Sonnets).

IN the autumn of 1838 Charles Kingsley left King's College, London, and went up to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he soon gained a scholarship, being first in his year in the May Examinations, and thence in the joy of his heart he writes home:

May 31, 1839. — "You will be delighted to hear that I am *first* in classics and mathematics also, at the examinations, which has not happened in the College for several years. I shall bring home prizes, and a very decent

portion of honor — the King's College men are all delighted. I am going to stay up here a few days longer if you will let me. Mr Ward has offered to help me with my second year's subjects, so I shall read conic sections and the spherical trigonometry very hard while I am here. I know you and mama will be glad to hear of my success, so you must pardon the wildness of my letter, for I am so happy. I hardly know what to say. You know I am not accustomed to be successful. I am going to-day to a great fishing party at Sir Charles Wale's, at Shelford."

The prize-book he chose was a fine edition of Plato.

He made many friends in the University who took delight in his society, some for his wit and humor, others for his sympathy on subjects of art, and deeper matters. "He was very popular," writes an intimate friend, "amongst all classes of his companions; he mixed freely with all, the studious, the idle, the clever, and the reverse, a most agreeable companion, full of information of all kinds, and abounding in conversation. Whatever he engaged in, he threw his whole energy into; he read hard at times, but enjoyed sports of all kinds, fishing, shooting, riding, and cards." He was soon in the Magdalene boat, which was in that year high on the river. A letter from the Rev. E. Pitcairn Campbell, recalls their undergraduate life.

"We happened to be sitting together one night on the top of one of those coaches which in our time were subscribed for by a number of men, 10*s.* or £1 each, for various expeditions into the Fens — for instance, when Whittlesea lay broadly under water — Sir Colman Rashleigh, the Dykes of Cornwall, or other driving men taking the management, wearing wonderful coats and hats, and providing the horses. I remember the drive very well.

The moon was high, and the air was frosty, and we talked about sport and natural history. At last we got upon fishing, and I invited him to come to my rooms to view some very superior tackle. He came at once, inviting me to join him in some of his haunts up the Granta and the Cam, where he had friends dwelling, and hospitable houses open to him. I never shall forget our first expedition. I was to call him, and for this purpose I had to climb over the wall of Magdalene College. This I did at 2 A.M., and about 3 we were both climbing back into the stonemason's yard, and off through Trumpington, in pouring rain all the way, nine miles to Duxford. We reached about 6.30. The water was clouded by rain, and I in courtesy to him yielded my heavier rod in order that he might try the lower water with the minnow. He was, however, scarcely out of sight, before I spied, under the alders, some glorious trout rising to caterpillars dropping from the bushes. . . . In ten minutes I had three of these fine fellows on the bank. . . . This performance set me up in his opinion, and he took me with him to Shelford, where I executed the feat to which he refers in his Chalk Stream Studies ("Prose Idylls"). Oh! what pleasant talk was his, so full of poetry and beauty! and, what I admired most, such boundless information. Besides these expeditions we made others on horseback, and at times we followed the great Professor Sedgwick in his adventurous rides, which the livery stable-keepers called jolly-gizing![1] The old professor was generally mounted on a bony giant, whose trot kept most of us at a hand-gallop. Gaunt and grim, the brave old Northern man seemed to enjoy the fun as much as we did — his was not a hunting seat — neither his hands nor his feet ever seemed exactly in the right place. But when we surrounded him at the trysting-place, even the silliest among us acknowledged that his lectures were glorious. It is too true that our

[1] Professor Sedgwick gave Geological Field Lectures on horse back to a class in the neighborhood of Cambridge.

method of reaching those trysting-places was not legitimate, the greater number preferring the field to the road, so that the unhappy owners of the horses found it necessary to charge more for a day's jolly-gizing than they did for a day's hunting. To crown our sports, we have now only to add the all-absorbing boating. . . ."

In the summer of 1839 his father took country duty for two months at Ipsden, in Oxfordshire, and settled with his family in the little parsonage house. On the 6th of July, Charles (then an undergraduate) and his future wife met for the first time. "That was my real wedding day," he said, some fifteen years afterwards.

He was then full of religious doubts; and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungering, and at times defiant look, bore witness to the state of his mind. It had a sad longing expression too, which seemed to say that he had all his life been looking for a sympathy he had never yet found — a rest which he never would attain in this world. His peculiar character had not been understood at home, and his heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, never to sleep again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and be met with answering sympathy; and gradually as the new friendship (which yet seemed old — from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every failing, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given, all things in heaven and earth discussed; and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful tenderness, and a "humility more irresistible even than his eloquence," which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day

The Oxford Tracts had lately appeared, and, while discussing them from the merely human and not the religious standpoint, he fiercely denounced the ascetic view of the most sacred ties which he foresaw would result from them: his keen eye detecting in them principles which, as he expressed years afterwards in his preface to "Hypatia," must, if once adopted, "sap the very foundation of the two divine roots of the Church, the ideas of family and national life."

He was just like his own Lancelot in "Yeast," in that summer of 1839 — a bold thinker, a hard rider, a "most chivalrous gentleman" — sad, shy, and serious habitually; in conversation at one moment brilliant and impassioned — the next reserved and unapproachable — by turns attracting and repelling: but pouring forth to the one friend whom he could trust, stores of thought and feeling and information, which seemed boundless, on every sort of unexpected subject. It was a feast for any imagination and intellect to hold communion with Charles Kingsley even at the age of twenty. The originality with which he treated every subject was startling, and his genius lit up each object it approached, whether he spoke of "the delicious shiver of those aspen leaves," on the nearest tree, or of the deepest laws of humanity and the controversies of the day. Of that intercourse truly might these friends each say with Goethe — "For the first time, I may well say, I carried on a conversation; for the first time, was the inmost sense of my words returned to me, more rich, more full, more comprehensive from another's mouth. What I had been groping for, was rendered clear to me; what I had been thinking, I was taught to see. . . ."

Two months of such communion passed away only too quickly, and though from this time for the next four years and a half, the two friends met but seldom, and corresponded at rare intervals, a new life had dawned for both, which neither absence nor sorrow, nor adverse circumstances, their own difference of religious opinions, or the opposition of their relations, could extinguish. Before he left Oxfordshire, he was so far shaken in his doubts, that he promised to read his Bible once more — to pray — to open his heart to the Light, if the Light would but come. All, however, was dark for a time, and the conflict between faith and unbelief, and between hopes and fears was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge, he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost: he read little, went in for excitement of every kind — boating, hunting, driving, fencing, boxing, duck-shooting in the Fens, — anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past, which just then promised no future. But through all, God kept him in those dark days for a work he little dreamed of. More than once he had nearly resolved, if his earthly hopes were crushed, to leave Cambridge and go out to the Far West to live as a wild prairie hunter; to this he refers when for the first time he found himself on the prairies of America on May 11, 1874.

"We are at Omaha!" he wrote home, "and opposite to us is Council Bluffs!! Thirty years ago the palavering ground of trappers and Indians (now all gone), and to that very spot, which I had known of from a boy, and all about it, I meant to go as soon as I took my degree, if, . . . and throw myself into the wild life, to sink or swim, escaping from a civilization which only tempted me

and maddened me with the envy of a poor man! Oh! how good God has been to me. Oh! how when I saw those Bluffs yesterday morning I thanked God for you, for everything, and stared at them till I cried. . . ."

Many years later, when Rector of Eversley, he says, in speaking of this period to a stranger who made full confession to him about his own doubts and difficulties, "Your experiences interested me deeply, and confirm my own. An atheist I never was; but in my early life I wandered through many doubts and vain attempts to explain to myself the riddle of life and this world, till I found that no explanation was so complete as the one which one had learnt at one's mother's knee. *Complete* nothing can be on this side of the grave, of which St. Paul himself said, that he only saw through a glass darkly; but complete enough to give comfort to the weary hearts of my poor laboring folk, and to mine also, which is weary enough at times. . . ."

As time went on his theological difficulties about the Trinity and other Christian doctrines increased. He revolted from what seemed to him then, to use his own words, the "bigotry, cruelty, and quibbling," of the Athanasian Creed, that very Creed which in after years was his stronghold; and he had little faith in the clergy with whom he came in contact.

"From very insufficient and ambiguous grounds in the Bible, they seem unjustifiably to have built up a huge superstructure, whose details they have filled in according to their own fancies, or alas! too often according to their own interest. . . . Do not be angry. I know I cannot shake you, and I think you will find nothing flippant or bitter — no vein of noisy and shallow blasphemy

in my doubts. I feel solemn and sad on the subject. If the philosophers of old were right, and if I am right in my religion, alas! for Christendom! and if I am wrong, alas! for myself! It is a subject on which I cannot jest. . . . I will write soon and tell you some of my temptations. . . ."

December, 1840. — "You cannot conceive the moments of self-abasement and self-shame I have. . . . My own philosophy and the wisdom of the heathens of old, hold out no other mode of retracing my steps than the thorny road of tears and repentance which the Christian belief acknowledges. But you believe that you have a sustaining Hand to guide you along that path, an Invincible Protector and an unerring Guide. I, alas! have no stay for my weary steps, but that same abused and stupefied reason which has stumbled and wandered, and betrayed me a thousand times ere now, and is every moment ready to faint and to give up the unequal struggle. I am swimming against a mighty stream, and I feel every moment I must drop my arms, and float in apathy over the hurrying cataract, which I see and hear, but have not spirit to avoid. Man does want something more than his reason! Socrates confessed that he owed all to his dæmon, and that without his supernatural intimations, right and wrong, the useful and the hurtful were enveloped in mist, and that he alone smoothed to him the unapproachable heights which conducted to the beautiful and the good. So he felt; but I have no spiritual Guide. I am told that before I can avail myself of the benevolence of Him in whom you trust, I must believe in His Godhead and His Omnipotence. I do not do this. And it is a subject on which I cannot pray. . . ."

January, 1841. — ". . . I have an instinctive, perhaps a foolish fear, of anything like the use of religious phraseology, because I am sure that if these expressions were used by any one, placed as I now am, to me, I should doubt the writer's sincerity. I find that if I allow myself ever to use, even to my own heart, those vague and trite

expressions, which are generally used as the watchwords of religion, their familiarity makes me careless, or rather dull to their sense, their specious glibness hurrying me on in a mass of language, of whose precise import I have no vital knowledge. This is their effect on me. We know too well what it often is on others. Believe, then, every word I write as the painful expression of new ideas and feelings in a mind unprejudiced by conventionality in language, or (I hope) in thought . . . I ask this because I am afraid of the very suspicion of talking myself into a fanciful conversion. I see people do this often, and I see them fall back again. And this, perhaps, keeps me in terror lest I should have merely mistaken the emotions of a few passionate moments for the calm convictions which are to guide me through eternity. . . Some day I must tell you of the dreamy days of boyhood, when I knew and worshipped nothing but the physical; when my enjoyment was drawn not from the kindness of those around, or from the consciousness of good, or from the intercourse of mankind, but from the semi-sensual delights of ear and eye, from sun and stars, wood and wave, the ***beautiful inanimate*** in all its forms. On the unexpressed and incomprehensible emotions which these raised, on strange dilatation and excitement, and often strange tenderness and tears without object, was my boyhood fed. Moral sense I had not so strongly as men of ***great*** minds have. And above all, I felt no allegiance to the dispensation of fear, either from man or more than man. Present enjoyment, present profit, brought always to me a recklessness of moral consequences, which has been my bane. . . . I should tell you next, how the beauty of the animate and the human began to attract me, and how after lonely wanderings and dreamings, and contemplation of every work of art, and every specimen of life which fed me with the elements of beauty, the Ideal began to expand, dim but glorious, before my boyish eyes. I would tell you how I paused on that height

awhile, nor thought that beyond there lay another Ideal — the reflected image of God's mind; but that was reserved for a later period. Here I sought happiness awhile, but was still unsatisfied.

. . . . . .

"I have not much time for poetry,[1] as I am reading steadily. How I envy, as a boy, a woman's life at the corresponding age — so free from mental control as to the subjects of thought and reading — so subjected to it, as to the manner and the tone. We, on the other hand, are forced to drudge at the acquirement of confessedly obsolete and useless knowledge, of worn-out philosophies, and scientific theories long exploded — and, at last, to find every woman who has made even a moderate use of her time, far beyond us in true philosophy. I wish I were free from this university system, and free to follow such a course of education as Socrates, and Bacon, and More, and Milton have sketched out. . . ."[2]

[1] The only poems of this date were "Twin Stars," and "Palinodia."

[2] It is but fair to him to say that in after years his riper judgment made him more just to his University and her course of studies, and in the preface to his Alexandrian Lectures, he speaks of what he owes to his Alma Mater. "In the hey-day of youthful greediness and ambition, when the mind, dazzled by the vastness and variety of the universe, must needs know everything, or rather know about everything, at once and on the spot, too many are apt, as I have been in past years, to complain of Cambridge studies, as too dry and narrow: but as time teaches the student, year by year, what is really required for an understanding of the objects with which he meets, he begins to find that his university, in as far as he has really received her teaching into himself, has given him, in her criticism, her mathematics, above all in Plato, something which all the popular knowledge, the lectures, and institutions of the day, and even good books themselves, cannot give, a boon more precious than learning, namely, the art of learning. That, instead of casting into his lazy lap treasures which he would not have known how to use, she has taught him to mine for himself; and has, by her wise refusal to gratify his intellectual greediness, excited his hunger, only that he may be the stronger to

CAMBRIDGE: *February*, 1841. — "I strive daily and hourly to be calm. Every few minutes to stop myself forcibly, and recall my mind to a sense of where I am — where I am going — and whither I ought to be tending. This is most painful discipline, but wholesome, and much as I dread to look inward, I force myself to it continually. . . . I am reading seven to eight hours a day. I have refused hunting and driving. My trial of this new mode of life has been short, but to have begun it is the greatest difficulty. There is still much more to be done, and there are more pure and unworldly motives of improvement, but actions will pave the way for motives, almost as much as motives do for actions. . . . *You* cannot understand the excitement of animal exercise from the mere act of cutting wood or playing cricket to the manias of hunting or shooting or fishing. On these things more or less most young men live. Every moment which is taken from them for duty or for reading is felt to be lost — to be so much time sacrificed to hard circumstance. And even those who have calmed from age, or from the necessity of attention to a profession, which has become custom, have the same feelings flowing as an undercurrent in their minds; and, if they had not, they would neither think nor act like men. They might be pure and good and kind, but they would need that stern and determined activity, without which a man cannot act in an extended sphere either for his own good, or for that of his fellow-creatures. When I talk, then, of excitement, I do not wish to destroy excitability, but to

hunt and till for his own subsistence; and thus, the deeper he drinks, in after years, at fountains wisely forbidden to him while he was a Cambridge student, and sees his old companions growing up into sound-headed and sound-hearted practical men, liberal and expansive, and yet with a firm standing ground for thought and action, he learns to complain less and less of Cambridge studies, and more and more of that conceit and haste of his own, which kept him from reaping the full advantages of her training." — Alexandria and her Schools. Four lectures, delivered at Edinburgh.

direct it into the proper channel, and to bring it under subjection. I have been reading Plato on this very subject, and you would be charmed with his ideas. . . . Of the existence of this quality there can be no doubt, and you must remember the peculiar trial which this" (alluding to the necessity for hard reading and giving up all amusement for the time being) "proves, to a young man whose superfluous excitement has to be broken in like that of a dog or a horse — for it is utterly animal. . . . As for my degree, I can yet take high honors in the University, and get my fellowship. . . . I forgot to thank you for the books. I am utterly delighted with them."

The books referred to were Carlyle's works, and Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Carlyle's "French Revolution," sent previously by the same friend, had had a remarkable effect on his mind before he decided upon taking holy orders, in establishing and intensifying his belief in God's righteous government of the world. The "Miscellanies," and "Past and Present," placed him under a still deeper debt to Mr. Carlyle, whom he spoke of as "that old Hebrew prophet, who goes to prince and beggar and says, 'If you do this or that, you shall go to Hell' — not the hell that priests talk of, but a hell on this earth."

During the spring of this year he decided on the Church as his profession instead of the law. His name had been down at Lincoln's-inn: but a great change had passed over him, and thus he speaks of it:

"I repent no resolution which I have made — because my determination was not the sudden impulse of a moment — but the expansion into clear certainty of plans which have been most strangely rising up before me for

many months. Day after day there has been an involuntary still small voice directing me to the Church, as the only rest for my troubled spirit in this world or the next. . . . I am under a heavy debt to God . . . how can I better strive to pay it than by devoting myself to the religion which I have scorned, and becoming a preacher of purity and holiness — a determined and disinterested upholder of the *only* true and perfect system, the Church of Christ. The time passed lately in sorrow . . . has produced a most powerful and vivid change in my every thought, feeling, and intention. I believe and I pray. Can I be what I was? . . . Everything I do, in my studies, in my plans, in my actions is now and shall be done in reference first to God . . . and neither fame or vanity, or excitement of any kind shall (if prayers will avail, as I know they will,) turn me away from the steady looking forward to this end. . . ."

May, 1841. — "My only reasons for working for a degree are that I may enter the world with a certain *prestige* which may get me a living sooner. . . . Several of my intimate friends here, strange to say, are going into the Church, so that our rooms, when we are not reading, are full of clerical conversation. One of my friends goes up for ordination next week. How I envy him his change of life. I feel as if, once in the Church, I could cling so much closer to God. I feel more and more daily that a clergyman's life is the one for which both my *physique* and *morale* were intended — that the profession will check and guide the faulty parts of my mind, while it gives full room for my energy — that energy which had so nearly ruined me; but will now be devoted utterly, I hope, to the service of God. My views of theoretical religion are getting more clear daily, as I feel more completely the necessity of faith. . . ."

June 12, 1841. — "My birth-night. I have been for the last hour on the sea-shore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations

which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled. . . ."

To his mother he writes from Cambridge:

June, 1841. — "I have been reading the *Edinburgh Review* (April, 1841), on No. 90 of the Tracts for the Times, and I wish I could transcribe every word, and send it to * * * * Whether wilful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the Articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of their authors. All the worst doctrinal features of Popery Mr. Newman professes to believe in. God bless you, dearest mother. I feel very happy, and very much inclined to what is good — more so, perhaps, and more calmly so, than I ever felt before. God grant that this may last. I saw Bateson to-day, and settled with him as to hours, &c. . . ."

". . . I send you my Sunday evening letter, as a refresher to my own mind as well as yours. I am now settled to reading for the next five weeks. . . ."

October, 1841. — "I am going to try what keeping every chapel will do to my mind. I am sure it ought to sober and quiet it. I now really feel the daily chapels a refreshment, instead of an useless and antiquated restraint, as I used to consider them. I spent Thursday at Shelford. I had great fun. Tell papa I hooked a trout so large that I was three-quarters of an hour playing him, and that he grubbed the hook out of his mouth after all. Of course he will say that I was a clumsy fellow, but this brute would have puzzled the ghost of Izaak Walton.

"Do not, dearest mother, make yourself unhappy about * * * * and me. I am young and strong . . . and she will be strong too. Have no fears for us — we can wait, and endure, and dare, and be happy beyond the grave, if not on this side."

January, 1842. — "My degree hangs over my thoughts like a vast incubus keeping me down, and every moment which is not devoted to my foolish studies, seems wasted. Alas! that it should be so! but I can endure another month, and then feel myself at last free. . . . Send down to Holne and make all requisite inquiries, for I wish for the 'Far West' as soon as the leaves begin to show. My lodgings in Devonshire ought not to cost much. It will be like a second childhood, a fresh spring in my life, for I felt very wintry till lately. I feel deeply what Manfred says of 'an order

> 'Of mortals on the earth, who do become
> Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
> Some perishing of pleasure — some of study —
> Some worn with toil — some of mere weariness —
> And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts.'

"I feel that if I had not *one* hope, I were one of those — my heart is much older than my years — I feel that within, which makes me far more happy, or more miserable than those around me, but all of it belonging to a much later age than mine — I shall be an old man before I am forty — thank God for it! . . . My heart is very full, I am rather lonely, but it is foolish to droop in my prison, when liberty will so soon be here. God bless you and * * * *, and if you rejoice that you have borne a man into the world, remember that he is not one like common men — neither cleverer nor wiser, nor better than the multitude, but utterly different from them in heart and mind — legislate for him accordingly.

"Your own boy,

"C. KINGSLEY."

While at College his physical strength was great. He walked one day from Cambridge to London, fifty-two miles, starting early and arriving in London at 9 P. M., with ease. For many years afterwards, a walk of twenty to twenty-five miles a day

was simply a refreshment to him; and during examination time he says:

"I have walked ten miles down the Cam to-day and back, pike fishing. My panacea for stupidity and 'overmentation' is a day in a roaring Fen wind."

In February he went in for his examination, and while it was going on writes to an Oxford friend who was in danger of losing high honors from overwork:

February 6, 1842.—". . . I am miserable when I think that you are wearing out mind and body by the over-exertion which I hear you are using for your degree. Are you not disquieting yourself after a vain shadow? . . . Remember that your talents are a loan from God, which must not be abused by over-exercise, and that it is a sin to do anything now, which shall make you hereafter less able to exert yourself. If you are now led away by the ambition of the moment to *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas* can you justify yourself to your own heart? Remember that discipline is not education, only the preparation for it, and that your university studies are only useful so far as they strengthen your mind to learn, judge, and systematize for itself after you leave college."

February 13.—". . . As to your degree, leave it in God's hands. . . . You have been, I fear, too much accustomed to consider university honors as the end and aim of a man's life, instead of seeing in them a mere trial for studies higher and severer, as well as more beneficial for the science of unfolding the great mystery of our being, the *πόθεν καὶ ποῖ* of our wonderful humanity, for the inquiry into the duties and the capabilities of mankind, and its application to their and our own perfection. A discipline which shall enable us hereafter to make ourselves and all around us, wiser, better, and happier. This is the object of, or, rather, the only good

to be derived from university education; and if your studies have any other aim, they are useless and hurtful; useless, because they do not benefit the surrounding mass of mankind, who expect from you not the mere announcement of your having taken a first class, but the active and practical influence of your wisdom and piety in guiding them upwards, and smoothing the rugged road of life for them; hurtful, because they turn away your mind to their arbitrary standard of excellence, from the great hope — God; from the great question 'What are we, and why are we born?' from the great object that we may be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect. . . . Do not imagine that I speak without sympathy of your honorable ambition; I wish to see it more worthily directed. I have felt it myself; and circumstances, more than my own reason, have weaned me from it. I have been toiling almost as hard as you, and in fact much harder than my health would allow, for the last six months. . . . All through life, I fear, or at least, all through youth, age, and perhaps till we shake off the earthly husk, we must more or less use weapons of the earth, if we would keep ourselves in the station in which alone we can improve ourselves, and do good; but these weapons should be only used as the student uses bodily exercise, to put his animal health into that soundness which shall enable him completely to employ his mental vigor. . . . My degree, I have got — *i. e.*, my mathematical one. I came out to my great astonishment, and that of my tutor, a tolerable second-class, with very little reading. The classical examination comes on on Monday, and whether I shall get my first-class or not, is the rub. If I do not, I have not health to accuse like you, but previous idleness in my second and first year. So *I* shall have some cause to repine, if man has cause to repine at anything. I read myself ill this week, and have been ordered to shut up every book till the examination, and in fact the last three weeks in which I had to make a rally from the violent exertion of

the mathematical tripos, have been spent in agonies of pain with leeches on my head . . . just when I ought to have been straining every nerve. I was very fretful, at first, but I have now, thank God, conquered it, and for the last forty-eight hours not thought of the examination. I cannot be low, I may be high. . . . I am going after my degree to read divinity for five months (I shall be ordained, I hope, in September,) at a place called Holne, in Dartmoor, Devon. . . . I am going there to recover my health, not my spirits — I defy the world to break *them*. And you will want calm and relaxation after your labors. . . . Come down to see me. . . . Whether you will despise hard beds and dimity curtains, morning baths and evening trout-fishing, mountain mutton and Devonshire cream, I do not know, but you will not despise the calm of a few weeks in which to commune with God in His works, and to strengthen mind and body together, before you again commence your labors; for remember always, *toil is the condition of our being*. Our sentence is to labor from the cradle to the grave. But there are Sabbaths allowed for the mind as well as the body, when the intellect is stilled, and the emotions alone perform their gentle and involuntary functions, and to such a Sabbath I will lead you next summer."

An incident which occured during the examination, and was much talked of at the time, is recalled by Mr. Kewley, Rector of Baldock:

"On one morning but one question remained of a paper on mechanics, 'Describe a common pump.' Of the internal machinery of the pump Kingsley was unable to render a scientific account, but of the outside his vivid imagination supplied a picture which his facile pencil soon transferred to paper. Under the heading, 'Describe a Pump,' he drew a grand village pump in the midst of a broad green, and opposite the porch of an

ancient church. By the side of the pump stood, in all pomposity of his office, the village beadle, with uniform and baton. Around were women and children of all ages, shapes, dress, and sizes, each carrying a crock, a jug, a bucket, or some vessel large or small. These were drawn with considerable power, and the whole was lighted up with his deep vein of humor; while around the pump itself was a huge chain, padlocked, and surrounded by a notice, 'This pump locked during Divine service.' This, Kingsley sent up to the examiner as his answer to the question. I know not whether he got any marks for it; but it was so clever that the moderator of the year had it framed and hung up on the wall of his room."

Dr. Bateson, Master of St. John's, his tutor much beloved, in speaking of Charles Kingsley's career, says:

"I look back with much satisfaction, and shall always reflect with pride on my engagement to serve him in the capacity of classical private tutor. . . . It is too true, as no one lamented more than himself, that from various causes he made but an indifferent use of the opportunities which his residence in Cambridge afforded him, at all events for the greater part of the time. In this respect he differs little from many of the men of poetic genius who have been undergraduates at our universities. Whether it is that our system of training and of frequent examinations, has something in it which is repulsive and uncongenial, or that their fervid and impulsive natures are unable to brook the restraints of our discipline, certain it is that many youths of most brilliant promise, who have lived to achieve great things in after years, have left our colleges with but little cause to congratulate themselves on time well spent or talents well employed. My own relations with Charles Kingsley in those early days were always agreeable, although I was unable to induce him to apply himself with any energy to his classical

work, until quite the close of his undergraduate career. Then indeed, he seemed an altered man. With wonderful ability and surprising quickness during the last few months he made rapid strides, and I can well remember admiring his papers, more especially those of Latin prose and verse, which he sent up for the classical tripos. They exhibited excellence and power, due far more to native talent than to industry or study, and raised him to a place in the first class of the classical tripos. For after all his degree was a good one, as senior optime in mathematics, and a first class in classics; but I must add that it was nothing compared to what might have been attained by a man of his powers. If he had worked as an undergraduate with only a small portion of the industry and energy which he exhibited after he left Cambridge, there was no academic distinction that would not have been within his reach."

CHAPTER III

1842–1843

AGED 23–24

LEAVES CAMBRIDGE — READS FOR HOLY ORDERS — EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS — ORDAINED DEACON — CURACY OF EVERSLEY — PARISH WORK — PARTING WORDS.

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it!"

CARLYLE.

"Nothing is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth; because love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things.

"He that loveth flieth, runneth, and rejoiceth; he is free and not bound. He giveth all for all, and hath all in all; because he resteth in One Highest above things, from whom all that is good flows and proceeds. Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility; for it thinks all things lawful for itself and all things possible. It is therefore able to undertake all things, and it completes many things, and brings them to a conclusion, where he who does not love faints and lies down. Love watcheth, and sleeping, slumbereth not. Though weary, love is not tired; though pressed, it is not straitened; though alarmed, it is not confounded: but as a lively flame, and burning torch, it forces its way upwards, and securely passes through all."

THOMAS À KEMPIS. Book III., chap. 5.

HE left Cambridge in February, exhausted in body and mind, having by six months' desperate reading done work which should have spread over three years. While studying for Holy Orders, he had the offer of two curacies.

CHELSEA: *April*, 1842. — ". . . I hope to be ordained in July to the Curacy of Eversley in Hampshire. In the midst of lovely scenery — rich — but not exciting. And you will be with me in your thoughts, in my village visits, and my moorland walks, when I am drinking in from man and nature, the good and the beautiful, while I purge in my vocation the evil, and raise up the falling and the faint. Can I not do it? for have I not fainted and fallen? And do I not know too well the bitterness that is from without, as well as the more dire one, from within? . . . My reading at present must be exclusively confined to divinity — not so yours. You may still range freely among the meadows of the beautiful, while I am mining in the deep mountains of the true. And so it should be through life. The woman's part should be to cultivate the affections and the imagination; the man's the intellect of their common soul. She must teach him how to apply his knowledge to men's hearts. He must teach her how to arrange that knowledge into practical and theoretical forms. In this the woman has the nobler task. But there is one more noble still — to find out from the notices of the universe, and the revelation of God, and the *uninspired* truth which He has made His creatures to declare even in heathen lands, to find out from all these the pure mind of God, and the eternal laws whereby He made us and governs us. This is true science; and this, as we discover it, will replace phantoms by reality, and that darkling taper of 'common sense,' by the glorious light of certainty. For this the man must bring his philosophy, and the woman her exquisite sense of the beautiful and the just, and all hearts and all lands shall lie open before them, as they gradually know them one by one! That glorious word *know* — it is God's attribute, and includes in itself all others. Love — truth — all are parts of that awful power of knowing, at a single glance, from and to all eternity, what a thing is in its essence, its properties, and its relations to the whole uni-

verse through all time! I feel awe-struck whenever I see that word used rightly, and I never, if I can remember use it myself of myself. But to us, as to dying Schiller, hereafter many things will become plain and clear. And this is no dream of romance. It is what many have approximated to before us, with less intellectual, and no greater spiritual advantages; and strange to say, some of them *alone* — buried in cloisters seldom — in studies often — some, worst of all, worn down by the hourly misery of a wife who neither loved them nor felt for them: but to those who, through love, have once caught a glimpse of 'the great secret,' what may they not do by it in years of love and thought? For this heavenly knowledge is not, as boyish enthusiasts fancy, the work of a day or a year. Youth will pass before we shall have made anything but a slight approximation to it, and having handed down to our children the little wisdom we shall have amassed while here, we shall commend them to God, and enter eternity very little wiser in proportion to the *universal* knowledge than we were when we left it at our birth. But still if our plans are not for time, but for eternity, our knowledge, and therefore our love to God, to each other, to ourselves, to every thing, will progress for ever.

"And this scheme is practical too — for the attainment of this heavenly wisdom requires neither ecstasy nor revelation, but prayer, and watchfulness, and observation, and deep and solemn thought. And two great rules for its attainment are simple enough — 'Never forget what and where you are;' and, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit.' And it is not only compatible with our duties as priests of the Eternal, but includes them as one of the means to its attainment, for 'if a man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' They do not speak without scriptural as well as theoretical foundation, who think that we may hereafter be called upon to preach God to other worlds beside our own; and if this be so,

does not the acquirement of this knowledge become a duty? Knowledge and love are reciprocal. He who loves knows. He who knows loves. Saint John is the example of the first, Saint Paul of the second."

In the interval between Cambridge and his curacy he began to write the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, his ideal saint; which he illustrated with his own exquisite drawings in pen and ink, not intending it for publication, but as a gift book to his wife on his marriage-day, if that day should ever come.

"When it is finished," he says, "I have another work of the same kind to begin — a life of St. Theresa — as a specimen of the dreamy mystic, in contrast with the working ascetic, St. Elizabeth, and to contrast the celibate saint with the married one. For this we must read Tersteegen, Jacob Behmen, Madam Guyon, Alban Butler, Fénelon, some of Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Coleridge's 'Aids,' &c., also some of Kant, and a German history of mysticism. In order to understand puritanism and evangelicalism, we must thoroughly understand asceticism and mysticism, which have to be eradicated from them in preaching our 'Message.'"

In the Introduction to this MSS. life he says:

" . . . You know what first turned my attention to the Oxford Tracts; but you do *not* know that my own heart strangely yearned towards them from the first; that if they had not struck at the root of wedded happiness, I too had been ensnared! . . . But when I read I soon saw that the Oxford writings contained only half truths: that if what they said was true, much more what they did *not* say, was true also! . . . that Popery was their climax — the full development of their theory — the abyss to which

they were hurrying, dallying on the brink, afraid to plunge in, and be honest! Then came the question, 'What is this Popery?' Was it altogether a lie? Did all Christendom, with the Apostles' Creed in their mouths and hearts, live a truthless and irrational life for 800 years? Does God ever so desert His Church? I must know, I said, the truth of this. The soundness of the Reformers, the Catholicity of the English Church, is only certain to him who knows the unsoundness of Popery. What are these Fathers too? If they were fallacies superinduced after their day, how came they, and why, and when? Do men forsake the world for a lie? Do they die in martyrdom, or self-inflicted tortures altogether for a lie? Do they go on crusade for a lie's sake? Is any great deed the offspring of a lie? Strange questions! and not to be answered in a day! Away with those shallow Encyclopædists and Edinburgh Reviewers, with their cant about excited imaginations and popular delusions, and such sense-bound trash! Being hollow themselves, they fancy all things hollow! Being sense-bound themselves, they see the energizing Spirit nowhere! Was there not a spiritual truth, or half truth, or counterfeit of truth in those days as in others, the parent of all religion, all manliness, all womanhood, all work? Many such thoughts Maurice's writings raised in me, many such Thomas Carlyle's, many more the observation, that men never lost sight of Christian charity in their controversies, except when they did not see that it was a *something*, right or wrong, which should supply a spiritual want, which their opponents were struggling after. From them I learnt somewhat of true catholicity — of the love which delights to recognize God's Spirit, through every alloy of age, and character, and circumstance!

"But I would not go on hearsays — Hell is paved with them. To the Fathers I went — from Clement of Rome downwards I began to read them, and my task is not half done. At the same time I began with Popish books;

not with books written by Protestants against them, or by them against Protestants; but with books written for Papists, in the full heyday of Rome's unsuspecting prosperity, before attack was feared, when monks said what they thought, and did what their private judgment and the Church might choose without misgiving or constraint. The acts and the biographies of saints, pictures of Popish life, were my study: their notions and their theories (doctrines men call them), were only worth noticing, as they were the springs of living action. My question was, 'What must we *do*, if Popery be right? what if it be wrong?' My heart told me more strongly at every page, that the battle was for life or death to Love! Is human love unholy — inconsistent with the perfect worship of the Creator? Is marriage less honorable than virginity? Are the duties, the relations, the daily food of men, of earth or heaven? Is nature a holy type or a foul prison to our spirits? Is genius the reflex of God's mind, or the self-will of man? These were the heart questions! And in this book I try to solve them. If I succeed, then we are safe! If not, then our honest home is Popery — Popery and celibacy. . . . And why have I chosen this biography in particular? Because it is a fair sample of the heart of a Papist, and the work of a Popish saint and heroine, in the days when Popery had a life, a meaning for good and evil — a fair sample, for though superior to all other saints, as gold is to brass, yet she alone shows what the system will effect, when applied to a healthy mind. For her affections had free vent, and did not ulcerate to the surface in brutal self-torture, or lazy mysticism, or unthankful melancholy, or blasphemous raptures. And because, too, she was no 'hot-bed saint,' laid on a sick bed, or pent up in a cloister, but abroad and at work, bearing such fruit as Popery can bear, a specimen of what it can effect, when unassisted by an artificial and unnatural mode of life.

"Look at her! . . . Look at the trials, the victories of

her heart. . . . It is an easy task, for her heart is pure and simple enough to see the life blood of God's Spirit thrilling through the transparent arteries, yet spotted, alas! enough from without and from within to let us perceive the evil, and see it overcome with good!"

CHELSEA: *May* 7, 1842. — "I have not begun Palmer's work on the church yet, and shall not till after my ordination. I am afraid it is not catholic enough to suit me. I hate party books. Men think wrongly when they suppose that in order to combat error, they must not allow their opponents to have the least right on their side; no opinion in the world hardly is *utterly* wrong. We must be catholic spirits, and I do not think we shall be the less sound for having been, in the dreary years that are past, tossed about, attached to parties. When I see a man change his opinions often, I say, 'This might be made a catholic and valuable mind, if he were well grounded in first principles.' But alas! men build on the sand. My great prayer is to be led into all truth. . . . You ask me whether I like Tersteegen. The whole book seems to me a beautiful fallacy; his great fault the putting out of sight the fact of man's free will and moral responsibility.

. . . . . .

"What do you mean by a 'father-confessor'? Do not, pray, use such words? I am sure that it is unwomanly for woman, and unmanly for man to make any man his *father*-confessor. All that another should know of our hearts should be told in the almost involuntary overflowing of love, not in the midst of blushes and trembling to a man who dares to arrogate *moral* superiority over us. I cannot understand the term. I can believe in and think them happy who have a husband-confessor, and a wife-confessor — but a father-confessor is a term I do not allow. . . . I can feel veneration as much as any one — perhaps *too much*, but there is a Christian as well as political liberty, which is quite consistent with High-Church principles, which makes the

clergy our teachers — not the keepers of our *consciences*, but of our *creeds*.

. . . . . .

"I am liking more and more the experimental religion of the Low Church School. I am astonished at the depth and subtlety of knowledge of the human heart, which many of them display. It is so refreshing after the cold dogmatism of the High Church. Both are good in their way. But *I* want, like such men as Leighton, Jewell, and Taylor, to combine both the dogmatic and the experimental. We must be catholic; we must hold the whole truth; we must have no partial or favorite views of Christianity, like the Dissenters and the Tractarians. The more I look, the more I see how superior the divines of the seventeenth century were to the present generation, and how they have been belied by the Tractarians. . . . These are my secret opinions — mind, I say opinions not convictions. What a man is convinced is true, that God constrains him to tell out fearlessly; but his opinions — by which are properly meant suspicions of the truth of a fact which are derived from insufficient grounds, these opinions I say, he is bound to keep to himself (except to ask advice on them if they belong to points where harm may be done), lest having reason to change them, he should find out hereafter that he has been teaching a lie! . . . "

June, 1842. — ". . . Amuse yourself — get poetry and read it — I have a book called 'Tennyson's Poems,' the most beautiful poetry of the last fifteen years. Shall I send it you? . . . What is our present dreariness and weariness to what it would have been two thousand years ago? We have now the Rock of Ages to cling to. Then, — there would have been nothing but mist — no certainty but that of our own misery — no hope but the stillness of death — Oh we are highly favored. When I watch the workings of the ancient minds, weighed down with the sense of the mystery of life, and giddy with the ceaseless whirl of

matter and mind through infinite obscurity, then I feel how safe we are! Such a man as Lucretius, or Pyrrho, seeing nothing but eternal change — motion — heaven and earth one vast dreary all-devouring vortex, sucking in to destruction all beauty and life and goodness, and reproducing it — with that horrid change-destroyed consciousness. Such men as these, to whom the universe seemed one everlasting fiend-dance, infinite in its dreariness, eternal in its howlings; — hero-minds, bowed down with the terror of helplessness, and the degradation of ignorance; — phantom-builders, trying in vain to arrange the everlasting chaos round them: — these were the wise of old. And we, by the alchemy of God's Spirit, can by prayer systematize the chaos, and walk upon the rolling mists of infinity, as on solid ground. All is safe — for through all time, changeless and unbroken, extends the Rock of Ages! And must we not thank and thank for ever, and toil and toil for ever for Him? . . . Tell me if I am ever obscure in my expressions, and do not fancy that if I am obscure I am therefore deep. If I were really deep, all the world would understand, though they might not appreciate. The perfectly popular style is the perfectly scientific one. To me an obscurity is a reason for suspecting a fallacy. . . ."

In July he was ordained deacon by Bishop Sumner.

FARNHAM: *July* 10. — "God's mercies are new every morning. Here I am waiting to be admitted in a few hours to His holy ministry, and take refuge for ever in His Temple! . . . Yet it is an awful thing! for we promise, virtually at least, to renounce this day not only the devil and the flesh, but the world; — to do nothing, know nothing, which shall not tend to the furtherance of God's Kingdom, or the assimilation of ourselves to the Great Ideal, and to our proper place and rank in the great system whose harmony we are to labor to restore

And can we restore harmony to the Church, unless we have restored it to ourselves? If our own souls are discords to the celestial key, the immutable symphonies which revelation gives us to hear, can we restore the concord of the perplexed vibrations round us? . . . We must be holy! and to be holy we must believe rightly as well as pray earnestly. We must bring to the well of truth a spirit purified from all previous fancies, all medicines of our own which may adulterate the water of life! We must take of that and not of our own, and show it to mankind. It is that glory in the beauty of truth, which was my idol, even when I did not practise or even know truth. But now that I know it, and can practise it, and carry it out into the details of life; now I am happy; now I am safe! . . .

"We need not henceforward give up the beautiful for the true, but make the true the test of the beautiful, and the beautiful the object of the true, until to us God appears in perfect beauty! Thus every word and every leaf which has beauty in it, will be as loved as ever, but they will all be to us impresses of the Divine hand, reflexes of the Divine mind, lovely fragments of a once harmonious world, whose ruins we are to store up in our hearts, waiting till God restores the broken harmony, and we shall comprehend in all its details the glorious system, where Christ is all in all! Thus we will love the beautiful because it is part of God, though what part it is we cannot see; and love the true, because it shows us how to find the beautiful! But back! back to the thought that in a few hours my whole soul will be waiting silently for the seals of admission to God's service, of which honor I dare hardly think myself worthy, while I dare not think that God would allow me to enter on them unworthily. . . . Night and morning, for months, my prayer has been: 'O God, if I am not worthy; if my sin in leading souls from Thee is still unpardoned; if I am desiring to be a deacon not wholly for the sake of

serving Thee; if it be necessary to show me my weakness and the holiness of Thy office still more strongly, O God, reject me!' and while I shuddered for your sake at the idea of a repulse, I prayed to be repulsed if it were necessary, and included *that* in the meaning of my petition 'Thy will be done.' After this what can I consider my acceptance but as a proof that I have not sinned too deeply for escape! as an earnest that God has heard my prayer and will bless my ministry, and enable me not only to rise myself, but to lift others with me! Oh! my soul, my body, my intellect, my very love, I dedicate you all to God! And not mine only . . . to be an example and an instrument of holiness before the Lord for ever, to dwell in His courts, to purge His temple, to feed His sheep, to carry the lambs and bear them to that foster-mother whose love never fails, whose eye never sleeps, the Bride of God, the Church of Christ! . . . I would have written when I knew of my success yesterday, but there was no town post. Direct to me next at Eversley! . . ."

And now, at the age of twenty-three, he settled down in Eversley; little thinking that with a short interval it would be his home for thirty-three years.

The parish of Eversley[1] (Aper's lea) was then

[1] "You are right in taking the name of Eversley," says Mr. Isaac Taylor, author of "Words and Places," "as one of the few remaining records of the former existence of the wild boar in England. In Anglo-Saxon, a wild boar is *eofor*. An Anglo-Saxon *eo* commonly answers to modern English *e*, and Anglo-Saxon *f* to modern English *v*, and Anglo-Saxon *o* often to English *e*. All these changes are seen in the word *seven*, which in Anglo-Saxon was written *seofon*. Hence Anglo-Saxon *eofor* would take the English form *ever* (genitive *evers*). *Ever* and *eofor* are not *derived* from Latin *aper*, but are only cousin words derived from a common Aryan parent. The last syllable of Eversley is the Anglo-Saxon *leáh*, which means a bosky place — a sort of open pasturage more or less wooded, like the unenclosed glades in the New Forest."

Mr. Taylor was not aware that part of the parish of Eversley was called Bramshill; *i. e.*, Brawnshill, or the Hill of Wild Boars, which sustains his theory. M. K.

mostly common land, divided into three hamlets, each standing on its own little green, surrounded by the moorland with young forests of self-sown fir trees cropping up in every direction. It was on the borders of Old Windsor Forest; and the old men could remember the time when many a royal deer used to stray into Eversley parish. The population was very scattered — "heth croppers" from time immemorial and poachers by instinct and heritage. Every man in those days could snare his hare, and catch a good dinner of fish in waters not then strictly preserved; and the old women would tell of the handsome muffs and tippets, made of pheasants' feathers, not got with money, which they wore in their young days. To use their rector's own words, after he had lived among them for sixteen years:

"The clod of these parts is the descendant of many generations of broom squires and deer stealers; the instinct of sport is strong within him still, though no more of the Queen's deer are to be shot in the winter turnip fields, or worse, caught by an apple-baited hook hung from an orchard bough. He now limits his aspirations to hares and pheasants, and too probably once in his life 'hits the keeper into the river,' and re-considers himself for a while over a crank in Winchester jail. Well, he has his faults, and I have mine. But he is a thorough good fellow nevertheless. Civil, contented, industrious, and often very handsome; a far shrewder fellow too — owing to his dash of wild forest blood from gypsy, highwayman, and what not — than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure South Saxon of the chalk downs. Dark-haired he is, ruddy, and tall of bone; swaggering in his youth: but when he grows old a thorough gentleman, reserved, stately, and courteous as a prince. . . ." — ["Winter Garden — Prose Idylls."]

Of the peculiar feature of the parish — its fir trees — including the three fine specimens on the rectory lawn, which were his joy and pride, he says:

"Whether, as we hold traditionally here, the Scotch fir was re-introduced by James I. when he built Bramshill for Henry the prince, or whatever may have been the date of their re-introduction, here they are, and no one can turn them out. In countless thousands the winged seeds float down the southwest gales from the older trees; and every seed which falls takes root in ground which, however unable to bear broad-leaved trees, is ready by long rest for the seeds of the needle-leaved ones. . . . Truly beautiful — grand indeed to me it is — to see young live Nature thus carrying on a great savage process in the heart of this old and seemingly all-artificial English land; and reproducing here, as surely as in the Australian bush, a native forest, careless of mankind. . . ." —["Winter Garden — Prose Idylls."]

July 17th was Charles Kingsley's first day of public ministration in Eversley Church. "I was not nervous," he says, "for I had prayed before going into the desk that I might remember that I was not speaking on my own authority, but on God's, and the feeling that the responsibility (if I may so speak) was on God and not on me quieted the weak terror I have of offending people." Before his coming, the church services had been utterly neglected. It sometimes happened that when the rector had a cold, or some trifling ailment, he would send the clerk to the church door at eleven, to tell the few who attended that there would be no service. In consequence the alehouses were full on Sunday and the church empty,

and it was up-hill work getting a congregation together.

For the first six weeks of his curate life he lived in the rectory house, and the following letter contained a sketch of the lawn and glebe from the drawing-room windows and a plan of the room.

EVERSLEY RECTORY: *July* 14, 1842. — "Can you understand my sketch? I am no drawer of trees, but the view is beautiful. The ground slopes upward from the windows to a sunk fence and road, without banks or hedges, and then rises in the furze hill in the drawing, which hill is perfectly beautiful in light and shade, and color. . . . Behind the acacia on the lawn you get the first glimpse of the fir-forests and moors, of which five-sixths of my parish consist. Those delicious self-sown firs! Every step I wander they whisper to me of you, the delicious past melting into the more delicious future. 'What has been, shall be,' they say! I went the other day to Bramshill Park, the home of the *seigneur de pays* here, Sir John Cope. And there I saw the very tree where an ancestor of mine, Archbishop Abbott, in James the First's time, shot the keeper by accident! I sat under the tree, and it all seemed to me like a present reality. I could fancy the noble old man, very different then from his picture as it hangs in our dining-room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fated tree as the bolt glanced and turned — and then the death shriek, and the stagger, and the heavy fall of the sturdy forester — and the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking to his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features collapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow, which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in childhood. He never smiled again! And that solemn form always spoke to me, though I did not then know what it meant. It is

strange that that is almost the only portrait saved in the wreck of our family.[1] As I sat under the tree, there seemed to be a solemn and remorseful moan in the long branches, mixed with the airy whisper of the lighter leaves that told of present as well as past! I am going to dine at one to-day, and walk all the cool of the evening, for my head is sadly worn of late, and I have been sermon-writing all the morning. My books are not come yet, and I cannot set to work in earnest — perhaps it is as well, for I want rest, though I shall not forget about 'making fatigue a plea for indolence.' I go to the school every day, and teach as long as I can stand the heat and smell. The few children are in a room ten feet square and seven feet high. I am going after dinner to read to an old woman of 87; so you see I have begun. This is a plan of my room. It is a large, low, front room, with a light paper and drab curtains, and a large bow window, where I sit, poor me, solitary in one corner. . . ."

July 16. — ". . . The great mysticism is the belief which is becoming every day stronger with me that all symmetrical natural objects, aye, and perhaps all forms, colors, and scents which show organization or arrangement, are types of some spiritual truth or existence, of a grade between the symbolical type and the mystic type. When I walk the fields I am oppressed every now and then with an innate feeling, that everything I see has a meaning, if I could but understand it. And this feeling of being surrounded with truths which I cannot grasp, amounts to indescribable awe sometimes! Everything

[1] This picture of Archbishop Abbott, by Vandyke, came into the family through William Kingsley, born 1626, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles II., son of William Kingsley, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and Damaris his wife, who was a niece to Robertus Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop was a great friend of Lord Zouche, then owner of Bramshill Park, and while on a visit there accidentally killed the keeper with a bolt from his cross-bow aimed at a stag. He was suspended for a time in consequence.

seems to be full of God's reflex, if we could but see it. Oh! how I have prayed to have the mystery unfolded, at least hereafter! To see, if but for a moment, the whole harmony of the great system! To hear once the music which the whole universe makes as it performs His bidding! Oh, that heaven! The thought of the *first glance of Creation from thence! when we know even as we are known!* and He, the glorious, the beautiful, the incarnate Ideal shall be justified in all His doings, and in all and through all and over all! When I feel that sense of the mystery that is around me, I feel a gush of enthusiasm towards God, which seems its inseparable effect! . . . All day, glimpses from the other world — floating motes from that inner transcendental life, have been flitting across me, just as they used in childhood, when the seen and the unseen were one, an undistinguishable twin mystery; the one not yet forgotten, the other not yet learnt so perfectly as to dazzle, by its coarse glare, the spirit-perceptions which the soul learnt to feel in another world. . . . Have you not felt that your real soul was imperceptible to your mental vision, except at a few hallowed moments? that in every-day life the mind, looking at itself, only sees the brute intellect, grinding and working; not the Divine particle, which is life and immortality, and on which the Spirit of God most probably works, as being most cognate to Deity? . . . More and more do I see daily the tremendous truth that all our vaunted intellect is nothing — nothing but a noble mechanism, and that the source of feeling is the *soul*. This thought begins to explain to me the mysteries of moral responsibility and moral culture. . . ."

Aug., 1842. — "To-day it is hotter than yesterday, if possible, so I wandered out into the fields, and have been passing the morning in a lonely woodland bath — a little stream that trickles off the moor — with the hum of bees, and the sleepy song of birds around me, and the feeling of the density of life in myriads of insects and flowers

strong upon me, drinking in all the forms of beauty which lie in the leaves and pebbles, and mossy nooks of damp tree roots, and all the lowly intricacies of nature which no one stoops to see; and while eye and ear were possessed with the feeling that all had a meaning — all was a type — a language, which we should know in heaven, the intellect was not dreaming asleep, but alternately investigating my essay-subject, and then wandering away to you. And over all, as the cool water trickled on, hovered the delicious sense of childhood, and simplicity, and purity and peace, which every temporary return to a state of nature gives! A woodland bath to me always brings thoughts of Paradise. I know not whether they are foretastes of the simple bliss that shall be in the renovated earth, or whether they are back glimpses into the former ages, when we wandered — *Do you remember?* — beside the ocean of eternal love!

> "'Hence in a season of calm weather,
> When inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that eternal sea
> That brought us hither!
> Can see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

"I read some of the sermons by authors of 'Tracts for the Times,' which you gave me. There is the same moaning piety in them, and something darker. I was frightened at a sermon of Newman's on 'Christian Reverence,' in which he tries to show that Christ used to 'deter' people and *repel* them! He illustrates it by the case of the young ruler, and says that He was severe on Nicodemus, and that 'He made Himself strange and spake roughly' to those who inquired. This is very dark and dismal. I had thought that we were to 'come boldly to the throne of grace.' But, no! we are to return, under Christianity, to the terrors of the law. We are to become '*again entangled with the yoke of bondage*' (mind that verse), by having to expiate our own sins by

fasting, alms, and penance! Is this the liberty with which Christ has made us free? I declare (I speak under God's correction and with reverence) that if these doctrines be Christianity, we should be happier here, and safer hereafter, as Jews or heathens! . . . Can you not see what my horror of Popery and Tractarianism arises from? Do you not see that if you once allow of good works having any expiatory power, you do away with all real morality, because you destroy its disinterestedness! If a man does good works to be saved from hell by them, what is he but selfish? We ought to do good works from gratitude to Christ, and from admiration of His character. . . .

"Do you not see the noble standard of Christian morality, and its infinite superiority to this? . . . Talking of the Tractators — so you still like their *tone!* And so do I. There is a solemn and gentleman-like, and gentle earnestness which is most beautiful, and which I wish I may ever attain. But you have just as much reason for following them, or even reading them much on that account, as the moth has for fluttering round the candle because it is bright. The case is hackneyed but the analogy is perfect.

. . . . . .

"The Christian religion is all through anthropomorphic, or suited to the intellect and feelings of finite man, and proposing the worship of a God, not only manifested as similar to us in intellect and feelings, but even incarnate in a human body. . . . Now this religion appeals to the intellect of mankind for its truth, as you will find in many parts of Scripture — a plain fact that it is comprehensible by that intellect; that is to say, all the anthropomorphic part of it. All that part again which connects this *particular scheme*, with God's *infinite* scheme of eternity and the whole universe, is *transcendental*, and not to be understood, and there we must not intrude. Such are the doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation, Free will, and Predestination, and the operation of the Holy Spirit.

But for all parts of the religion which belong particularly to the Christian scheme, there we are commanded to search the Scriptures and satisfy ourselves as thoroughly as we can. Do not then assume a 'voluntary humility,' which we are cautioned against, and of which we know that it produced in the early ages the heresy of worshipping angels, because men thought they were too vile and ignorant to address God.

. . . . . .

". . . The body the temple of the Living God. . . . There has always seemed to me something impious in the neglect of personal health, strength, and beauty, which the religious, and sometimes clergymen of this day affect. It is very often a mere form of laziness. . . . I could not do half the little good I do do here, if it were not for that strength and activity which some consider coarse and degrading. Do not be afraid of my overworking myself. If I stop, I go down. I must work. . . . How merciful God has been in turning all the strength and hardihood I gained in snipe shooting and hunting, and rowing, and jack-fishing in those magnificent fens to His work! While I was following my own fancies, He was preparing me for His work. . . . Is it not an awful proof that matter is not necessarily evil, that we shall be clothed in bodies even in our perfect state? Think of that! . . . It seems all so harmonious to me. It is all so full of God, that I see no inconsistency in making my sermons while I am cutting wood; and no 'bizarrerie' in talking one moment to one man about the points of a horse, and the next moment to another about the mercy of God to sinners. I try to catch men by their leading ideas, and so draw them off insensibly to my leading idea. And so I find — shall I tell you? that God is really permitting me to do His work — I find that dissent is decreasing; people are coming to church who never went anywhere before; that I am loved and respected — or rather that God's ministry, which has been here deservedly despised, alas!

is beginning to be respected; and above all, that the young wild fellows who are considered as hopeless by most men, because most men are what they call 'spoony Methodists,' *i. e.*, effeminate ascetics — dare not gainsay, but rather look up to a man who they see is their superior, if he chose to exert his power, in physical as well as intellectual skill. So I am trying to become (harmoniously and consistently) all things to all men, and I thank God for the versatile mind He has given me. . . ."

This was one secret of his influence in Eversley. He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the hay-makers in the pasture. He knew, too, every fox earth on the moor, the "reedy hover" of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, and had always a word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he could discuss the rotation of crops, and with the laborer the science of hedging and ditching. And in giving sympathy he gained power. It was this year, in a great crisis of his life, that Mr. Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" was put into his hands — a book to which he always said that he owed more than to any he had ever read. To some it may seem strange that Carlyle's works should have laid the foundation to which Coleridge's and Maurice's were the superstructure: but Chevalier Bunsen, in a remarkable passage in his "Hyppolytus" (vol. ii. p. 21–23), where he strikes the point of contact between the three authors, explains their influence on such minds as Charles Kingsley's.

Circumstances now caused a long break in this correspondence; and the faith and patience with which he met the trial may be seen in these part-

ing words, intended for one eye only, but from which the following extracts have been made, in the hope they may be a help to those who have the same thorny road to travel without such a friend and guide.

EVERSLEY: *August*, 1842. — ". . . Though there may be clouds between us now, yet they are safe and dry, free from storm and rains — our parted state now is quiet gray weather, under which all tender things will spring up and grow, beneath the warm damp air, till they are ready for the next burst of sunshine to hurry them into blossom and fruit. Let us plant and rear all tender thoughts, knowing surely that those who sow in tears shall reap in joy. . . . I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to Him! . . . Do not," he had said previously, "suppose that I augur ill from our disappointment — rather the contrary. I have always been afraid of being too successful at first. I think sorrow at the beginning augurs well for the happiness of a connection that must last for ever." . . . "There are two ways at looking at every occurrence — a bright and a dark side. Two modes of action — Which is most worthy of a rational being, a Christian and a friend? It is absurd, as a rational being, to torture one's self unnecessarily. It is inconsistent in a Christian to see God's wrath, rather than His mercy in everything. . . . How to avoid this morbidity of mind? By prayer. 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' By turning your mind from the dark view. Never begin to look darkly at a subject, without checking yourself and saying, 'Is there not a bright side to this? Has not God promised the bright side to me? Is not my happiness in my own power? Do I not know that I am ruining my mind and endangering the happiness of those I love — by looking at the wrong side?' Make this your habit. Every gift

of God is good, and given for our happiness; and we sin if we abuse it. To use our fancy to our own misery is to abuse it and to sin — the realm of the possible was given to man to hope, and not to fear in. . . . If, then, the thought strikes you that we are punished for our sins — mourn for them, and not for the happiness which they have prevented. Rather thank God that He has stopped us in time, and remember His promises of restoring us if we profit by his chastisement. . . . In cases of love to God and working to His glory in the first and second intention read Taylor's 'Holy Living.' But eschew his Popish fallacy about duties as different from perfections. Every step in love and to God, and devotion to Him is a duty! That doctrine was invented to allow mankind to exist, while a few self-conceited shut themselves up in a state of unnatural celibacy and morbid excitement, in order to avoid their duty, instead of doing it. Avoid the Fathers, after Origen (including him), on this account — their theories are not universal. . . .

". . . You may think too much! There is such a thing as mystifying one's self! Mystifying one's self is thinking a dozen thoughts in order to get to a conclusion, to which one might arrive by thinking one — getting at ideas by an unnecessarily subtle and circuitous path: then, because one has been through many steps, one fancies one has gone deep. This is one form of want of simplicity. This is not being like a little child, any more than analyzing one's own feelings. A child goes straight to its point, and it hardly knows why. When you have done a thing, leave it alone. You mystify yourself after the idea, not before. Second thoughts may be best before action — they are folly after action, unless we find we have sinned. The consistent Christian should have no second thoughts, but do good by the first impulse. How few attain to this. I do not object to subtlety of thought: but it is dangerous for one who has no scientific guide of logic, &c.

"Aim at depth. A thought is deep in proportion as it is near God. You may be subtle, and only perceive a trifling property of the subject, which others do not. To be deep, you must see the subject in its relation to God — yourself — and the universe; and the more harmonious and simple it seems, the nearer God and the deeper it is. All the deep things of God are bright — for God is light. *The religion of terror is the most superficial of all religions.* God's arbitrary will, and almighty power, may seem dark by themselves, though deep, as they do to the Calvinists; but that is because they do not involve His moral character. Join them with the fact that *He is a God of mercy as well as justice;* remember that *His essence is love;* — and the thunder-cloud will blaze with dewy gold, full of soft rain, and pure light!

"Again: remember that habit, more than reason, will cure one both of mystifying subtlety and morbid fear; and remember that habits are a series of individual voluntary actions, continued till they become involuntary. One would not wish to become good by habit, as the Aristotle-loving Tractarians do; but one must acquire tones of mind by habit, in cases in which intellectual, not moral obliquity, or constitutional ill-health is the cause of failure. Some minds are too 'subjective.' What I mean is, that they may devote themselves too much to the subject of self and mankind. Now man is not 'the noblest study of man.' God is the noblest study of man. He is the only study fit for a woman devoted to Him. And Him you can study in three ways. 1st. From His dealings in History. This is the real Philosophy of History. Read Arnold's 'Lectures on Modern History.' (Oh! why did that noblest of men die? God have mercy upon England! He takes the shining lights from us, for our national sins!) And read as he tells us to read, not to study man à la Rochefoucault, but God à la David!

"2d. From His image as developed in Christ the

Ideal, and in all good men —great good men — David, Moses, St. Paul, Hooker, the four Oxford martyrs, Luther, Taylor, Howard. Read about that glorious Luther! and like him strive all your life to free men from the bondage of custom and self, the two great elements of the world that lieth in wickedness! Read Maurice for this purpose, and Carlyle.

"3d. From His works. Study nature — not scientifically — that would take eternity, to do it so as to reap much moral good from it. Superficial physical science is the devil's spade, with which he loosens the roots of the trees prepared for the burning. Do not study matter for its own sake, but as the countenance of God. Try to extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling from it. Study the forms and colors of leaves and flowers, and the growth and habits of plants; not to classify them, but to admire them and adore God. Study the sky. Study water. Study trees. Study the sounds and scents of nature. Study all these, as beautiful in themselves, in order to re-combine the elements of beauty; next, as allegories and examples from whence moral reflections may be drawn; next, as types of certain tones of feeling, &c.; but remain (yourself) in God-dependence, superior to them. Learn what feelings they express, but do not let them mould the tone of your mind; else by allowing a melancholy day to make you melancholy, you worship the creature more than the Creator. No sight but has some beauty and harmony. Read geology — Buckland's book, and you will rise up awe-struck and cling to God.

"Study the human figure, both as intrinsically beautiful and as expressing mind. It only expresses the broad natural childish emotions, which are just what you want to return to. Study 'natural language' — I mean the 'language of attitude.' It is an inexhaustible source of knowledge and delight, and enables one human being to understand another so perfectly. Draw, — learn to draw

and paint figures. If you can command your hand in drawing a tree, you can in drawing a face. Perfect your coloring. . . . It will keep your mind employed on objective studies, and save all morbid introversion of mind — brooding over fallen man. It will increase your perception of beauty, and thereby your own harmony of soul and love to God. Practise music, — I am going to learn myself, merely to be able to look after my singers. . . . Music is such a vent for the feelings. . . . Study medicine. . . . I am studying it. . . . Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the wages, wants, and habits, and prevalent diseases of the poor wherever you go. Let your mind freely forth. Only turn it inwards at prayer time, to recollect sins of which you were conscious at the time, not to look for fresh ones. They are provided against by prayer for pardon of unintentional sins. What wisdom in our Church! She knew that if she allowed sin hunting, people would fancy, like some Dissenters, that pretending everything they had done was sinful, was a sign of holiness. Let your studies, then, be objective entirely. Look forward to the future with hope. Build castles if you will, but only bright ones, and not too many. Better to live in the Past. We cannot help thanking God for that! Blessed Past! Think of all God has done for us. . . . Be happy. . . . Weep, but let them be tears of thankfulness.

"Do not be too solicitous to find deep meanings in men's words. Most men do, and all men ought to mean only what is evident at first sight in their books (unless they be inspired or write for a private eye). This is the great danger of such men as Novalis, that you never know how much he means. Beware of subtlety again. The quantity of sounding nonsense in the world is incredible! If you wish to be like a little child, study what a little child could understand — nature; and do what a little child could do — love. Use your senses much, and your mind little. Feed on Nature, and do not *try* to understand it. It will digest itself. It did so when you were

a baby. Look round you much. Think little and read less. Never give way to reveries. Have always some employment in your hands. When you are doing nothing at night, pray and praise! . . .

"See how much a day can do! I have since nine this morning, cut wood for an hour; spent an hour and more in prayer and humiliation, and thereby established a chastened but happy tone, which lasts till now; written six or seven pages of a difficult part of my essay; taught in the school; thought over many things while walking; gone round two-thirds of the parish visiting and doctoring; and written all this. Such days are lives — and happy ones. One has no time to be miserable, and one is ashamed to invent little sorrows for one's self while one is trying to relieve such grief in others as would kill *us*, if we gave way to fancies about them.

"Pray over every truth, for though the renewed heart is not 'desperately wicked,' it is quite 'deceitful' enough to become so, if God be forgotten a moment! . . . Keep a commonplace book, and put into it, not only facts and thoughts, but observations on form, and color, and nature, and little sketches, even to the form of beautiful leaves. They will all have their charm, all do their work in consolidating your ideas. Put everything into it. . . . Strive to put every idea into a tangible form, and write it down. Distrust every idea which you cannot put into words; or rather distrust your own conception of it — not so with feelings. Try to put everything in its place in the great system . . . seeing the realities of Heaven and Earth."

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In speaking of this time to a friend placed in somewhat similar circumstances, he writes after his marriage:

"I have already been through that ordeal of separation which now seems to threaten you; but my experience

may be valuable to you — God knows how valuable it was to me; and that I rank that period of misery as the most priceless passage of my whole existence. It taught me to know marriage for a state so spiritual, so paradisaic, that, like the kingdom of heaven, it is only through much tribulation, through the purifying fire of affliction, man can be fitted to enter into it. That separation taught me to look at marriage as a boon from God, to be gained from Him alone by earnest prayer, by intense repentance, and complete confession of youthful sins. It taught me to know that providence was a reality, and prayer the highest sacrament; that to the Blessed Lord alone we must look for the fulfilment of our desires; that these desires, which men call carnal, are truly most spiritual, most beloved by Him, and that He Himself, when we are fit for our bliss, will work what the world might call a miracle, if necessary, to join us and those whom we love. All this I have experienced — I know, and therefore I speak. I know how after long misery, during which filial trust in God, with many inconsistencies and 'backslidings,' was my only support, I gained by prayer the transcendental and super-rational conviction that we should again meet within a certain period. I know how that period passed on and on, and how the night grew ever darker and ever more hopeless, until — when I was on the point of black despair — within a few days of the expiration of the period which I had involuntarily, and as it were by inspiration, fixed — from a quarter where I least expected — by means of those who had been most utterly opposed to me, suddenly came a ray of light — an immediate re-union — and from that moment a run of blessings heaped one on the other, as if the merciful God were turned prodigal in His undeserved love, and here I am. Therefore, take heart, my friend, only humble yourself utterly; lie still and say, '*My Father*, Thy will be done.' And why should n't it be with you as it has been with me?"

CHAPTER IV

1842–1843

AGED 23–24

A YEAR OF SORROW — CURATE LIFE — LETTER FROM COLONEL W. — BRIGHTER PROSPECTS — PROMISE OF PREFERMENT — CORRESPONDENCE RENEWED — THE MYSTERY OF LIFE — IMPULSE — ENTHUSIASM — THE PENDULUM — WANDERING MINSTRELS — LEAVES EVERSLEY.

"And show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use."

TENNYSON.

A YEAR passed by of silence and self-discipline, hard reading and parish duties. That sorrow was doing its work, his own words to his parents will testify.

". . . Christianity heightens as well as deepens the human as well as the divine affections. I am happy, for the less hope, the more faith. . . . God knows what is best for us, and very lucky that He does, for I am sure we do not. Continual resignation, at last I begin to find, is the secret of continual strength. 'Daily *dying*,' as Behmen interprets it, is the path of daily *living*. . . ."

His mother paid him a visit in the autumn of this year, and thus describes his home:

EVERSLEY: 1842. — "Here I am, in a humble cottage in the corner of a sunny green, a little garden, whose flower-beds are surrounded with tall and aged box, is fenced in from the path with a low white paling. The green is gay with dogs, and pigs, and geese, some running frolic races, and others swimming in triumph in a glassy pond, where they are safe from all intruders. Every object around is either picturesque or happy, fulfilling in their different natures the end of their creation. . . . Surely it must have been the especial providence of God that directed us to this place! and the thought of this brightens every trial. There is independence in every good sense of the word, and yet no loneliness. The family at the Brewery are devoted to Charles, and think they cannot do enough for him. The dear old man says he has been praying for years for such a time to come, and that Eversley has not been so blessed for sixty years. Need I say rejoice with me. Here I sit surrounded by your books and little things which speak of you. . . ."

During his first year of curate life he had little society outside his parish except at Sandhurst, where he had friends in the Senior department of the Military College; and he writes to an old Cambridge companion, Mr. Wood, to beg for a visit in his solitude.

"PETER!

"Whether in the glaring saloons of Almack's, or making love in the equestrian stateliness of the park, or the luxurious recumbency of the ottoman, whether breakfasting at one, or going to bed at three, thou art still Peter, the beloved of my youth, the staff of my academic days, the regret of my parochial retirement! — Peter! I am alone! Around me are the everlasting hills, and the everlasting bores of the country! My parish is peculiar for nothing but want of houses and abundance of peat bogs; my parishioners remarkable only for aversion to

education, and a predilection for fat bacon. I am wasting my sweetness on the desert air — I say my sweetness, for I have given up smoking, and smell no more. Oh, Peter, Peter, come down and see me! Oh that I could behold your head towering above the fir-trees that surround my lonely dwelling. Take pity on me! I am 'like a kitten in the washhouse copper with the lid on!' And, Peter, prevail on some of your friends here to give me a day's trout-fishing, for my hand is getting out of practice. But, Peter, I am, considering the oscillations and perplex circumgurgitations of this piece-meal world, an improved man. I am much more happy, much more comfortable, reading, thinking, and doing my duty — much more than ever I did before in my life. Therefore I am not discontented with my situation, or regretful that I buried my first-class in a country curacy, like the girl who shut herself up in a band-box on her wedding night (*vide* Rogers's 'Italy'). And my lamentations are not general (for I do not want an inundation of the froth and tide-wash of Babylon the Great), but particular, being solely excited by want of thee, oh, Peter, who art very pleasant to me, and wouldst be more so if thou wouldst come and eat my mutton, and drink my wine, and admire my sermons, some Sunday at Eversley.

"Your faithful friend,

"BOANERGES ROAR-AT-THE-CLODS."

His friend responded to his call. "I paid him a visit," he says, "at Eversley, where he lived in a thatched cottage. So roughly was he lodged that I recollect taking him some game, which was dried to a cinder in the cooking and quite spoiled; but he was as happy as if he were in a palace. . . ."

Another friend, Colonel W., thus recalls their intercourse:

". . . My memory often runs back to the days at Sandhurst, when I used to meet dear Kingsley continually

in his little curate rooms, at the corner of the Green at Eversley; when he told me of his attachment to one whom he feared he should never be able to marry, and that he supposed that he should live the rest of his life reading old books, and knocking his head against the ceiling of his room, like a caged bird. And well I remember a particular Sunday, when walking with him to his church in the afternoon, having dined with him at mid-day. It was a lovely afternoon in the autumn — passing through the corn in sheaf, the bells ringing, and people, young and old, gathering together near the church. — He, looking down on the Rectory-house, said to me — 'How hard it is to go through life without wishing for the goods of others! Look at the Rectory! Oh, if I were there with a wife, how happy,' &c. God seemed to hear the desire of His creature, for when the next year's corn was in sheaf, *you* were with him at the Rectory. And he has told me in after years that his life with you was one of constantly increasing love. I called at his cottage one morning, and I found him almost beside himself, stamping his things into a portmanteau. 'What is the matter, dear Kingsley?' — 'I am engaged. I am going to see her *now — to-day*.' I was so glad, and left him to his joy. I loved Kingsley as well as man can love man. . . ."

In September, 1843, his prospects brightened; for, through the kindness of Lord Sidney Osborne, a relation of his future wife, Lord Portman promised him a small living, and in the mean time recommended him for the curacy of Pimperne, near Blandford, which, with a good house, would soon be vacant. The correspondence, which had dropped for a year, was now resumed.

HELSTON: *September*, 1843. — ". . . What a thought it is that there is a God! a Father, a King! a Husband

not of individuals, that is a Popish fancy, which the Puritans have adopted — but of the Church — of collective humanity. Let us be content to be members; let us be, if we may, the feet, lowest, hardest worked, trodden on, bleeding, brought into harshest contact with the evil world! Still we are members of Christ's Church! . . . How fearfully and wonderfully we are made. I seem all spirit, and my every nerve is a musical chord trembling in the wind! . . . and yet I am sane, and it is all real. I could find no vent for my feelings, this afternoon, but by bursting out into the Te Deum, to no known chant, but a strange involuntary melody which told all. If I could but sing now! I used to know only melancholy songs. I wandered about moaning in one eternal minor key. . . . In heaven we shall sing involuntarily. All speech will be song! . . . Pray night and day, *very quietly*, like a little weary child, to the good and loving God, for everything you want, in body as well as soul — the least thing as well as the greatest. Nothing is too much to ask God for — nothing too great for Him to grant: Glory be to Thee, O Lord! — and try to thank Him for everything. . . . I sometimes feel that eternity will be too short to praise God in, if it was only for making us *live* at all! . . . What blessings we have had! How we must work in return for them. Not under the enslaving sense of paying off an infinite debt, but with the delight of gratitude, glorying that we are God's debtors. . . .

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". . . What an awful weapon prayer is! Mark xi. 24 saved me from madness in my twelve months' sorrows; and it is so simple, and so wide — wide as eternity, simple as light, true as God himself; and yet it is just the last text of Scripture which is talked of, or preached on, or used! Verily, 'when the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?'

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". . . You must love these Cornish men! they are the noblest men in England — strong, simple-hearted, united, working — 'One and all,' is their motto. Glorious West country! I told some of them the other day that if I ever married it should be a Cornish woman. . . . You must not despise their accent, for it is the remains of a purer and nobler dialect than our own, and you will be surprised to hear me when I am merry, burst out into pure unintelligible Devonshire; when I am very childish, my own country's language comes to me like a dream of old days! . . ."

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EVERSLEY: *October.* — "About the wind's moaning. It is a great mystery. All nations have fancied that there may be evil spirits in it. It used to terrify me as a child, and make me inexpressibly melancholy as a youth. But no bad weather now has a lowering effect on me — but rather a calming one. Of course some of this is to be attributed to my familiarity with night in all its characters. And the moaning of the wind now seems to me the groaning and the travailing of the whole creation, under the purifying changes, bitter and destructive, yet salutary, of storms and thunder clouds! In the renewed earth there will be no winter, no storms! Perpetual, calm day; with, perhaps, just change enough for incident — if incident be not a necessity for fallen nature only! . . ."

". . . That is *no metaphor*, when the Psalmist calls on all things to praise God, from the monsters of the deep to 'worms and feathered fowls!' They are all witnesses of God, and every emotion of pleasure which they feel is an act of praise to Him! I dare not say an unconscious act! This is not imagination, for imagination deadens the feelings (so men say, but I do not understand — that word imagination is so much misused), but *I*, when I feel thus, seem to see all the universe at one glance, instinct with *The Spirit*, and feel ready to turn to the first beggar I meet, and say, 'Come, my

brother, all this is thine, as well as mine! Come, and I will show thee thy goodly heritage!' Oh, the yearning when one sees a beautiful thing to make some one else see it too! Surely it is of Heaven! . . . 'Every creature of God is good, if it be sanctified with prayer and thanksgiving!' This, to me, is the master truth of Christianity! I cannot make people see it, but it seems to me that it was to redeem man and the earth that Christ was made Man, and used the earth! . . . Can there be a more glorious truth for us to carry out? one which will lead us more into all love and beauty and purity in heaven and earth? one which must have God's light of love shining on it at every step, if we are to see it through the maze of our own hearts and the artificialities of the world? . . . All the events of our life, all the workings of our hearts seem strangely to point to this one idea. As I walk the fields, the trees and flowers and birds, and the motes of rack floating in the sky, seem to cry to me: 'Thou knowest us! Thou knowest we have a meaning, and sing a heaven's harmony by night and day! Do us justice! Spell our enigma, and go forth and tell thy fellows that we are their brethren, that their spirit is our spirit, their Saviour our Saviour, their God our God!'

"And every man's and woman's eyes too, they cry to me, they cry to me through dim and misty strugglings: 'Oh do us justice! we have human hearts within! we are not walking statues! we *can* love, we *can* worship, we have God's spirit in us, but we cannot believe it ourselves, or make others believe it! Oh teach us! and teach others to yearn for love and peace! Oh make us One. All the world-generations have but One voice! How can we become One? at harmony with God and God's universe! Tell us this, and the dreary, dark mystery of life, the bright sparkling mystery of life, the cloud-checkered, sun-and-shower mystery of life is solved! for we shall have found one home and one brotherhood, and happy faces will greet us wherever we move, and we

shall see God! see Him everywhere, and be ready to wait for the renewal, for the Kingdom of Christ perfected! We came from Eden, all of us: show us how we may return, hand in hand, husband and wife, parent and child, gathered together from the earth and the sea, from the past and the future, from one creed and another, and take our journey into a far country, which is yet this earth. A world-migration to the heavenly Canaan, through the Red Sea of Death, back again to the land which was given to our forefathers, and is ours even now, could we but find it!"

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"I want to talk to you about Impulse. That word, in its common use, is one of my enemies. Its proper and original meaning, if it has any, is the exciting effect of the will (the spiritual part) on the flesh. And where a man acts from impulse, it is because his flesh is at harmony with, and obeys, his spirit. I know what impulse is, when it has driven me, in putting out a fire, through blazing rafters and under falling roofs, by an awful energy which must be obeyed. Now there is nothing, in this, sinful in itself. On the contrary, if the will which drives be a spiritual and holy will, it is the highest state of harmony and health, the rare moments of life, in which our life is not manifold, but one — body and soul and spirit working together! Such impulses have led martyrs to the stake. Such an impulse kept the two women-martyrs at Coventry in the midst of the flames loose and unbound! Such an impulse drove Luther on through years and years, till he overthrew the Popedom! Such impulses are exactly what the world despises, and crushes as enthusiasm, because they are opposed to the cold, selfish work of the brute intellect — because they make men self-sacrificing, because they awaken all that childish earnestness and simplicity, and gushing tears, and passionate smiles, which are witnesses and reproofs to the world of what she has lost, and therefore is trying to fancy she can do without!

Yet the world will devour the most exciting works of fiction — thereby confessing that 'romance' and 'enthusiasm' have a beauty, even to her — but one which she hates to see practised, because her deeds are evil, and her spiritual will is dead, or dying! The fault of impulse is, that one's whole life is not impulse! that we let worldly wisdom close again over the glimpse of heaven-simplicity in us, and so are inconsistent! and so we acknowledge (even the most religious), the world's ways to be our general rule, and impulse our exception; discord our practice, harmony our exception; and then the world, who is very glad after all to get religion on her side, says and truly, Oh! these *religieux* do hold our principles as the great principles, and themselves avoid and despise 'enthusiasm'!

"People smile at the 'enthusiasm of youth' — that enthusiasm which they themselves secretly look back at with a sigh, perhaps unconscious that it is partly their own fault that they ever lost it. Is it not strange, that the only persons who appear to me to carry to the grave with them the joyousness, simplicity, and lovingness and trust of children, are the most exalted *Christians?* Think of St. John, carried into the Church at Smyrna, at the age of ninety-nine, and with his dying breath repeating the same simple words, 'Little children, love one another.'"

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". . . As to self-improvement, the true Catholic mode of learning is, to 'prove all things,' as far as we can without sin or the danger of it, and 'hold fast that which is good.' Let us never be afraid of trying anything, though copied from people of different opinions to our own. And let us never, never be afraid of changing our opinions — not our knowledge. If we should find fasting unsuccessful, we will simply give it up — and so on with all practices and opinions not expressed in Scripture. That is a form of pride which haunts the more powerful minds, the unwillingness to go back from one's declared opinion: but it is not found in great child-like geniuses. Fools

may hold fast to their scanty stock through life, and we must be very cautious in drawing them from it — for where can they supply its place? Therefore, there is no more unloving, heartless man-murderer, than the man who goes about trying, for the display of his own 'talents,' to shake people in their belief, even when that belief is not sound. Better believe in ghosts 'with no heads and jack-boots on,' like my Eversley people, than believe in nothing but self! Therefore Maurice's loving, Christian rule is, 'Never take away from a man even the shadow of a spiritual truth, unless you can give him substance in return.' . . . But those who discover much truth — ay, who make perhaps only one truth really their own, a living integral law of their spirits — must, in developing it, pass through many changes of opinion. They must rise, and fall back, and rise higher again, and fall and rise again, till they reach the level table-land of truth, and can look down on men toiling and stumbling in the misty valleys, where the rising sunlight has not yet found its way. Or perhaps, their own minds will oscillate, like a pendulum, between Dualism and Unitarianism, or High Church and Low Church, until the oscillations become gradually smaller, and subside into the Rest of Truth! — the peace which passes understanding! I fancy it is a law, that the greater the mind, the stronger the heart, the larger will the oscillations be, but the less they will be visible to the world, because the wise man will not act outwardly upon his opinions until they have become knowledge, and his mind is in a state of rest. This I think the true, the only doctrine of Reserve — reserve of our own fancies, not of immutable truth. And one thing more I do see — that as with the pendulum, those oscillations are caused by the very force which at last produces rest; God's Spirit, working on a man, draws him down towards rest, and he, by the elastic *légèreté* of the flesh, swings past the proper point into the opposite extreme, and has to be drawn back again down. And

another thing I see — that the pressure of the surrounding air, which helps the force of gravity in producing rest, is a true emblem of the force of healthy ties and duties, and the *circumstances* of God's universe — those things which *stand round*. . . . Let a man once break free from them, and from God's Spirit by self-will or heartlessness, and he will oscillate, as the pendulum would, for ever! He will become like one of the ancient philosophers — like the gnostics, like the enthusiasts (ascetic-mystics often) of every age. . . ."

EVERSLEY: *October 27th.* — ". . . As to 'Honor all men,' you are quite right. Every man should be honored as God's image, in the sense in which Novalis says — that we touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body! . . . The old Homeric Greeks I think felt that, and acted up to it, more than any nation. The Patriarchs too seem to have had the same feeling. . . . I have been making a fool of myself for the last ten minutes, according to the world's notion of folly, for there have been some strolling fiddlers under the window, and I have been listening and crying like a child. Some quick music is so inexpressibly mournful. It seems just like one's own feelings — exultation and action, with the remembrance of past sorrow wailing up, yet without bitterness, tender in its shrillness, through the mingled tide of present joy; and the notes seem thoughts — thoughts pure of words, and a spirit seems to call to me in them and cry, 'Hast thou not felt all this?' And I start when I find myself answering unconsciously, 'Yes, yes, I know it all!' Surely we are a part of all we see and hear! And then the harmony thickens, and all distinct sound is pressed together and absorbed in a confused paroxysm of delight, where still the female treble and the male base are distinct for a moment, and then one again — absorbed into each other's being — sweetened and strengthened by each other's melody. . . . Why should I not cry? Those men have unconsciously told me my

own tale! why should I not love them and pray for them? Are they not my benefactors? Have they not given me more than food and drink? Let us never despise the wandering minstrel. He is an unconscious witness for God's harmony — a preacher of the world-music — the power of sweet sounds, which is a link between every age and race — the language which all can understand, though few can speak. And who knows what tender thoughts his own sweet music stirs within him, though he eat in pot-houses, and sleep in barns! Ay, thoughts too deep for words are in those simple notes — why should not we feel them? . . ."

. . . . . .

". . . I have heard from Dr. W. this morning, and he asks me to take possession of Pimperne on April 6th. So that is settled. I am not, and will not (please God to help me, as He has hitherto) be anxious about anything. Why should we weary out the little life we have left in us, when He has promised to care for us, and make us renew our youth, and heap us with everything that is good for us! . . . I look forward with quiet certainty of hope, day and night; believing, though I can see but little day, that all this tangled web will resolve itself into golden threads of twined, harmonious life, guiding both us, and those we love, together, through this life to that resurrection of the flesh, when we shall at last know the reality and the fulness of life and love. Even so come, Lord Jesus!

" . . . I am full of plans for Pimperne, or wherever else God may place us. We must have a regular rule of life, not so as to become a law, but a custom. . . . Family prayers before breakfast; 8.30 to 10, household matters; 10 to 1, studying divinity, or settle *parish* accounts and business — our doors open for *poor* parish visitants; between 1 and 5, go out in all weathers, to visit sick and poor and to teach in the school; in the evening we will draw, and feed the intellect and the fancy. . . .

"We must devote from 9 to 12 on Monday mornings to casting up our weekly bills and accounts, and make a rule never to mention them, if possible, at any other time; and never to talk of household matters, unless urgent, but between 9 and 10 in the morning; nor of parish business in the evening. I have seen the *gêne* and misery which not following some such rule brings down! We must pray for a spirit of order and regularity and economy in the least things. . . .

"This is a very homely letter, but not an outward one; for all the business I have talked of has a *spiritual* meaning. If we can but keep alive a spiritual meaning in every little action, we shall have no need to write poetry — our life will be a real poem. . . . I have been thinking of how we are to order our establishment at Pimperne. While we are in Somersetshire (next January, a season of solemn and delightful preparation for our work) we will hunt out all the texts in the Bible about masters and servants, to form rules upon them; and our rules we will alter and improve upon in time, as we find out more and more of the true relation in which we ought to stand to those whom God has placed under us. . . . I feel more and more that the new principle of considering a servant as a trader, who sells you a certain amount of work for a certain sum of money, is a devil's principle, and that we must have none of it, but return as far as we can to the patriarchal and feudal spirit towards them. . . .[1] And religion, that is, truth, shall be the only thing in our house. All things must be made to tend to it; and if they cannot be made to tend to God's glory, the belief in, and knowledge of the spiritual world, and the duties and

[1] He carried out this principle in daily life, and at his death all the servants in his house had lived with him from seventeen to twenty-six years, and would have given their lives for their master. It is only just to add that the mistress of the house was as much beloved as the master, and that they remained with her after his death as tried and valued friends of the family rather than servants. (M. K.)

ties of humanity, they must be turned out of door as part of 'the world.' One thing we must keep up, if we intend to be anything like witnesses for God, in perhaps the most sensual generation since Alaric destroyed Rome, — I mean the continual open verbal reference of everything, even to the breaking of a plate, to God and God's providence, as the Easterns do. The reason why God's name is so seldom in people's mouths is not that they reverence Him, as they say, too much to talk of Him (!!!), but because they do not think of Him!

"About our Parish. No clergyman knows less about the working of a parish than I do; but one thing I do know, that I have to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and to be instant in that, in season and out of season and at all risks. . . . And therefore I pray daily for the Spirit of love to guide us, and the Spirit of earnestness to keep us at work. For our work must be done by praying for our people, by preaching to them, in church and out of church (for all instruction is preaching — *vide Hooker*) — by leading them to pray and worship in the liturgy, and by setting them an example; — an example in every look, word, and motion, — in the paying of a bill, the hiring of a servant, the reproving of a child.

"We will have no innovations in ceremony. But we will not let public worship become 'dead bones.' We will strive and pray, day and night, till we put life into it, till our parish feels that God is the great Idea, and that all things are in Him, and He in all things. The local means, to which so much importance is attached now-a-days, by those very sects who pretend to despise outward instruments, I mean the schools, charities, &c., I know nothing of, in Pimperne. But we must attend to them (not alter them), and make them tools for our work, which is to teach men that there is a God, and that nothing done without Him is done at all, but a mere sham and makeshift. We must attend the schools and superintend the teaching, going round to the different classes, and not

hearing them to the letter, but trying by a few seasonable words to awaken them to the spirit; this is the distinction which is so neglected between the duty of the parson and his wife, and that of the schoolmaster and mistress. . . . The Church Catechism must be the main point of instruction. Of the Bible, the Proverbs and the Gospels, with parts picked from the leading points of Old Testament history are all they need know. They will soon learn the rest, if they can master the real meaning and spirit of Solomon and St. John. Few have done that, and therefore the Bible is a sealed book to the very people who swear by it, *i. e.*, by some twenty texts in it which lay down their favorite doctrines plainly enough to be patched into a system, and those not understood skin deep. Let us observe the Ember days, . . . praying over the sins of the clergy, one's own especially, . . . entreating God's mercy on the country, as children of a land fast hurrying to ruin in her mad love of intellectuality, mammonism, and false liberty! . . . I see the dawn of better knowledge. Puseyism is a struggle after it. It has failed — already failed, because unsound; but the answer which it found in ten thousand hearts shows that men are yearning for better things than money, or dogmas, and that God's Spirit has not left us. Maurice is a struggle after it — Thomas Carlyle is a struggle — all more or less sound, towards true Christianity, and therefore true national prosperity. But will they hear the voices which warn them? . . . Now I must bid good night, and read my psalms and lessons and pray. . . ."

. . . . . .

" . . . I must write to you, for my heart is full. I have been thinking over the great question — How we are to learn and what we are to learn? Are we to follow blindly in the steps of others? No! Have they not thought and acted for 1800 years? and see what has come of it! How little is known — how little is done — how little love there is! And yet must we not remember

that this dissatisfaction at existing evil (the feeling of all young and ardent minds), this struggle to escape from the 'circumstance' of the evil world, has a carnal counterfeit — the love of novelty, and self-will, and self-conceit, which may thrust us down into the abysses of misrule and uncertainity; as it has done such men as Shelley, and Byron, and others; trying vainly every loophole, beating against the prison bars of an imperfect system; neither degraded enough to make themselves a fool's paradise within it, nor wise enough to escape from it through Christ, 'the door into the sheepfold,' to return when they will, and bring others with them into the serene empyrean of spiritual truth — truth which explains, and arranges, and hallows, and subdues everything?

"We must forth, we must live above the world, if we would wish to enjoy the pure humanity which it fetters. And how? We cannot go without a guide, that were self-conceited; but what guide shall we take? Oh, I am sick of doctors and divines! Books! there is no end of them; mud, fire, acids, alkalies, every foreign ingredient contaminating pure truth. Shall we listen to the voice of God's spirit alone? Yes! but where? Has He not spoken to those very book-makers? And hath not every man his own gift? Each hero the appointed witness of some peculiar truth? Then, must we plunge again into that vast, muddy, blind, contradictory book-ocean? No! Is there not one immutable book? One pure written wisdom? The Bible, speaking of God's truth in words meant for men. There may be other meanings in that book besides the plain one. But this I will believe, that whatever mysticism the mystic may find there, the simple human being, the lover of his wife, the father of children, the lover of God's earth, glorying in matter and humanity, not for that which they are, but that which they ought to be and will be, will find in the Bible the whole mystery solved — an answer to every riddle, a guide in every difficulty. Let us read the Bible as we never read it before.

Let us read every word, ponder every word; first in its plain human sense — then, if in after years we can see any safe law or rule by which we may find out its hidden meaning (beside the mystic of a vague and lawless imagination, which makes at last everything true to him who thinks it so, and all uncertain, because all depends upon accidental fancy, and private analogies); — if we can find a rule, let us use it, and search into the deep things of God, not from men's theories, but from His own words. I do see glimmers of a rule, I see that it is possible to find a hidden meaning in Scripture — a spiritual, catholic, universal application of each word — that all knowledge lies in the Bible; but my rule seems as yet simple, logical, springing from universal reason, not from private fancy. . . . In the present day a struggle is coming. A question must be tried — Is intellectual Science, or the Bible, truth; and All Truth? And if the Bible be the great treasure-house of wisdom, does it speak in its fulness to the mass, or to the few? Are the Fathers and the Tractarians, or the Germans, or the modern Puritans right, and wherein lies the difference between them?

"Then comes again the hungry book-ocean, with its million waves, crying, 'Read! Read! Give up doing, that you may think. Across me is the only path to the isles of the blest, to the temple of wisdom, to the threshold of God's throne!' And there we must answer again, 'Not so!' Oh that we had wings as doves, then would we flee away and be at rest — at rest from the noise of many waters — and rise up on wings into the empyrean of truth; for it is through the air, not across the sea, that Heaven lies, and Christ is not yet on earth, but in Heaven! . . . Ay, better to stay humbly on earth among the duties and affections of humanity, in contact with, and acting on, the material and visible, contented to walk till wings are given us wherewith to fly. Better far! for while we labor, dressing and tilling the garden which God has given us, even though sin have

made us ashamed, and our bodies, and souls, and spirits become defiled in our daily work, and require to be washed in Christ His blood; and though there are thorns and briers in the garden, and our fairest flowers will sometimes fade, and the thorns may enter into our flesh and fester, and disease may not be extinct within us; — better, even thus, to stay and work, saying — 'Here at least we are safe, for God hath appointed this place to us!' And even though on earth, the heaven will be above us in our labors, the heaven of eternal truth and beauty, to which we may look up, and take comfort, and draw light and guidance, and learn to walk in the light. And the breeze of God's Spirit shall fan our weary brows; and the cheering voices of our fellow laborers shall call to us through dark thickets, and across broad lawns; and every bird, and bud, and herb will smile on us and say, 'You have not despised us, you have dwelt among us, and been our friend. Therefore, when we are renewed, we will rejoice with you!' Oh! will it not be better thus to wait for The Renewal, and learn to love all things, all men — not as spirits only, not with 'a love for poor souls' as the cant saying is (that unappreciable, loveless abstraction), but — as men and women, of body, soul, and spirit, each being made one, and therefore all to be loved? Is it not better thus to love intellect as well as spirit, and matter as well as intellect, and dumb animals, and trees, and rocks, and sun, and stars, that our joy and glory may be fuller, more all-embracing, when they are restored, and the moan which the earth makes day and night to God, has ceased for ever? Better far, than to make ourselves sham wings, and try to fly, and drop fluttering down, disgusted with our proper element, yet bound to it, poor selfish isolated mystics!

"This is healthy materialism, for there is a truth even in materialism. The man has hold of a reality who says — 'This earth is, after all, to me the great fact.' *God is the great fact*, objectively, in the pure truth of things;

but He can only become the great fact *to us*, subjectively, by our acting on the truth, that matter, and all its ties — so interwoven with our spirits and our spiritual ties that it is impossible to separate them — that this earth, I say, is the next greatest fact to that of God's existence, the fact by which *we know Him*. This is the path the Bible takes. It does not lay down any description of pure Deity. It is all about earth, and men, and women, and marriage, and birth and death, food and raiment, trees and animals; and God, not as He is in Himself, but as He has shown Himself in relation to the earth, and its history, and the laws of humanity. And all attempts at arriving at the contemplation of God as He is in Himself, appear to me as yet to have ended in forgetfulness of the Incarnation, and of the laws of humanity, and lastly of God Himself, because men, not content with the mixed idea of God which the Bible gives, have turned from it to contemplate a 'pure' (?) imagination of their own inventing. — All trying to substitute sight for faith. For we do not and cannot yet know what God is. No man can approach to Him! What is my conclusion from all this? for I have not wandered, though I seem to have done so.

"That our safe plan will be, as young and foolish children, first to learn the duties of daily life, the perfect ideal of humanity, from the Bible, and prayer, and God's earth; and thus to learn and practise love. Then if we are required to combat error verbally, we will make cautious voyages on the book-ocean; — reading one book at a time, and knowing it thoroughly; not adhering to any party; not caring of what creed our author is, because we shall read — not to learn creeds and doctrines, but to learn *men* — to find out what it was in their hearts which made them take up those creeds and doctrines, that we may understand the pathology of the human soul, and be able to cure its diseases. This is the true spiritual mode of reading, and I see enough for us for the next year or two in three books — Maurice, Kant, St. Augustine.

I *will* know the heart of that St. Augustine — how he came to be at once so right and so wrong, so far-sighted and so blind. And I must have better rules of pure reasoning than I have at present, so Kant must be read. . . . But I wish to read hardly anything but the Bible for some time to come; for till we have felt all the ties of humanity, we shall be unfit to judge of much that we must look at, both in God's work, and God's earth, and men's fancies. . . ."

. . . . . .

"Do you wish to help me? Pray for my successor, that he may serve God and God's people here better than I have done; and may build, on the foundation that I have laid, such stuff as may endure in the day of trial! And oh! pray that he may save me from blood-guiltiness, by warning those whom I have neglected. . . ."

His last sermon was on Romans xiii. 7, on the duty of obeying ministers — entreating his people to look up to his successor, and to pray for the success of his work in Eversley.

"Now why do I say this to you? In order that when I am gone, you may do better without me, than you have done with me. I know that I have neglected many of you very much — that I have done my whole duty to none of you. May God forgive me for it. But I have tried o teach you that you are all God's children. I have tried to teach you what a noble Church yours is — what a mine of wisdom there is in the Church Services — Psalms and Lessons. I have told you the use and meaning of the two sacraments, and entreated you to use them aright. I have told you that faith without works, profession without practice, is dead; and I have shown you that to live *with* Christ in the next world, you must live *like* Christ in this. . . ."

CHAPTER V

1844–1847

Aged 25–28

Marriage — Curacy of Pimperne — Rector of Eversley — Parish Work — Personal Influence — Canonry of Middleham — Needs of the Church — Birth of Two Children — The Saint's Tragedy Written.

Schiller *at* Jena, *a few months after his marriage.*

". . . Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone, even in summer. Beautiful Nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind around me; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it; my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure — not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself, how it has all happened so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future I expect everything. . . ."

Thomas Carlyle, *Life of Schiller.*

IN December, 1843, he left Eversley, as he then thought, for ever, "this beloved place, hallowed to me by my prayers, my tears, my hopes, my first vows to God — my pæan of pardoned sin and answered prayers, . . ." and in January, 1844, was married to Fanny, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger his wife. He was to have taken possession of the curacy of Pimperne in the spring: but the living of Eversley falling

vacant at that time, a strong effort was made by the parishioners to get the curate who had worked among them so indefatigably appointed rector. While the matter was pending, he went down into Dorsetshire for the Sunday duty. The following are extracts from his daily letters to his wife:

SALISBURY: *March* 28, 1844. — "I have been walking round the cathedral — oh! such a cathedral! Perfect unity, in extreme multiplicity. The first thing which strikes you in it (spiritually, I mean) is its severe and studied calm, even to 'primness' — nothing luscious, very little or no variation. Then you begin to feel how *one* it is; how the high slated roof and the double lancet windows, and the ranges of graduating lancet arches filling every gable, and the continued repetition of the same simple forms even in the buttresses and string courses, and corbel tables, and the extreme harsh angular simplicity of the mouldings — all are developments of one idea, and the idea so well expressing the tone of its date, the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries, I suppose, when the 'revival' of the age of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and dear St. Elizabeth had formed itself, from the many private fancies of its great minds, into one clear dark system of stern, elegant, soul-crushing asceticism. And then from the center of all this, that glorious spire rises — the work of a slightly later hand — too huge, I believe, for the rest of the cathedral, its weight having split and crushed its supporters. Fit emblem of the result of curbing systems. The moment the tower escapes above the level of the roof, it bursts into the wildest luxuriance, retaining the general character of the building below, but disguising it in a thousand fantastic excrescences — like the mind of man, crushed by human systems, and then suddenly asserting its own will in some burst of extravagance, yet unconsciously retaining the harsh and severe lineaments of the school in

which it had been bred. And then its self-willed fancies exhaust themselves, and it makes one final struggle upward, in a vast simple pyramid like that spire; emblem of the return, the revulsion rather, to 'pure' and naked spirituality. And when even that has dwindled to a point, it must end — if it would have either safety, or permanence, or shelter, or beauty — as that spire ends, *in the Cross!* Oh! that cathedral is an emblem, unconscious to its builders, of the whole history of Popery from the twelfth century to the days when Luther preached once more Christ crucified for us — For ever above us, yet for ever among us! It has one peculiar beauty. It rises sheer out of a smooth and large grass field, not struggling up among chimneys and party-walls, but with the grass growing to the foot of the plinth. . . . The repose is so wonderful. It awes you, too, without crushing you. You can be cheerful under its shadow, but you could not do a base thing. . . . It is lucky I took down my tackle, for I am promised a day's trout fishing to-morrow. . . ."

March 31. — ". . . I spent a delightful day yesterday. Conceive my pleasure at finding myself in Bemerton, George Herbert's parish, and seeing his house and church, and fishing in the very meadows where he, and Dr. Donne, and Izaac Walton, may have fished before me. I killed several trout and a brace of grayling, about three quarters of a pound each — a fish quite new to me, smelling just like cucumbers. The dazzling chalk-wolds sleeping in the sun, the clear river rushing and boiling down in one ever-sliding sheet of transparent silver, the birds bursting into song, and mating and toying in every hedge-row — everything stirred with the gleam of God's eyes, when 'He reneweth the face of the earth!' I had many happy thoughts; but I am very lonely. No time for more, as I am going to prayers in the cathedral. . . ."

DURWESTON: *April* 1. — "The road from here to Pimperne, over the downs, is about three miles of the most beautiful turf and natural woodland, through Cran-

borne Chase. I never was before on a chalk forest. It is very peculiar, and most beautiful. I like it better than Devon and Welsh Moorland — it is more simple, and yet not so severe — more tender in its soft grays and greens, yet quite as sublime in the vast unbroken curves and sweeps of the open downs. I cannot express myself. I should like to preach a sermon on chalk downs and another on chalk streams. They are so *purely* beautiful. . . . More and more I find that Carlyle's writings do not lead to gloomy discontent — that theirs is not a dark but a bright view of life;[1] in reality, more evil speaking against the age and its inhabitants is thundered from the pulpit daily, by both Evangelical and Tractarian, than Carlyle has been guilty of in all his works; but he finds fault in tangible original language — they speak evil of every one except their own party, but in such conventional language that no ear is shocked by the oft-repeated formulæ of 'original sin' and 'unconverted hearts,' and so on. Let us in all things take Dr. Johnson's golden rule: 'First clear your mind of cant!'"

April 19. — ". . . Oh! blissful future. Oh! dreary present. Yet do not think I repine: this separation, though dreary, is not barren. Nothing need be barren to those who view all things in their real light, as links in the great chain of progression both for themselves and for the universe. To us all time should seem so full of life: every moment the grave and the father of unnumbered events and designs in heaven, and earth, and the mind of our God Himself — all things moving smoothly and surely, in spite of apparent checks and disappointments, towards the appointed end! Oh, happy Eversley! how we shall read, and learn, and work there; how we shall find there that these few months of unrest have not been

[1] Many years after this, Professor Shairp, speaking of his first conversation with Mr. Kingsley, said he told him that, often when he was tired or depressed, the book he would turn to was Carlyle's "French Revolution."

thrown away, that in them we shall have learnt what might have escaped us in the quiet routine of a parish, and yet which are wanted there — as weeds and water-flowers show themselves in the rapid eddies, while they are buried deep in the still reaches of the river. . . ."

April 21. — "I have been reading Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' with many tears and prayers too. To me he is not only poet, but preacher and prophet of God's new and divine philosophy — a man raised up as a light in a dark time, and rewarded by an honored age, for the simple faith in man and God with which he delivered his message; whose real nobility is independent of rank, or conventionalities of language or manner, which is but the fashion of this world and passes away. I am trying, in my way, to do good; but what is the use of talking to hungry paupers about heaven? 'Sir,' as my clerk said to me yesterday, 'there is a weight upon their hearts, and they care for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are.' And so they have no spirit to arise and go to their Father! S. G. O.[1] is deep in statistics and abuses. I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it! Therefore you must make up your mind to see me, with God's help, a hunter out of abuses till the abuses cease — only till then. It is very easy to turn our eyes away from ugly sights, and so consider ourselves refined. The refined man to me is he who cannot rest in peace with a coal mine, or a factory, or a Dorsetshire peasant's house near him, in the state in which they are. . . ."

CHELSEA, *May*. — "I shall return to you Monday, perhaps rector of Eversley! A bright future opens. Blessed be God. . . ."

". . . All is settled at last. Sir John has given me the living, and he wishes me to settle there as soon as

[1] The Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborn, who had married a sister of Mrs. Kingsley. (M. K.)

possible. God never fails those who put their trust in Him. . . . Congratulations, as you may suppose, are plentiful . . . and I had the pleasure of bringing the news myself to Eversley. . . . I took the whole duty at St. George's Hospital yesterday morning, and preached a charity sermon at St. Luke's in the afternoon, and at the old church in the evening; and am very tired, body and mind. . . . My brain has been in such a whirl that I have had no time for deep thoughts. I can understand, by the events of the last few days, how the minds of men of business, at the very moment they are wielding the vastest commercial or physical power, may yet be degraded and superficial. One seems to do so much in 'business,' and yet with how little fruit! *we* bustle, and *God* works. That glorious, silent Providence — such a contrast to physical power, with its blast furnaces and roaring steam-engines! Farewell till to-morrow. . . ."

He and his wife now settled in the Rectory at Eversley; and life flowed on peacefully, notwithstanding the anxieties of a sorely neglected parish, and the expenses of an old house which had not been repaired for more than a hundred years. Owing to the circumstances under which the living fell vacant, the incoming tenant got no dilapidation-money, and had arrears of poor's rates and the pay of his predecessor's curate to meet. The house was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds, which overflowed with every heavy rain, and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all the rooms on the ground floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night bailing out the water in buckets for hours together; and drainage works had to be done before it was habitable. From these causes, and from the charities falling almost entirely on the

incumbent, the living, though a good one, was for years unremunerative; but the young rector, happy in his home and his work, met all difficulties bravely. New clubs for the poor, shoe club, coal club, maternal society, a loan fund and lending library, were established one after another. An intelligent young parishioner, who was till lately schoolmaster, was sent by the rector to the Winchester Training College; an adult evening school was held in the rectory all the winter months; a Sunday-school met there every Sunday morning and afternoon; and weekly cottage lectures were established in the outlying districts for the old and feeble. The fact of there being no school-house had the good effect of drawing the people within the humanizing influences of the rectory, which was always open to them, and will be long associated in the minds of old and young at Eversley with the kind and courteous sympathy and the living teaching which they all got from their pastor. At the beginning of his ministry there was scarcely a grown-up man or woman among the laboring class who could read or write — for as boys and girls they had all been glad to escape early to field work from the one school — a stifling room, ten feet square, where cobbling shoes, teaching, and caning went on together. As to religious instruction, they had had none. The church was nearly empty before he came as curate. The farmers' sheep, when pasture was scarce, were turned into the neglected churchyard. Holy Communion was celebrated only three times a year; the communicants were few; the alms were collected in an old wooden saucer. A

cracked kitchen basin inside the font held the water for Holy Baptism. At the altar, which was covered by a moth-eaten cloth, stood one old broken chair; and so averse were the churchwardens to any change, that when the rector made a proposal for monthly communions, it was only accepted on his promising himself to supply the wine for the extra celebrations.[1]

The evil results of such years of neglect could only be conquered by incessant labor, and his whole energies were devoted to the parish. He had to redeem it from barbarism: but it was a gentle barbarism, for the people were a kindly people, civil and grateful for notice, and not demoralized by indiscriminate almsgiving. He made a point of talking to the men and boys at their field work, and was soon personally intimate with every soul in the parish, from the mothers at their wash-tubs to the babies in the cradle, for whom he always had a loving word or look. Nothing escaped his eye. That hunger for knowledge on every subject which characterized him through life, and made him eager to learn from every laboring man what he could tell of his own farm-work or the traditions of the place, had put him when he was curate on an easy human footing with the parishioners; so that he soon got the parish thoroughly in hand. It was by daily house-to-house visiting in the week, still more than his church services, that he acquired his influence. If a man or woman were suffering or dying, he would go to them five and six times a

[1] The church was renovated, repaired, and decorated about eighteen years later; and the churchyard was enlarged and planted with shrubs. (M. K.)

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day — and night as well as day — for his own heart's sake as well as for their soul's sake. Such visiting was very rare in those days. But, then, to use his first curate's words, "What *respect* he had for the poor! I can think," he says, "of no other word. It was not simply that he cared for them exceedingly, and was kind, feeling, sympathetic, that he would take any amount of trouble for them, that those whom he employed became simply devoted to him. — It was far more than this. There was in him a delicate, deep respect for the poor — a positive looking up to them, for His dear sake who 'became poor;' for the good which he saw in them, for the still greater good which he hoped to see and strove that he might see in them. . . ."

At this time he seldom dined out; never during the winter months, when the adult school and the cottage readings took up six evenings in the week; he was uneasy away from his work, and rarely left the parish except for a few days at a time to take his family to the sea-side. His chief relaxation was a few hours' fishing in some stream close by. He never took a gun in hand, because from the poaching tastes of his people he felt it might bring him into unpleasant collision with them, and for this reason he did not wish to be made a magistrate lest he should have to sit in judgment on his parishioners. He could not afford to hunt, nor would he have done so on first settling in Eversley for other reasons; though the temptation was great, from the fact that for some years the fox-hounds (now known as Mr. Garth's) were kept at Bramshill, Sir John Cope being master. But often has one who knew his every passing thought, and

watched him closely, seen the tears start in his eyes as horses and hounds swept by the rectory. When, in after years, he took a gallop now and then to refresh himself, and to meet his friends in the hunting field, where he was always welcome, it was on some old horse which he had picked up cheap for "parson's work." "Another old screw, Mr. Kingsley," was said to him more than once by middle-class men, who were well aware that he knew a good horse when he saw it; and who perhaps respected him all the more for his self-denial.[1]

Sir John Cope's stablemen were a respectable set of men, and most regular at church. The rector had always a friendly word with the huntsman and whips; and soon won their respect and affection. Of this they early gave proof, for when the first confirmation after his induction was given out in church, and he invited all who wished to be confirmed to come to the rectory for weekly instruction, the stud groom was among the first to present himself, bringing a message from the whips and stablemen to say they had all been confirmed once, but if Mr. Kingsley wished it, they would be happy to come again! It had been the custom in Eversley to let the catechumens get over as they could to some distant church, where four or five parishes assembled to meet the bishop, with little or no preparation, and in consequence the public-houses were unusually full on the day of confirmation, which often ended in a mere drunken holiday for boys and girls, who

[1] He was not only a superb horseman: but could ride across country equally well in the deep clays and over the big banks and blind ditches of South Berks and North Hants and over the sweeping grass pastures of Beachmoor Vale — a very rare qualification, as hunting men know. (M. K.)

had many miles to walk, and had neither superintendence nor refreshment provided by the way. But now matters were differently arranged. On the six Sundays previous to the confirmation, the catechism, creeds, and office of confirmation were explained publicly; and during those six weeks each candidate was taught separately as well as in class. On the day itself the young people assembled early for refreshment at the rectory, whence they started in vans for Heckfield church. He himself went with the boys, and his wife or some trustworthy person with the girls, never losing sight of them till they returned, the girls to their homes, the boys and men to the rectory, where a good dinner awaited them, and they spent the evening in wandering over the glebe, or looking at curiosities and picture-books indoors, ending with a few earnest words from their rector. Thus the solemn day was always associated with pleasant thoughts and an innocent holiday, which made them more inclined to come to him the week following to be prepared for Holy Communion. The appearance and manner of the Eversley catechumens — the quiet dresses and neat caps provided for the girls — were often remarked on. It may seem a trifling matter to dwell on now when such things are common in all parishes: but thirty-two years ago Eversley set the example on confirmation as well as on many other days.

His preaching from the first was remarkable. The only fault which Bishop Sumner found with the sermons he took up to him before his Priest's Ordination, was that they were "too colloquial": but it was this very peculiarity which arrested and attracted his hearers, and helped to fill an empty

church. His original mind and common sense alike revolted from the use of conventional and unmeaning phraseology; and as to him all the facts of life were sacred, he was equally unfettered in the subject-matter of his sermons.

"The great difference," he said, in writing on this point to his wife, "which strikes me between St. Augustine and the divinity of our day, is his faith. I mean the fulness and completeness of his belief, that every object and circumstance has a spiritual import, a direct relation to God's will and providence, and that in this import alone should the Christian look at anything. A faith like this, which explains all heaven and earth to a man, is infinitely above that half-faith of our present systems, which makes religion a thing apart, explains by it only a few phenomena of man's existence (whose number is limited by custom so closely, that thousands of subjects are considered unfit for the pulpit); and leaves the rest of the universe a *terra incognita* to the religious thinker, to be travelled only by the Mammonite and the physical philosopher."

During the summer of 1844 he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice; soon to become his dear "Master." He asked his advice on all his parish difficulties, telling him that to his "works he was indebted for the foundation of any coherent view of the word of God, the meaning of the Church of England, and the spiritual phenomena of the present and past ages. And as through your thoughts God's Spirit has given me catholicity, to whom therefore can I better go for details on any of these points?"

His own happiness at this time deepened his sympathies, and he writes to a friend then in great anxiety:

August 5, 1844. — ". . . Still there is always some way of escape to be found, if a man goes to the right place to look for it. And if not of escape, still of compensation. I speak that which I know, for twelve months ago I was hopeless, separated from * * *, unable to correspond even, burdened with difficulties, no hope of a living . . . and yet through all filled with the most extraordinary conviction that my deliverance was at hand and coming I knew not whence or how — at a certain time; at which certain time it did come, from a quarter the most unexpected, and since then in spite of severe trials within and without, blessing has been added to blessing. A few months ago the rector of Eversley absconded and resigned his living, to which I —— to my utter astonishment was presented for life! Of my own comfort I will not talk. Of the path by which I attained it I will. It was simply by not struggling, doing my work vigorously (or trying to do it) where God had put me, and believing firmly that His promises had a real, not a mere metaphorical meaning, and that the x., xxvii., xxxiv., xxxvii., cvii., cxii., cxxiii., cxxvi. — cxlvi. Psalms and similar, are as practically true — carnally true, if you will, for us as they were for the Jews of old. I know that I am right. I know that God is not only the God of our spirits, but of our bodies — of our married happiness — of our purses — of our least amusements — and that the faithlessness of this day, and the Manichæism of this day, as of all ages, has been what prevents men from accepting God's promises in their literal sense, with simple childish faith, but drives them to spiritualize them away — *i. e.* make them mere metaphors, which are after all next door to lies. My dear friend, I may incur the blame of intruding advice where unnecessary, but I do not dare be silent. I have much more, much deeper things to talk to you of. I see dimly, yet surely, in your present discontent, the germ of much good — of wider views, perhaps of more satisfying tastes. Believe me, it is

a true saying, and not a melancholy one, that through much tribulation most men (not all, I believe) must enter into the kingdom of God. Where God has made such a mind and heart as yours, He will not let it stay on the threshold of Christianity; He will sicken you with all the beauties of her outer courts; He will lead you on, scourge you, if it be necessary, into the very adyta, then up to the highest holiest pinnacle of that church, from whence alone we can see man's workings far below, and look across the far ocean towards the happy isles, where dwell the heroes of the earth, at the feet of their hero-king and Saviour. If you would be among them; if you would not be a mere *laissez-faire* perpetuator of the decaying, much less a restless reviver of the obsolete, you must walk in the path which they have trodden. You must get at the 'open secret' '*Quid sumus et quare victuri gignimur*,' which so few, even among the highest religionists, now know. You must get to see through the accidents, the customs, the dilettantisms, fair and foul, which overcrust humanity, and look at man and man's destiny, as God constituted it. You must leave self — forget self — you must discipline self till she lays down, and ceases clamoring for a vote in the Parliament of men. You must throw off the proud system-seeking intellect which haunts us all, and tries to round off heaven and earth with a fresh theory every year. You must cast off the help of man, and construct a religion for yourself from the Bible; or if you very wisely think this, as I do, a sheer impossibility, you must use the help of all men, all schools, all sects, all ages, all histories — enter into all, sympathize with all — see God's Spirit working variously, yet surely in all. And then you will begin to find what the peace is, which passeth all understanding. You will be able to float down the stream of time, contented to fulfil your destiny, satisfied with the particular ripple on which God has cast your lot, and sure that some day all riddles shall be unfolded, all wrongs set right, and God justified, in

every movement of this seeming chaos of life! I say — this you must do — because I do not think your mind can find peace in doing less. The dose of opium which will put the baby to sleep will only excite and irritate the stronger passions of the man! Therefore go on to the perfection, which tribulation always indicates as God's destiny for a man, who has not fallen impenitently into habitual sin. . . . Let me hear from you, and take the earliest opportunity of introducing you to my dear wife."

Next year the news of his brother, Lieut. Kingsley's death from fever in Torres Straits, on board H. M. S. "Royalist," reached England, and he writes to his wife:

February 26, 1845.—". . . It is sad — very sad — but what is to be said? I saw him twice last night in two different dreams — strong and well — and so much grown — and I kissed him and wept over him — and woke to the everlasting No! As far as externals go, it has been very sad. The sailors say commonly that there is but a sheet of paper between Torres Straits and Hell. And there he lay, and the wretched crew, in the little brig, roasting and pining, day after day — never heard of, or hearing of living soul for a year and a half. The commander died — half the crew died — and so they died and died on till, in May, no officer was left but Gerald, and on the 17th of September he died too, and so faded away, and we shall never see him more — for ever? God that saved me knows. Then one Parkinson, the boatswain, had to promote himself to keep the pennant flying, all the officers being dead, and in despair left his post and so brought the brig home to Singapore, with great difficulty, leaking, with her mast sprung — her crew half dead — a doomed vessel. O God, Thou alone knowest the long bitter withering baptism of fire, wherewith the

poor boy was baptized, day and night alone with his own soul. And yet Thou wert right — as ever — perhaps there was no way but that to bring him to look himself in the face, and know that life was a reality, and not a game! And who dare say that in those weary, weary months of hope deferred, the heart eating at itself, did not gnaw through the crust of vanities (not of so very long growth either) and the living water which he did drink in his childhood find vent and bubble up! Why not — seeing that God is love? . . .

"The plot is thickening with the poor Church of England. All parties are in confused and angry murmur at they know not what — every one is frightened. . . ."

Early in 1845, Dean Wood, having two vacant stalls at his disposal in the Collegiate Church of Middleham, offered one to his son, and the other to Charles Kingsley, his son's old college friend. The canonries were honorary, and had neither duty nor stipend connected with them, but being of historic interest, the two friends gladly accepted them, and went down together to be inducted. He was charmed with Yorkshire, its people, and its scenery, and writes from Middleham to his wife:

May 18, 1845. — "At the station I met the Dean and Peter, and went down with them. After a confused dog-sleep night, the gray morning broke in on the country beyond Derby — of that peculiar furrowed cast which marks the beds above the coal, like the scenery between Bristol and Bath, only the hills not so high — woods all dewy green — cattle sleeping in the rich meadows, every little glen tenanted by its bright rivulet, choked and hidden by deep wooded banks. At Chesterfield they were quarrying for coal from the side of the railway cutting. Thence to York, and from York to Northallerton, a long sweep of low, rolling country, with such a soil, such crops,

and such farming! I never saw such fertility before — and this reaches to Middleham, where the scene changes, high hills spring up, deep gorges empty themselves into the plain, and Wensleydale lies spread out like a loving mother, bearing in her bosom little bright villages, and emerald pastures, until she turns the promontory of Penhill, and wanders up towards the lakes, bearing with her the Kendall mail, and two tortured horses, for which the knacker's yard cries, indignant. The hospitalities here seem perpetual."

May 22. — "What a delight it would be to take you up Coverdale just half a mile off at the back of the town. You know those lovely river scenes of Creswick's; they are exact likenesses of little Cover in his deep-wooded glen with his yellow rocks, and bright white stones, and brown water clearer than crystal. As for fishing, I am a clod — never did I see or hear of such tackle as these men use — finer than our finest. Squire Topham considers my tackle as only fit to hold cart-horses. This is quite a racing town — eighty horses standing here, jockeys and grooms crowding the streets, and I hear they are the most respectable and religious set, and many of them regular communicants! Little old Lye, the celebrated jockey, was at church yesterday, and I never saw a man attend to the service with more devotion. I quite loved the little creature. The scenery is lovely. I saw two views yesterday, whose xtent and magnificence surpassed everything I had fancied. To-day I go down the Ure, to-morrow to see Richmond Castle, the next up the Cover, and Saturday to Bolton Castle, famed for having been Mary Queen of Scots' prison, and to 'Aysgack Force,' — a force, being in plain English, a waterfall. Leyburn Scar, a magnificent terrace of rock, rising above the valley through a 'talus' of wood, I saw yesterday, and have brought you a rare little flower therefrom. On it that evil woman was taken, escaping from Bolton Castle, and brought back again. I will bring you flowers from all

parts, and what souvenirs I can, of thoughts—but there has been so much bustle, and robing and unrobing and so on, that I am quite tired and want a little rest of mind."

May 23. — "I send you some flowers, gathered yesterday from the ruins of Jervaulx Abbey, dismantled by connivance of Henry VIII. The forget-me-not is from the high altar, the saxifrage from the refectory. I have got a few other flowers also, which I will bring home; one rare one among them, from Leyburn Scar. To-day I go up the lovely Cover, to fish and dream of you. . . . Really everyone's kindness here is extreme after the stiff South. The mere meeting one is sufficient to cause an invitation to stay; parties of pleasure, gifts of flies and tackle (everyone fishes and hunts), and dinners and teas and cigars inexhaustible. I am deep in North country farming, too; such land! The richest spot, it is said, in all England is this beautiful oasis in the mountains. Happy souls, if they knew their own happiness: but there are so many feuds and old grudges, that it saddens one. Kiss baby for me. . . ."

The state of parties in Church and State, especially the former, now lay heavy on his heart, which echoed Dr. Arnold's words, "When I think of the Church, I could sit down and pine and die." — (Life, Vol. II. p. 137), and this made him anxious to join or start some periodical in which the young men of the day could find a vehicle for free expression of their opinions. On all these subjects it was his comfort to pour out his thoughts to his friend Mr. Powles, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

December 11, 1845. — "About the 'Oxford and Cambridge Review.' — Froude seems to dread any fresh start, . . . and I shall chew the cud and try to find out my own way a little longer before I begin trying to lead others

God help us all! for such a distempered tangled juncture must end in the cutting of the Gordian knot, by the higher or lower powers; and as the higher have fairly denied their cutting ability and have given it up, perhaps the lower may try their hands at it. I would, if I were hovering between nine shillings a week and the workhouse, as the sum of all attainabilities this side of Heaven. God help us all! I say again; for there is no counsel to be got anywhere from man, and as for God's book, men have made it mean anything and nothing, with their commenting and squabbling, and doctrine picking, till one asks with Pilate, 'What is truth?' Well, at all events, God knows, and Christ the King knows, and so all must go right at last, but in the meantime?

"I am just now a sort of religious Shelley, an Ishmael of catholicity, a John the Baptist, minus his spirit and power alas! bemoaning myself in the wilderness. Were I to stop praying and remembering my own sins daily, I could become a Democritus Junior, and sitting upon the bench of contemplation, make the world my cockpit, wherein main after main of cocklets — the 'shell' alas! scarce 'off their heads' — come forth to slay and be slain mutually, for no quarrel, except 'thou-cock art not me-cock, therefore fight!' But I had as soon be the devil as old Lucretius, to sit with him in the '*Sapientum templa serena, despicere unde queas alios, atque cernere passim errantes.*' One must feel for one's fellows — so much better, two out of three of them than one's self, though they will fill themselves with the east wind, and be proportionably dyspeptic and sulky.

"Nobody trusts nobody. The clergy are split up into innumerable parties, principally nomadic. Everyone afraid to speak. Everyone unwilling to listen to his neighbor; and in the meantime vast sums are spent, and vast work undertaken, and yet nobody is content. Everybody swears we are going backward. Everybody swears it is not his fault, but the Evangelicals, or the

Puseyites, or the Papists, or the ministry; or everybody, in short, who does not agree with him. Pardon this jeremiad, but I am an owl in the desert, and it is too sad to see a huge and busy body of clergy utterly unable to gain the confidence or spiritual guidance of the nation, and yet never honestly taking the blame each man upon himself, and saying, 'I, not ye, have sinned.' . . . The principles which the great kings and bishops of the Middle Ages, and our reformers of the 16th century felt to be the foundation of a Church and nation, are now set at nought equally by those who pretend to worship the Middle Ages, and those who swear by the reformers. And Popery and Puritanism seem to be fighting their battle over again in England, on the foul middle ground of mammonite infidelity. They are re-appearing in weaker and less sincere forms; but does that indicate the approach of their individual death, or our general decay? He who will tell me this shall be my prophet; till then I must be my own. . . . My game is gradually opening before me, and my ideas getting developed, and 'fixed,' as the Germans would say. But, alas! as Hare has it, is not in one sense 'every man a liar'? false to his own idea again and again, even if, which is rare now-a-days, we have one? . . . What times we live in! I sometimes long for a St. Francis, with a third order of Minors, to lay hold of one's will, soul, and body, and coax, threaten, scourge one along some definite path of doctrine and labor. The latter I have, thank God; but for doctrines! Verily, in England, doctrines, as Carlyle says of customs in France in '93, are 'a world gone entirely to chaos, and all things jumbling themselves mutually to try what will swim!' which, alas! often happens to be the lightest, and not the worthiest. Yet still, as ever, God's voice is heard through the roar, 'He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' Were it not for that text I think I should sometimes sit down 'astonished,' and pray to die and get it all cleared up. Oh, Salt

Asphaltic lake of Polemics! Oh, teeming tropic sea of Eros! of love of man as man, of marriage, and lessons which the hearth and home alone can teach — Heaven's glories, the face of Christ our Lord even mirrored in their pure Eden depths! and oh, foolish heart of mine, which will try and try to think and understand, instead of doing and loving! I see more and more, 'He that will be great, must be least.' He that will be the miracle worker must first become like a little child, the only miracle seer left in these materialist days! But I am ranting. . . . God bless you and * * * *, and admit you in His good time into the inner temple of the Garden of Eden, which surely exists still on earth, for those who have faith and purity enough to believe in their own high honors."

EVERSLEY: *December*, 1846. — "The lips of my soul water — but what is to be done? Parsons in these parts are like rural police — one suffices for a tract! — '*qui mitros fatigaret, agro*,' and I must stay at home for Sunday. My house is full of bricklayers, carpenters, my glebe of drainers (till they are frozen out), and were I Geryon himself I could not come. Be sure that everything which a man possesses, beyond a mere six-roomed cottage, five acres of freehold, and good health, is vanity and vexation of spirit — thick clay wherewith we load ourselves — more wants — more petty botherations; less books, less thought, and, alas, less prayer. That 's the sum of it. I am seven times too rich, and therefore I 'm as poor as Job, and *entre nous* glad to raise a little money to repair my house. Had I been Will Barker there in the drain, I should never have found out that it was cold, and damp, and shabby, and what not. Man has unrivalled powers of self-adaptation — ay, of adapting himself to wanting everything, just as easily as to wanting nothing; there 's the plague. I begin to think that, barring community of wives, Plato's φύλακες in the Republic are in the only state fit for men of mind, yet discovered, except one

— Sewell is not far out there. The φύλακες were the first shot at that idea, monasticism the second. Shall we live to see the foundations of a third attempt laid, in the form of an author guild, or brotherhood of genius? Ask Carlyle.

"But first, young men of this day must get faith. I am more and more painfully awake to the fact that the curse of our generation is that so few of us deeply believe anything. Men dally with truth, and with lies. They deal in innuendoes, impersonalities, conditionalities; they have no indicative mood — no I, no thou, whereby alone have any great souls conquered. Hence we are the worst of letter-writers. If two men quarrel in print, they do not speak to each other, they speak at each other; they look the other way, and kick like horses, or something worse. That is the only good point in that anonymous stabber, the 'Record,' that it attacks directly, and not by implication. The Oxford party might take a lesson there; much more so that numerous youth, who, now that the Tractarians are tired of playing at Popery, are keeping dilettantism's altar alight by playing at Tractarianism — the shadow of a ghost — the sham of a sham. Our intellects are getting beyond milk and water; they are becoming mere gas and bottled moonshine, from Limbus Patrum and the land Plausible.

"My friend, we must pray to God to give us faith; faith in something — something that we can live for, and would die for. Then we shall be ready and able to do good in our generation. Our fixed ideas will be to us Archimedes' fulcra in space, from whence, if need be, he could move the world. Get hold of some one truth. Let it blaze in your sky, like a Greenland sun, never setting day or night. Give your soul up to it; see it in everything, and everything in it, and the world will call you a bigot and a fanatic, and then wonder a century hence, how the bigot and fanatic continued to do so much more than all the sensible folk round him, who believed in * * * and * * *."

December, 1846. — "My whole heart is set, not on retrogression, outward or inward, but on progression — not on going back in the least matter to any ideal age or system, but on fairly taking the present as it is, not as I should like it to be; and believing that Jesus Christ is still working in all honest and well-meaning men — see what are the elements of spiritual good in the present age, and try as an artist to embody them, not in old forms but in new ones. . . . The new element is democracy, in Church and State. Waiving the question of its evil or its good, we cannot stop it. Let us Christianize it instead; and if you fear that you are therein doing evil that good may come, oh! consider, consider carefully, whether democracy (I do not mean foul license, or pedantic constitution-mongering, but the rights of man as man — his individual and direct responsibility to God and the State, on the score of mere manhood and Christian grace) be not the very pith and marrow of the New Testament — whether the noble structures of mediæval hierarchy and monarchy were not merely 'schoolmasters' to bring Europe to Christ — 'tutors and governors' till mankind be of age, and fit for a theocracy in which men might live by faith in an unseen, yet spiritually and sacramentally present king, and have no king but Him? I say consider this, for I speak with fear and trembling — not expecting to be heard by those whom I most long should hear me — and yet perfectly content to wait Christ's time till the age is ripe, be it to-morrow century — through years of dead monarchy, atheistic aristocrat jobbing, unrestored Church lands, and ecclesiastical system which is powerless, alas! equally against Popery and dissent, and whatsoever else the Blessed One shall choose to make our waiting and probationary state. I am no revolutionist. Whatever soul-sufficing truth men have, in God's name let them keep it. 'The real struggle of the day will be, not between Popery and Protestantism, but between Atheism and Christ.' And here we are daubing walls with un-

tempered mortar — quarrelling about how we shall patch the superstructure, forgetting that the foundation is gone — Faith in anything. As in the days of Noah with the Titans — as in the days of Mahomet with the Christian sects of the East — they were eating, and drinking, and quarrelling, no doubt, and behold the flood came and swept them all away. And even such to me seems the prospect of the English Church. . . ."

To his wife:

EVERSLEY: *May*, 1846. — ". . . I got home at four this morning after a delicious walk — a poem in itself. I never saw such a sight before as the mists on the heath and valleys, and never knew what a real bird-chorus was. I am lonely enough, but right glad I came, as there is plenty to do. . . . I shall start to-morrow morning, and walk on to you at Shanklin. St. Elizabeth progresses, and consolidates. . . . I have had a great treat to-day; saw a swarm of bees hived, for the first time in my life. I stood in the middle of the flying army, and saw the whole to my great delight. Certainly man, even in the lowest grade, is infinitely wonderful, and infinitely brave — give him habit and self-confidence. To see all those little poisonous insects crawling over H., wrapt in the one thought of their new-born sister-queen! I hate to think that it is vile self-interest — much less mere brute magnetism (called by the ignorant 'instinct'), which takes with them the form of loyalty, prudence, order, self-sacrifice. How do we know that they have no souls? 'The beasts which perish?' Ay, but put against that 'the *spirit* of the beast which goeth downward to the earth' — and whither then? 'Man perisheth,' too, in scripture language, yet not for ever. But I will not dream.

"I fancy you and baby playing in the morning. Bless you my two treasures. . . . I had a most interesting day yesterday in London. Called on * * * and found him undergoing all the horrors of a deep, and as I do think,

healthy baptism of fire — not only a conversion, but a discovery that God and the devil are living realities, fighting for his body and soul. This, in a man of vast thought and feeling, who has been for years a confirmed materialist, is hard work. He entreated me not to leave him. . . . God help us all, and save our country — not so much from the fate of France, as from the fate of Rome —internal decay, and falling to pieces by its own weight; but I will say no more of this — perhaps I think too much about it. . . ."

1846 passed uneventfully in the routine of parish work and domestic happiness. He never cared to leave his quiet home, doubly enriched by the presence of a little daughter. A singing class was started on Hullah's plan to improve the church music, which had been hitherto in the hands of three or four poor men, with a trombone and two clarionets. This, and other adult classes, brought his people on several nights in the week up to the rectory, where the long unfurnished dining-room served the purpose of schoolroom. In 1847 his eldest son was born, and named after Mr. Maurice, who, with Mr. Powles, stood sponsor to the boy. In the summer he took his wife and two children for six weeks to Milford, a little sea-side place near the edge of the New Forest. It was his first real holiday since his marriage, which he earned by taking the Sunday services of Pennington, near Lymington. Here he had the new luxury of a horse, and explored the forest, dear to him from old associations with his father's youth[1] and manhood, day by day, with deep delight. In the enjoyment of the sea-shore with his beloved ones, with leisure to

[1] See page 1 of this volume.

watch his babies at play, and in solitary rides, his heart's spring bubbled up into song once more, and he wrote many ballads, — among them, "The Red King," the "Outlaw," "Oh, she tripp'd over Ocknell plain." It was only either at some great crisis of his life, or when his surroundings were, as now, in perfect harmony, that he could write poetry. Here, too, he laid up a store of impressions for a New Forest Novel which was begun many years later, but never completed.

This year his "Life of St. Elizabeth," which was begun in prose in 1842, and had been gradually growing under his hand, took the form of a drama. He finished it in the summer: but being doubtful as to whether it was worth printing, he decided nothing till he had consulted the Dean of Windsor and other friends on whose judgment and poetical verdict he could rely. Their opinion was unanimous; but the difficulty was to find a publisher who would undertake the work of a young and unknown author. He took the MSS. to London, from whence he wrote to his wife:

"I breakfasted with Maurice this morning, and went over a great deal of St. Elizabeth, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to God about it. He has quite changed his mind about scene 1. of act ii., Elizabeth's bower. He read it to Powles, who is decidedly for keeping it in just as it is, and thinks it ought to offend no one. He is very desirous to show the MSS. to A. G. Scott, Mrs. H., Coleridge, Tennyson, and Van Artevelde Taylor. He says that it ought to do great good with those who can take it in, but for those who cannot, it ought to have a preface; and has more than hinted that he will help me to one, by writing me something which, if I like, I can prefix. What more would you have? . . . Coleridge's

opinion of the poem is far higher than I expected. He sent me to Pickering with a highly recommendatory note; which, however, joined with Maurice's preface, was not sufficient to make him take the risk off my hands. I am now going to Parker's, in the Strand. I am at once very happy, very lonely, and very anxious. How absence increases love! It is positively good sometimes to be parted, that one's affection may become conscious of itself, and proud, and humble, and thankful accordingly. . . ."

". . . St. Elizabeth[1] is in the press," he writes joyfully a few days later to Mr. Powles, "having been taken off my hands by the heroic magnanimity of Mr. J. Parker, West Strand, who, though a burnt child, does not dread the fire. No one else would have it. Maurice's preface comes out with it, and is inestimable not only to I myself, I, but to all men who shall have the luck to read it, and the wit to understand it."

[1] This was published under the name of "The Saint's Tragedy." (M. K.)

CHAPTER VI

1848

AGED 29

PUBLICATION OF "SAINT'S TRAGEDY" — PARISH WORK — CHARTIST RIOTS — TENTH OF APRIL — WORK IN LONDON — POLITICS FOR THE PEOPLE — PARSON LOT — A PROFESSORSHIP AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE — CROYLAND ABBEY — LETTERS TO HIS CHILD — ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR — "YEAST" — ILLNESS — THE HIGHER VIEW OF MARRIAGE — DEVONSHIRE.

"This is true liberty when freeborn men
Having to advise the public may speak free;
Which he who can or will, deserves high praise;
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace;
What can be juster in a state like this?"

EURIPIDES, *Translation by* MILTON.

THIS year, so marked in the history of Europe, was one of the most important of Charles Kingsley's life. "The Saint's Tragedy," which was published soon after Christmas, gave him in one sense a new position, especially among young men at the universities. It was eagerly read at Oxford, and fiercely attacked by the high church party, who were made still more bitter against its author by the publication of "Yeast" in the summer. He was surprised himself to find the interest the drama had excited at Oxford; and while on a visit there he writes to his wife:

". . . I may, I suppose, tell you that I am here undergoing the new process of being made a lion of, at least so

Powles tells me. They got up a meeting for me, and the club was crowded with men merely to see poor me, so I found out afterwards: very lucky that I did not know it during the process of being trotted out. It is very funny and new. I dine this afternoon with Conington; tomorrow with Palgrave; Monday with Stanley, and so on. I like Conington very much; he is a good, hearty piece of nature; and I like his review of the 'Saint's Tragedy,' very much. Of course he did not go to the bottom on the Love and Marriage question; but there he showed his sense. . . ."

"Kingsley had not," says a friend in speaking of this period, "I think, the least notion he would find himself famous, but he was so among a not inconsiderable section of young Oxford, even one month after the drama had appeared. A large number of us were thoroughly dissatisfied with the high church teaching, which then was that of the most earnest tutors in Oxford. There were, indeed, some noble exceptions, — Jowett of Balliol, Powles of Exeter, Congreve of Wadham, Stanley of University, Clough of Oriel. But they were scattered, and their influence was over men here and there; the high-churchmen held the mass of intelligent young men, many of whom revolted in spirit, yet had not found a leader. Here was a book which showed that there was poetry also in the strife *against* asceticism, whose manly preface was as stirring as the verse it heralded. We look at its author with the deepest interest; it was a privilege to have been in the room with him."

Though it excited no great interest in the literary world in England, it was read and appreciated in Germany; and in the highest quarters in this country the genius of the author was recognized. Baron de Bunsen thus expresses his opinion in strong, some may think extravagant, terms to Professor Max Müller, some years later:

"As showing Kingsley's dramatic power I do not hesitate to call 'The Saint's Tragedy' and 'Hypatia,' by far the most important and perfect works. In these, I find the justification of a hope that Kingsley might continue Shakespeare's historical plays. I have for several years made no secret of it, that Kingsley seems to me the genius of our country called to place by the side of that sublime dramatic series from King John to Henry VIII., another series from Edward VI. to the landing of William of Orange. . . . The tragedy of 'St. Elizabeth' shows that Kingsley can grapple, not only with the novel, but with the more severe rules of dramatic art. And 'Hypatia' proves on the largest scale that he can discover in the picture of the historical past, the truly human, the deep, the permanent, and that he knows how to represent it. How, with all this, he can hit the fresh tone of popular life, and draw humorous characters and complications with Shakespearian energy is proved by all his works. And why should he not undertake this great task? There is a time when the true poet, the prophet of the present, must bid farewell to the questions of the day, which seem so great because they are so near, but are, in truth, but small and unpoetical. He must say to himself, 'Let the dead bury their dead:' and the time has come that Kingsley should do so."

The political events of 1848 which shook all Europe to its very foundation, stirred his blood, and seemed for the time to give him a supernatural strength, which kept up till the autumn, when he completely broke down.

"It is only by an effort," says Mr. Tom Hughes, in his Preface to "Alton Locke," "that one can now realize the strain to which the nation was subjected during that winter and spring, and which, of course, tried every individual man also, according to the depth and earnestness

of his political and social convictions and sympathies. The group of men who were working under Mr. Maurice were no exceptions to the rule. The work of teaching and visiting was not, indeed, neglected, but the larger questions which were being so strenuously mooted — the points of the people's charter, the right of public meeting, the attitude of the laboring class to the other classes, absorbed more and more of their attention. Kingsley was very deeply impressed with the gravity and danger of the crisis — more so, I think, than almost any of his friends; probably because, as a country parson, he was more directly in contact with one class of the poor than any of them. How deeply he felt for the agricultural poor, how faithfully he reflected the passionate and restless sadness of the time, may be read in the pages of 'Yeast,' which came out later in 'Fraser.' As the winter months went on this sadness increased, and seriously affected his health."

"So vividly did he realize the sufferings of the poor," to quote another friend, "so keenly did he feel what he deemed the callousness and incompetence of the Government and the mass of the upper classes to alleviate them, that at times he seemed to look, with trembling, for the coming of great and terrible social convulsions, of a 'day of the Lord,' such as Isaiah looked for, as the inevitable fate of a world grown evil, yet governed still by a righteous God. In later years this feeling gradually left him. But it was no mere pulpit or poetic gust. It penetrated (I think) occasionally even to the lesser matters of daily life. Late one dark night he called me out to him into the garden to listen to a distant sound, which he told me was a fox's bark, bidding me remember it, for foxes might soon cease to be in England, and I might never hear one bark again."

It was while in this state of mind that he wrote "The Day of the Lord." — [Poems, p. 263.]

His parish work this year was if possible more

vigorous than ever. Every winter's evening was occupied with either night-school at the rectory, about thirty men attending; or little services in the outlying cottages for the infirm and laboring men after their day's work. During the spring and summer a writing class was held for girls in the empty coach-house; a cottage school for infants was opened on the common — all preparing the way for the national school that was built some years later, and for which the teacher was in training. The parish made a great step forward. The number of communicants increased. The Passion week daily services and sermons seemed to borrow intenser fervor and interest from his sympathy in the strange events of the great world outside the small quiet parish, and though poorly attended, still gathered together a few laboring folk. He preached to his people on emigration, on poaching, and on the political and social disturbances of the day. He wrote his first article for "Fraser's Magazine," "Why should we fear the Romish Priests?" following up his "Saint's Tragedy," which had struck the key note of the after work of his life; and "Yeast" now was seething in hi mind. In addition to parish and literary work he accepted the professorship of English Literature and Composition at Queen's College, then in its infancy, of which Mr. Maurice was President, and lectured once a week in London. He was also proposed for the professorship of Modern History at King's College. He was in constant communication with Mr. Maurice and the knot of remarkable men who gathered round him, and made acquaintance with Bishop Stanley of Norwich, and his distinguished son; with Thomas

Carlyle, Archdeacon Hare, Thomas Hughes, Tom Taylor, Arthur Helps, John Hullah, John Malcolm Ludlow, and many others at work in the same cause.

On the news of the Chartist rising and petition reaching Eversley, he determined, having closed his evening classes in the parish for the winter, to go to London to see what was going on; and on the morning of the 10th of April went up with his friend Mr. John Parker, publisher, who had been spending the Sunday at Eversley. Mr. Parker, like many owners of property in London, was nervous and anxious about the results of the day, telling Mrs. Kingsley, half in joke as he left the door, that she might expect to hear of his shop having been broken into, and himself thrown into the Trafalgar Square fountains by the mob. On arriving in town, they went to the Strand, then on to Mr. Maurice's; and in the afternoon Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Ludlow walked to Kennington Common, where pouring rain damped the spirits of the crowds assembled. By midday post he wrote to his wife.

". . . All is right as yet. Large crowds, but no one expects any row, as the Chartists will not face Westminster Bridge, but are gone round by London Bridge and Holborn, and are going to send up only the legal number of delegates to the House. The only fear is marauding in the suburbs at night; but do not fear for me, I shall be safe at Chelsea at 5. I met Colonel Herman, who says there is no danger at all, and the two Mansfields, who are gone as specials, to get hot, dusty, and tired — nothing else. I will write by the latest post. . . ."

April 11, 8 A. M. — "All as quiet as a mouse as yet. The storm is blown over till to-morrow, but all are under

arms — specials, police, and military. Maurice is in great excitement. He has sent me to Ludlow, and we are getting out placards for the walls, to speak a word for God with. You must let me stay up to-night, for I am helping in a glorious work; and I go to breakfast with Maurice now, and to spend the evening with Archdeacon Hare, Scott, and himself. Send down to the cottage lecture, and say I shall not have it till Saturday, and say that the riots have kept me. I feel we may do something. Pray for us that God may guide us, and open our mouths to speak boldly."

EVENING. — "The events of a week have been crowded into a few hours. I was up till 4 this morning, writing posting placards under Maurice's auspices, one of which is to be got out to-morrow morning, the rest when we can get money. Could you not beg a few sovereigns somewhere, to help these poor wretches to the truest alms? — to words — texts from the Psalms, any thing which may keep one man from cutting his brother's throat to-morrow or Friday? Pray, pray, help us. Maurice has given me the highest proof of confidence. He has taken me into counsel, and we are to have meetings for prayer and study, when I come up to London, and we are to bring out a new set of real 'Tracts for the Times, addressed to the higher orders. Maurice is *à la hauteur des circonstances* — determined to make a decisive move. He says: 'If the Oxford tracts did wonders, why should not we?' Pray for us. A glorious future is opening, and both Maurice and Ludlow seem to have driven away all my doubts and sorrows, and I see the blue sky again and my Father's face!"

April 12. — ". . . I really cannot go home this afternoon. I have spent it with Archdeacon Hare, and Parker, starting a new periodical — a Penny 'People's Friend,' in which Maurice, Hare, Ludlow, Mansfield, and I, &c. are going to set to work, to supply the place of the defunct 'Saturday Magazine.' I send you my

first placard. Maurice is delighted with it. I cannot tell you the interest which it has excited with every one who has seen it. It brought the tears into old Parker's eyes, who was once a working printer's boy. I have got already £2 10*s*. towards bringing out more, and Maurice is subscription-hunting for me. He took me to Jelf to-day, the King's College principal, who received me very kindly, and expressed himself very anxious to get me the professorship. I will be down at Winchfield to-morrow. Kiss the babes for me. Parker begs to remark that he has not been thrown into the Trafalgar fountain. . . ."

This was the Placard:

"WORKMEN OF ENGLAND!"

"You say that you are wronged. Many of you are wronged; and many besides yourselves know it. Almost all men who have heads and hearts know it — above all, the working clergy know it. They go into your houses, they see the shameful filth and darkness [1] in which you are forced to live crowded together; they see your children growing up in ignorance and temptation, for want of fit education; they see intelligent and well-read men among you, shut out from a Freemen's just right of voting; and they see too the noble patience and self-control with which you have as yet borne these evils. They see it, and God sees it.

"WORKMEN OF ENGLAND! You have more friends than you think for. Friends who expect nothing from you, but who love you, because you are their brothers, and who fear God, and therefore dare not neglect you, His children; men who are drudging and sacrificing themselves to get you your rights; men who know what your rights are, better than you know yourselves, who are trying to get for you something nobler than charters and dozens of Acts of Parliament — more useful than this

[1] The Window tax was not then taken off.

'fifty thousandth share in a Talker in the National Palaver, at Westminster'[1] can give you. You may disbelieve them, insult them — you cannot stop their working for you, beseeching you, as you love yourselves, to turn back from the precipice of riot, which ends in the gulf of universal distrust, stagnation, starvation. You think the Charter would make you free — would to God it would! The Charter is not bad; *if the men who use it are not bad!* But will the Charter make you free? Will it free you from slavery to ten-pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every spouter who flatters your self-conceit, and stirs up bitterness and headlong rage in you? That, I guess, is real slavery; to be a slave to one's own stomach, one's own pocket, one's own temper. Will the Charter cure *that?* Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give.

"Englishmen! Saxons! Workers of the great, cool-headed, strong-handed nation of England, the workshop of the world, the leader of freedom for 700 years, men say you have common-sense! then do not humbug yourselves into meaning 'license,' when you cry for 'liberty.' Who would dare refuse you freedom? for the Almighty God, and Jesus Christ, the poor Man, who died for poor men, will bring it about for you, though all the Mammonites of the earth were against you. A nobler day is dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry! But there will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow-citizens.

"Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free.

"A Working Parson."

On the 15th, he returned to Eversley much exhausted. He preached on the Chartist riots to his own people the following Sunday; and now work-

1. Carlyle.

ing in his parish, writing for the "Politics," and preparing his lectures for Queen's College, filled up every moment of time. The various writers for the new periodical continually came to Eversley to talk over their work with and consult him.

Mr. Hughes, speaking of the distinct period of Charles Kingsley's life extending from 1848 to 1856, says:

". . . Look at them from what point we will, these years must be allowed to cover an anxious and critical time in modern English history; but, above all, in the history of the working classes. In the first of them the Chartist agitation came to a head and burst, and was followed by the great movement towards association, which, developing in two directions and by two distinct methods — represented respectively by the amalgamated Trades Unions and Co-operative Societies — has in the intervening years entirely changed the conditions of the labor question in England, and the relations of the working to the upper and middle classes. It is with this, the social and industrial side of the history of those years, that we are mainly concerned. . . . Our purpose is to give some slight sketch of him . . . in the character in which he was first widely known, as the most out-spoken and powerful of those who took the side of the laboring classes, at a critical time — the crisis in a word, when they abandoned their old political weapons, for the more potent one of union and association, which has since carried them so far. To no one of all those by whom his memory is tenderly cherished can this seem a superfluous task, for no writer was ever more misunderstood or better abused at the time, and after the lapse of almost a quarter of a century, the misunderstanding would seem still to hold its ground. For through all the many notices of him which appeared after his death, in January, 1875,

there ran the same apologetic tone as to this part of his life's work. While generally, and as a rule cordially, recognizing his merits as an author and a man, the writers seemed to agree in passing lightly over this ground. When it was touched it was in a tone of apology, sometimes tinged with sarcasm, as in the curt notice in the 'Times' — 'He was understood to be the Parson Lot of those "Politics for the People" which made no little noise in their time, and as Parson Lot he declared in burning language that to his mind the fault in the "People's Charter" was that it did not go nearly far enough.' And so the writer turns away, as do most of his brethren, leaving probably some such impression as this on the minds of most of their readers — 'Young men of power and genius are apt to start with wild notions. He was no exception. Parson Lot's sayings and doings may well be pardoned for what Charles Kingsley said and did in after years; so let us drop a decent curtain over them, and pass on.' Now as almost a generation has passed since that signature used to appear at the foot of some of the most noble and vigorous writing of our time, readers of to-day are not unlikely to accept this view, and so to find further confirmation and encouragement in the example of Parson Lot for the mischievous and cowardly distrust of anything like enthusiasm amongst young men, already sadly too prevalent in England. If it were only as a protest against this '*surtout point de zèle*' spirit, against which it was one of Charles Kingsley's chief tasks to fight with all his strength, it is well that the facts should be set right. . . . My first meeting with him was in the autumn of 1847. . . . Mr. Maurice had undertaken the charge of a small district in the parish in which he lived, and had set a number of young men, chiefly students of the Inns of Court, who had been attracted by his teaching, to work in it. Once a week, on Monday evenings, they used to meet at his house for tea, when their own work was reported upon

and talked over. Suggestions were made and plans considered; and afterwards a chapter of the Bible was read and discussed. Friends and old pupils of Mr. Maurice's, residing in the country, or in distant parts of London, were in the habit of coming occasionally to these meetings, amongst whom was Charles Kingsley. His poem, 'The Saint's Tragedy,' and the high regard and admiration which Mr. Maurice had for him, made him a notable figure in that small society, and his presence was always eagerly looked for. What impressed me most about him when we first met was his affectionate deference to Mr. Maurice, and the vigor and incisiveness of everything he said and did. He had the power of cutting out what he meant in a few clear words, beyond any one I have ever met. The next thing that struck one was the ease with which he could turn from playfulness, or even broad humor, to the deepest earnest. At first I think this startled most persons, until they came to find out the real deep nature of the man; and that his broadest humor had its root in a faith which realized, with extraordinary vividness, the fact that God's Spirit is actively abroad in the world, and that Christ is in every man, and made him hold fast, even in his saddest moments, — and sad moments were not infrequent with him, — the assurance that, in spite of all appearances, the world was going right, and would go right somehow, 'Not your way, or my way, but God's way.' The contrast of his humility and audacity, of his distrust in himself and confidence in himself, was one of those puzzles which meet us daily in this world of paradox. But both qualities gave him a peculiar power for the work he had to do at that time, with which the name of Parson Lot is associated. It was at one of these gatherings, towards the end of 1847 or early in 1848, when Kingsley found himself in a minority of one, that he said jokingly, he felt much as Lot must have felt in the Cities of the Plain, when he seemed as one that mocked to his sons-in-law. The name Parson Lot was then and

there suggested, and adopted by him, as a familiar *nom de plume*. . . . The name was chiefly made famous by his writings in 'Politics for the People,' the 'Christian Socialist,' and the 'Journal of Association,' . . . by 'Alton Locke,' and by tracts and pamphlets, of which the best known [is] 'Cheap Clothes, and Nasty.' . . . In order to understand and judge the sayings and writings of Parson Lot fairly, it is necessary to recall the condition of the England of that day. — Through the winter of 1847–8, amidst wide-spread distress, the cloud of discontent, of which Chartism was the most violent symptom, had been growing darker and more menacing, while Ireland was only held down by main force. The breaking out of the revolution on the Continent in February increased the danger. In March there were riots in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and other large towns. . . ." [1]

On the 6th of May the first number of "Politics for the People" appeared. Its regular contributors were nearly all university men, clergymen of the Church of England, London barristers, men of science; among them Archdeacon Hare, Sir Arthur Helps, Professor Conington, and a well known London physician. A few letters from working men were admitted. It was a remarkable though short-lived publication; and those whose opinions of the "Radicals, Socialists, Chartists," who set it on foot, were formed by the public press, without having read the book itself, would be surprised at the loyal, conservative, serious tone of its contents, and the gravity, if not severity, with which it attacked physical force Chartism, monster meetings, and the demand for universal suffrage by men who had neither educa-

[1] Preface to "Alton Locke," and "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty," by Thomas Hughes, Q.C.

tion nor moral self-government to qualify them for a vote. Extracts are now given from his Letters to Chartists, to avoid misconception as to "*that burning language*" of which the "Times" of January 25th, 1875, speaks, which Parson Lot used when he said "that the People's Charter did not go far enough":

"My Friends,—

"If I give you credit for being sincere, you must give me credit for being so too. I am a radical reformer. I am not one of those who laugh at your petition of the 10th of April; I have no patience with those who do. Suppose there were but 250,000 honest names on that sheet. Suppose the Charter itself were all stuff, yet you have still a right to fair play, a patient hearing, an honorable and courteous answer, whichever way it may be. But my only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough *in reform*. I want to see you *free;* but I do not see how what you ask for will give you what you want. I think you have fallen into just the same mistake as the rich of whom you complain — the very mistake which has been our curse and our nightmare: I mean, the mistake of fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament. If any one will tell me of a country where a charter made the rogues honest, or the idle industrious, I shall alter my opinion of the Charter, but not till then. It disappointed me bitterly when I read it. It seems a harmless cry enough, but a poor, bald, constitution-mongering cry as I ever heard. That French cry of 'Organization of Labor' is worth a dozen of it, and yet that does not go to the bottom of the matter by many a mile.

"But I have a more serious complaint against Chartism than this, and because I love you well, and, God is my witness, would die to make you free, and am, even now, pleading your cause with all my powers, I shall not be

afraid to rebuke you boldly at first. Why do you yourselves blacken Chartism in people's eyes? Why do you give a fair handle for all the hard things which are said of you? I mean this, and I speak honestly of what happened to my own self. The other day, being in London, I said to myself, 'I will see what the Chartists are saying and doing just now'; and I set off to find a Chartist newspaper, and found one in a shop where 'The People's Charter,' and 'Lamartine's Address to the Irish Deputation,' and various Chartist books were sold. Now, as a book, as well as a man, may be known by his companions, I looked round the shop to see what was the general sort of stock there, and, behold, there was hardly anything but 'Flash Songsters,' and the 'Swell's Guide,' and 'Tales of Horror,' and dirty milksop French novels. I opened the leading article of the paper, and there were fine words enough, and some really noble and eloquent words, too, which stirred my blood and brought the tears into my eyes, about 'divine liberty,' and 'heaven-born fraternity,' and the 'cause of the poor being the cause of God'; all which I knew well enough before, from a very different 'Reformer's Guide,' to which I hope to have the pleasure of introducing you some day. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'the cause of God seems to have fallen into ugly company. If poverty sends a man to strange bed-fellows, "divine liberty" must be in a very poor way; heaven-born brotherhood has fraternized here with some very blackguard brethen.' . . . No! as I read on, I found that almost the only books puffed in the advertising column of the paper itself were the same French dirt which lay on the counter: 'Voltaire's Tales,' 'Tom Paine,' and by way of a finish, 'The Devil's Pulpit!' . . . 'Well,' I thought: 'These are strange times! I had thought the devil used to befriend tyrants and oppressors, but he seems to have profited by Burns' advice, to 'tak' a thought an' men'.' I thought the struggling freeman's watchword was, 'God sees my wrongs, He hath taken the matter into His own

hands, the poor committeth himself unto Him, for He is the helper of the friendless.' But now the devil seems all at once to have turned philanthropist and patriot, and to intend himself to fight the good cause, against which he has been fighting ever since Adam's time. I don't deny, my friends, it is much cheaper and pleasanter to be reformed by the devil than by God; for God will only reform society on condition of our reforming every man his own self — while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend the laws and the parliament, earth and heaven, without ever starting such an impertinent and 'personal' request, as that a man should mend himself. *That* liberty of the subject he will always respect.

"But I must say honestly, whomsoever I may offend, the more I have read of your convention speeches and newspaper articles the more convinced I am that too many of you are trying to do God's work with the devil's tools. What is the use of brilliant language about peace, and the majesty of order, and universal love, though it may all be printed in letters a foot long, when it runs in the same team with ferocity, railing, mad one-eyed excitement, talking itself into a passion like a street-woman? Do you fancy that after a whole column spent in stirring men up to fury, a few twaddling copy-book headings about the 'sacred duty of order' will lay the storm again? What spirit is there but the devil's spirit, in bloodthirsty threats of *revenge?* What brotherhood ought *you* to have with the 'United Irishmen' party, who pride themselves on their hatred to your nation, and recommend schemes of murder which a North American Indian, trained to scalping from his youth, would account horrible? When they have learnt that 'Justice to Ireland' does not mean hell broke loose there; when they have repented and amended of their madness, as God grant they may, then you may treat them as brothers; but till then, those who bid them God-speed are partakers of their evil deeds. In the name of liberty and brotherhood, in the name of the

poor man's cause and the poor man's God, I protest against this unnatural alliance! I denounce the weapons which you have been deluded into employing, to gain you your rights, and the indecency and profligacy which you are letting be mixed up with them! Will you strengthen and justify your enemies? Will you disgust and cripple your friends? Will you go out of your way to do wrong? When you can be free by fair means, will you try foul? When you might keep the name of liberty as spotless as the heaven from whence she comes, will you defile her with blasphemy, beastliness, and blood? When the cause of the poor is the cause of Almighty God, will you take it out of His hands to entrust it to the devil? These are bitter questions, but as you answer them so will you prosper. 'Be fit to be free, and God Himself will set you free.' Do God's work, and you will share God's wages. 'Trust in the Lord, and be doing good, dwell in the land, and, verily, thou shalt be fed. Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass.' For the time is near, at last, my friends, even at the doors, when those glorious old words shall be fulfilled: 'Thou, Lord, hast heard the desire of the poor: Thou preparest their heart, and Thine ear hearkeneth thereto; to help the fatherless and the poor unto their right, that the man of the world be no more exalted against them!'

"PARSON LOT."

In Letter II. he tells them that "the Bible demands for the poor as much, and more, than they demand for themselves; it expresses the deepest yearnings of the poor man's heart far more nobly, more searchingly, more daringly, more eloquently, than any modern orator has done. I say, it gives a ray of hope — say rather a certain dawn of a glorious future, such as no universal suffrage, free trade, communism, organization of labor, or any other Morrison's-pill measure can give — and yet of a future, which will embrace all that is good in these, a

future of conscience, of justice, of freedom, when idlers and oppressors shall no more dare to plead parchments and Acts of Parliament for their iniquities. I say the Bible promises this, not in a few places only but throughout: it is the thought which runs through the whole Bible, justice from God to those whom men oppress, glory from God to those whom men despise. Does that look like the invention of tyrants and prelates? You may sneer; but give me a fair hearing, and if I do not prove my words, then call me the same hard name which I shall call any man who, having read the Bible, denies that it is the poor man's comfort, and the rich man's warning."

. . . . . .

"I think," said Mr. Hughes, "I know every line which was ever published under the signature, 'Parson Lot,' and I take it upon myself to say that there is in all that 'burning language' nothing more revolutionary than the extracts given from his letters to the Chartists. . . . In the early summer of 1848, some of those who felt with him that the 'People's Charter' had not had fair play or courteous treatment, and that those who signed it had real wrongs to complain of, put themselves into communication with the leaders, and met and talked with them. At last it seemed that the time was come for some more public meeting, and one was called at the Cranbourn Tavern, over which Mr. Maurice presided. After the president's address, several very bitter speeches followed, and a vehement attack was specially directed against the church and the clergy. The meeting waxed warm, and seemed likely to come to no good, when Kingsley rose, folded his arms across his chest, threw his head back, and began—with the stammer which always came at first when much moved but which fixed everyone's attention at once—'I am a Church of England parson'—a long pause—'and a Chartist'; and then he went on to explain how far he thought them right in their claim for a reform of Parliament; how deeply he sympathized with

their sense of the injustice of the law as it affected them; how ready he was to help in all ways to get these things set right; and then to denounce their methods in very much the same terms as I have already quoted from his letters to the Chartists. Probably no one who was present ever heard a speech which told more at the time. . . . The fact is, that Charles Kingsley was born a fighting man, and believed in bold attack. 'No human power ever beat back a resolute forlorn hope,' he used to say; 'to be got rid of, they must be blown back with grape and canister, because the attacking party have all the universe behind them, the defence only that small part which is shut up in their walls.' And he felt most strongly at this time that hard fighting was needed. . . . The memorials of his many controversies lie about in the periodicals of that time, and any one who cares to hunt them up will be well repaid, and struck with the vigor of the defence, and still more with the complete change in public opinion which has brought the England of to-day clean round to the side of Parson Lot.[1] . . ."

Among his contributions to "Politics for the People" were the first three of a projected series on the National Gallery and the British Museum.

NO. I. — NATIONAL GALLERY

"Picture-galleries should be the workman's paradise, a garden of pleasure, to which he goes to refresh his eyes and heart with beautiful shapes and sweet coloring, when they are wearied with dull bricks and mortar, and the ugly colorless things which fill the workshop and the factory. For, believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even, of which we have never *thought* at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing, by

[1] Preface to "Alton Locke," by T. Hughes, Q. C.

thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. The poet Wordsworth, talking of training up a beautiful country girl, says:

> 'The floating clouds their state shall lend
> To her — for her the willow bend;
> Nor shall she fail to see,
> Even in the motions of the storm,
> *Grace which shall mould the maiden's form,*
> *By silent sympathy.*
> . . . . . .
> And she shall bend her ear
> In many a secret place
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> *And beauty, born of murmuring sound,*
> *Shall pass into her face.*'

"Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. *Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful.* Beauty is God's handwriting — a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it *Him*, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

"Therefore I said that picture-galleries should be the townsman's paradise of refreshment. Of course, if he can get the real air, the real trees, even for an hour, let him take it in God's name; but how many a man who cannot spare time for a daily country walk, may well slip into the National Gallery, or any other collection of pictures, for ten minutes. *That* garden, at least, flowers as gaily in winter as in summer. Those noble faces on the wall are never disfigured by grief or passion. There, in the space of a single room, the townsman may take his country walk — a walk beneath mountain peaks, blushing sunsets, with broad woodlands spreading out below it; a walk through green meadows, under cool mellow shades, and overhanging rocks, by rushing brooks, where he

watches and watches till he seems to *hear* the foam whisper, and to *see* the fishes leap; and his hard-worn heart wanders out free, beyond the grim city-world of stone and iron, smoky chimneys, and roaring wheels, into the world of beautiful things — *the world which shall be hereafter* — ay, which shall be! Believe it, toil-worn worker, in spite of thy foul alley, thy crowded lodging, thy grimed clothing, thy ill-fed children, thy thin, pale wife — believe it, thou too, and thine, will some day have *your* share of beauty. God made you love beautiful things only because He intends hereafter to give you your fill of them. That pictured face on the wall is lovely, but lovelier still may the wife of thy bosom be when she meets thee on the resurrection morn! Those baby cherubs in the old Italian painting — how gracefully they flutter and sport among the soft clouds, full of rich young life and baby joy! Yes, beautiful, indeed, but just such a one at this very moment is that once pining, deformed child of thine, over whose death-cradle thou wast weeping a month ago; now a child-angel, whom thou shalt meet again never to part! Those landscapes, too, painted by loving, wise old Claude, two hundred years ago, are still as fresh as ever. How still the meadows are! how pure and free that vault of deep blue sky! No wonder that thy worn heart, as thou lookest, sighs aloud, 'Oh that I had wings as a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest.' Ay, but gayer meadows and bluer skies await thee in the *world to come* — that fairy-land made real — 'the new heavens and the new earth,' which God has prepared for the pure and the loving, the just and the brave, who have conquered in this sore fight of life!

"These thoughts may seem all too far-fetched to spring up in a man's head from merely looking at pictures; but it is not so in practice. See, now, such thoughts have sprung up in *my* head; how else did I write them down here? And why should not they, and better ones, too, spring up in your heads, friends? It is

delightful to watch in a picture-gallery some street-boy enjoying himself; how first wonder creeps over his rough face, and then a sweeter, more earnest, awe-struck look, till his countenance seems to grow handsomer and nobler on the spot, and drink in and reflect unknowingly, the beauty of the picture he is studying. See how some laborer's face will light up before the painting which tells him a noble story of by-gone days. And why? Because he feels as if he himself had a share in the story at which he looks. They may be noble and glorious men who are painted there; but they are still *men* of like passions with himself, and his man's heart understands them and glories in them; and he begins, and rightly, to respect himself the more when he finds that he, too, has a fellow feeling with noble men and noble deeds.

"I say, pictures raise blessed thoughts in me — why not in you, my brothers? Your hearts are fresh, thoughtful, kindly; you only want to have these pictures explained to you, that you may know why and how they are beautiful, and what feelings they ought to stir in your minds; and therefore I wish, with your good will, to explain, one by one, in future numbers, some of the best pictures in the National Gallery, and the statues in the British Museum. I shall begin by a portrait or two; they are simpler than large pictures, and they speak of real men and women who once lived on this earth of ours — generally of remarkable and noble men — and man should be always interesting to man. And as these papers go on, if any one of you, in any part of England, will be so kind as to mention well-known statues and pictures of any sort which you wish explained, I, Parson Lot, shall be most happy to tell you as much about them as God shall give me wits to find out."

NO. II. — NATIONAL GALLERY

"Any one who goes to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and passes right through into the furthest

room of all, cannot help seeing in the left-hand corner two large and beautiful pictures — the nearer of the two labelled 'Titian,' representing Bacchus leaping from a car drawn by leopards. The other, labelled 'Francia,' representing the Holy Family seated on a sort of throne, with several figures arranged below — one of them a man pierced with arrows. Between these two, low down, hangs a small picture, about two feet square, containing only the portrait of an old man, in a white cap and robe, and labelled on the picture itself, '*Joannes Bellinus.*' Now this old man is a very ancient friend of mine, and has comforted my heart, and preached me a sharp sermon, too, many a time. I never enter that gallery without having five minutes' converse with him; and yet he has been dead at least three hundred years, and, what is more, I don't even know his name. I believe I might have found out if I had taken the trouble to ask — but how much should I have been the wiser? What more do I know of a man by knowing his name? It amuses me much, in the world, when one asks, 'Who is that man?' to be answered, 'Oh! don't you know? — that 's Mr. Brown, who married Mrs. Smith's daughter;' and so on. Bah! Whether the man's name be Brown, or whether he has as many names and titles as a Spanish grandee, what does that tell me about the *man?* — the spirit and character of the Man — what the man will say when he is asked — what the man will do when he is stirred up to action? The man's name is part of his clothes; his shell; his husk. Change his name and all his titles, you don't change *him* — 'A man 's a man for a' that,' as Burns says; and a goose a goose. Other men gave him his name; but his heart and his spirit — his love and his hatred — his wisdom and his folly — his power to do well and ill; those God and himself gave him. I must know those, and then I know the *man.*

"Let us see what we can make out from the picture itself about the man whom it represents. In the first place,

we may see by his dress that he was in his day the Doge (or chief magistrate) of Venice — the island city, the queen of the seas. So we may guess that he had many a stirring time of it, and many a delicate game to play among those tyrannous and covetous old merchant-princes who had elected him; who were keeping up their own power at the expense of every one's liberty, by spies and nameless accusers, and secret councils, tortures, and prisons, whose horrors no one ever returned to describe. Nay, we may guess just the very men with whom he had to deal — the very battles he may have seen fought, for the painter's name on the picture shows when he lived.

"But all these are *circumstances* — things which *stand round* the man (as the word means), and not the whole man himself — not the character and heart of the man: that we must get from the portrait; and if the portrait is a truly noble portrait we shall get it. If it is a merely vulgar or *naturalist* picture, like most that are painted now-a-days, we shall get the man's dress and shape of his face, but little or no expression: if it is a *pathetic* portrait, or picture of passion, we shall get one particular temporary expression of his face — perhaps joy, sorrow, anger, disgust — but still one which may have passed any moment, and left his face quite different; but if the full expression of the man's picture is of the noblest kind, an ideal or high art picture, we shall get the whole spirit — we shall read his whole character there; just all his strength and weakness, his kindliness or his sternness, his thoughtfulness or his carelessness, written there once and for ever; — what he would be, though all the world passed away; what his immortal and eternal soul will be, unless God or the devil changed his heart, to all eternity.

"This is a deep matter. We shall get at it step by step, by many examples. Let us see, now, whether this is an *ideal* portrait; in short, if it gives us a full *idea* of a complete character, so that we should know him if any one

talked to us of his character, even without telling us his likeness.

"We may see at once that he has been very handsome; but it is a peculiar sort of beauty. How delicate and graceful all the lines in his face are! — he is a gentleman of God's own making, and not of the tailor's making. He is such a gentleman as I have seen among working-men and nine-shilling-a-week laborers, often and often; his nobleness is in his heart — it is God's gift, therefore it shows in his noble-looking face. No matter whether he were poor or rich; all the rags in the world, all the finery in the world, could not have made him look like a snob or a swell. He was a thoughtful man, too; no one with such a forehead could have been a trifler: a kindly man, too, and honest — one that may have played merrily enough with his grandchildren, and put his hand in his purse for many a widow and orphan. Look what a bright, clear, straightforward, gentle look he has, almost a smile; but he has gone through too many sad hours to smile much: he is a man of many sorrows, like all true and noble rulers; and, like a high mountain-side, his face bears the furrows of many storms. He has had a stern life of it, what with tyrant noblemen, and wayward snobs, and the cares of a great nation on his shoulders. He has seen that in this world there is no rest for those who live like true men: you may see it by the wrinkles in his brow, and the sharp-cut furrows in his cheeks, and those firm-set, determined lips. His eyes almost show the marks of many noble tears, — tears such as good men shed over their nation's sins; but that, too, is past now. He has found out his path, and he will keep it; and he has no misgiving now about what God would have him do, or about the reward which God has laid up for the brave and just; and that is what makes his forehead so clear and bright, while his very teeth are clenched with calm determination. And by the look of those high cheek bones, and that large square jaw, he is a strong-

willed man enough, and not one to be easily turned aside from his purpose by any man alive, or by any woman either, or by his own passions and tempers. One fault of character, I think, he may perhaps have had much trouble with — I mean bitterness and contemptuousness. His lips are very thin; he may have sneered many a time, when he was younger, at the follies of the world which that great, lofty, thoughtful brain and clear eye of his told him were follies; but he seems to have got past that too. Such is the man's character: a noble, simple, commanding old man, who has conquered many hard things and, hardest of all, has conquered himself, and now is waiting calmly for his everlasting rest. God send us all the same.

"Now consider the deep insight of old John Bellini, who could see all this, and put it down there for us with pencil and paint; better far, more livingly and speakingly, than I could describe it to you in a dozen letters.

"No doubt there was something in old John's own character which made him especially able to paint such a man; for, as I have read, he was much such a man himself, and we always understand those best who are most like ourselves; and therefore you may tell pretty nearly a painter's own character by seeing what sort of subjects he paints, and what his style of painting is. And a noble, simple, brave, godly man was old John Bellini, and never lost his head, though princes were flattering him and snobs following him with shouts and blessings for his noble pictures of the Venetian victories, as if he had been a man sent from God Himself; as indeed he was, as all great painters are; for who but God makes beauty? Who gives the loving heart, and the clear eye, and the graceful taste to see beauty and to copy it, and to set forth on canvas, or in stone, the noble deeds of patriots dying for their country? To paint truly patriotic pictures well, a man must have his heart in his work — he must be a true patriot himself, as John Bellini was (if I mistake

not, he had fought for his country himself in more than one shrewd fight). And what makes men patriots, or artists, or anything noble at all, but the spirit of the living God? Those great pictures of Bellini's are no more; they were burnt a few years afterwards, with the magnificent national hall in which they hung; but the spirit of them is not passed away. Even now, Venice, Bellini's beloved motherland, is rising, new-born, from long weary years of Austrian slavery, and trying to be free and great once more; and young Italian hearts are lighting up with the thoughts of her old fleets and her old victories, her merchants and her statesmen, whom John Bellini drew. Venice sinned, and fell; and sorely has she paid for her sins, through two hundred years of shame, and profligacy, and slavery. And she has broken the oppressor's yoke, by a strange and unexpected chance. The fall of Louis Philippe has proved the salvation of Venice; God send her a new life! May she learn by her ancient sins! May she learn by her ancient glories!

"You will forgive me for forgetting my picture to talk of such things? But we must return. Look back at what I said about the old portrait — the clear, calm, victorious character of the old man's face, and see how all the rest of the picture agrees with it, in a complete harmony, as all things in a first-rate picture should. The dress, the scenery, the light and shade, the general 'tone' of color should all agree with the character of the face — all help to bring our minds into that state in which we may best feel and sympathize with the human beings painted. Now here, because the face is calm and grand, the color and the outlines are quiet and grand likewise. How different these colors are from that glorious 'Holy Family' of Francia's, next to it on the right; or from that equally glorious 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of Titian's, on the left! Yet all three are right, each for its own subject. Here you have no brilliant reds, no rich warm browns; no luscious greens. The white robe and cap

give us the thought of purity and simplicity; the very golden embroidery on them, which marks his rank, is carefully kept back from being too gaudy. Everything is *sober* here; and the lines of the dress, how simple they all are — no rich curves, no fluttering drapery. They would be quite stiff if it were not for that waving line of round tassels in front, which break the extreme straightness and heaviness of the splendid robe; and all pointing upwards towards that solemn, thin, calm face, with its high white cap, rising like the peak of a snow-mountain against the dark, deep, boundless blue sky beyond. That is a grand thought of Bellini's! You do not see the man's hands; he does not want them now, his work is done. You see no landscape behind — no buildings. All earth's ways and sights are nothing to him now; there is nothing but the old man and the sky — nothing between him and the heaven now, and he knows it and is glad. A few months more, and those way-worn features shall have crumbled to their dust, and that strong, meek spirit shall be in the abyss of eternity, before the God from whence it came.

"So says John Bellini, with art more cunning than words. And if this paper shall make one of you look at that little picture with fresh interest, and raise one strong and solemn longing in you to die the death of the righteous, and let your last end be like his who is painted there — then I shall rejoice in the only payment I expect, or desire to get, for this my afternoon's writing.

"PARSON LOT."

The third article was on the British Museum, and seems like an unconscious prophecy.[1] When he wrote it many schemes were afloat in his own mind, which he lived to see carried out in the

[1] Mr. Kingsley, in common with Thomas Hughes, and many others, later worked strenuously to have the British Museum, the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum in London opened to the public on Sunday afternoons; but the opposition

great exhibitions of 1851 and 1860, in the various local industrial exhibitions at Manchester and elsewhere, and in the throwing open of our cathedrals to the public. But he was before his age in these as in many other matters.

"My friend, Will Willow-Wren, is bringing before our readers the beauty and meaning of the living natural world — the great Green-book which holds 'the open secret,' as Goethe calls it, seen by all, but read by, alas! how few. And I feel as much as he, that nature is infinitely more wonderful than the highest art; and in the commonest hedgeside leaf lies a mystery and beauty greater than that of the greatest picture, the noblest statue — as infinitely greater as God's work is infinitely greater than man's. But to those who have no leisure to study nature in the green fields (and there are now-a-days too many such, though the time may come when all will have that blessing), to such I say, go to the British Museum; there at least, if you cannot go to nature's wonders, some of nature's wonders are brought to you. The British Museum is my glory and joy; because it is almost the only place which is free to English citizens as such — where the poor and the rich may meet together, and before those works of God's spirit, 'who is no respecter of persons,' feel that 'the Lord is the maker of them all.' In the British Museum and the National Gallery alone the Englishman may say, 'Whatever my coat or my purse, I am an Englishman, and therefore I have a right here. I can glory in these noble halls, as if they were my own house. . . .'"

After an appeal to deans and chapters and to rich collectors, he goes on:

was so strong in certain quarters that their hopes were not realized till 1896, when the South Kensington was opened, followed by the National Gallery and British Museum.

(M. K.)

"What a noble, and righteous, and truly brotherly plan it would be, if all classes would join to form a free National Gallery of Art and Science, which might combine the advantages of the present Polytechnic, Society of Arts, and British Institution, gratis. Manufacturers and men of science might send thither specimens of their new inventions. The rich might send, for a few months in the year, ancient and modern pictures, and not only pictures, but all sorts of curious works of art and nature, which are now hidden in their drawing-rooms and libraries. There might be free liberty to copy any object, on the copyist's name and residence being registered. And surely artists and men of science might be found, with enough of the spirit of patriotism and love, to explain gratuitously to all comers, whatever their rank or class, the wonders of the Museum. I really believe that if once the spirit of brotherhood got abroad among us; if men once saw that here was a vast means of educating, and softening and uniting those who have no leisure for study, and few means of enjoyment, except the gin-shop and Cremorne Gardens; if they could but once feel that here was a project, equally blessed for rich and poor, the money for it would be at once forthcoming from many a rich man, who is longing to do good, if he could only be shown the way; and from many a poor journeyman, who would gladly contribute his mite to a truly national museum, founded on the principles of spiritual liberty, equality, and fraternity. All that is wanted is the spirit of self-sacrifice, patriotism, and brotherly love — which God alone can give — which I believe He is giving more and more in these very days.

"I never felt this more strongly than some six months ago, as I was looking in at the windows of a splendid curiosity shop in Oxford Street, at a case of humming-birds. I was gloating over the beauty of those feathered-jewels, and then wondering what was the meaning, what was the use of it all? — why those exquisite little creatures

should have been hidden for ages, in all their splendors of ruby and emerald and gold, in the South American forests, breeding and fluttering and dying, that some dozen out of all those millions might be brought over here to astonish the eyes of men. And as I asked myself, why were all these boundless varieties, these treasures of unseen beauty, created? my brain grew dizzy between pleasure and thought; and, as always happens when one is most innocently delighted, 'I turned to share the joy,' as Wordsworth says; and next to me stood a huge, brawny coal-heaver, in his shovel hat, and white stockings and high-lows, gazing at the humming-birds as earnestly as myself. As I turned he turned, and I saw a bright manly face, with a broad, soot-grimed forehead, from under which a pair of keen flashing eyes gleamed wondering, smiling sympathy into mine. In that moment we felt ourselves friends. If we had been Frenchmen, we should, I suppose, have rushed into each other's arms and 'fraternized' upon the spot. As we were a pair of dumb, awkward Englishmen, we only gazed a half-minute, staring into each other's eyes, with a delightful feeling of understanding each other, and then burst out both at once with — 'Is n't that beautiful?' 'Well, that is!' And then both turned back again, to stare at our humming-birds.

"I never felt more thoroughly than at that minute (though, thank God, I had often felt it before) that all men were brothers; that fraternity and equality were not mere political doctrines, but blessed God-ordained facts; that the party-walls of rank and fashion and money were but a paper prison of our own making, which we might break through any moment by a single hearty and kindly feeling; that the one spirit of God was given without respect of persons; that the beautiful things were beautiful alike to the coal-heaver and the parson; and that before the wondrous works of God and of God's inspired genius, the rich and the poor might meet together, and feel that

whatever the coat or the creed may be, 'A man 's a man for a' that,' and one Lord the maker of them all.

"For believe me, my friends, rich and poor — and I beseech you to think deeply over this great truth — that men will never be joined in true brotherhood by mere plans to give them a self-interest in common, as the Socialists have tried to do. No: to feel *for* each other, they must first feel *with* each other. To have their sympathies in common, they must have not one object of gain, but an object of admiration in common; to know that they are brothers, they must feel that they have one Father; and a way to feel that they have one common Father, is to see each other wondering, side by side, at his glorious works!

"PARSON LOT."

He had a sore battle to fight at this time with his own heart, and with those friends and relations, religious and worldly, who each and all from their own particular standpoint deprecated the line he took, and urged him to withdraw from this sympathy with the people, which must necessarily, they thought, injure his prospects in life. "But," he writes to his wife:

". . . I will not be a liar. I will speak in season and out of season. I will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. I will not take counsel with flesh and blood, and flatter myself into the dream that while every man on earth, from Maurice back to Abel, who ever tried to testify against the world, has been laughed at, misunderstood, slandered, and that, bitterest of all, by the very people he loved best, and understood best, I alone am to escape. My path is clear, and I will follow in it. He who died for me, and who gave me you, shall I not trust Him through whatsoever new and strange paths he may lead me? . . ."

. . . . . .

"Many thanks for your kind letter," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, who had announced to him his rejection at King's College, "which gave me the first intimation of my defeat. . . . All I hope is," he adds, "that we shall be bold — 'draw the sword, and throw away the scabbard.' I think I have counted the cost, and I have more to lose in many ways than any one of us almost. And therefore, lest I should turn coward, I want to put myself whence there will be no retreat. That myth of old Von Trong Hagen, dashing the boat in pieces by which the Nibelungen crossed the Danube, is great and true. Let the unreturning ferry-boat perish. Let us forward. God leads us, though blind. Shall we be afraid to follow? I do not see my way; I do not care to; but I know that He sees His way, and that I see Him, and I cannot believe that in spite of all one's sins He will forget His gracious promises. 'They had an eye unto Him and were lightened; they that put their trust in Him shall not be ashamed.' No, Ludlow, — out, out on the wide weltering ocean of thought. Let us be sure that He will never leave us nor forsake us, however sorely battered, however cowardly we may long to turn, till we have showed His strength unto this generation, and His power to all those who are yet for to come. What if we are — no better than I am! His strength shall be made perfect in our weakness, and He will have all the glory to Himself — as He ought. I will bring you up a Game-law ballad or two, and will work the end of the week at a National Gallery Article, and a Letter to the Chartists. At present I am grinding for Queen's College. Pray, let us try and see what sort of a definite tone we can influence people towards taking at our meetings. We must be more definite and practical; we must let the people see more what we do hold. We must thus gain their sympathy, before we begin scolding. . . ."

To THE SAME, *July*, 1848. — "I should have answered yesterday your noble and kind letter, had not my after-

noon been employed in forcing a cruel, lazy farmer to shoot a miserable horse which was rotting alive in front of my house, and superintending its death by aid of one of my own bullets. What an awful wonderful thing a violent death is, even in a dumb beast! I would not have lost the sight for a great deal. But now to business. You take a strange way to frighten a man off from novel-writing, by telling him that he may become the greatest novelist of the age. If your good opinion of me was true, I should have less fear for myself, for a man could not become that in this wonderful era, without having ideas and longings which would force him to become something far better than a novelist; but for myself, chaotic, piecemeal, passionate, '*lAchemar*' as I am, I have fears as great as your own. I know the miserable, peevish, lazy, conceited, faithless, prayerless wretch I am, but I know this, too, that One is guiding me, and driving me when I will not be guided, who will make me, and has made me, go His way and do His work, by fair means or by foul. He set me on writing this 'novel.' He has taught me things about the heart of fast sporting men, and about the condition of the poor, and our duty to them, which I have no doubt He has taught many more, but He has not set any one else to speak about them in the way in which I am speaking. He has given me a certain artistic knack of utterance (nothing but a knack), but He has done more. He has made the 'Word of the Lord like fire within my bones,' giving me no peace till I have spoken out. I know I may seem presumptuous — to myself most of all, because I know best the 'liar to my own idea' which I am. I know that He has made me a parish priest, and that that is the duty which lies nearest me, and that I may seem to be leaving my calling in novel-writing. But has He not taught me all these very things by my parish-priest life? Did He, too, let me become a strong, daring, sporting wild man-of-the-woods for nothing? Surely the education which He has given me, so different from that which

authors generally receive, points out to me a peculiar calling to preach on these points, from my own experience, as it did to good old Izaak Walton, as it has done in our day to that truly noble man, Captain Marryat. Therefore I must believe '*Se tu segui la tua stella*' with Dante, that He who ordained my star will not lead me *into* temptation, but *through* it, as Maurice says. Without Him all places and methods of life are equally dangerous — with Him, all equally safe. Pray for me, for in myself I am weaker of purpose than a lost greyhound, lazier than a dog in rainy weather.

But I feel intensely the weight of your advice to write no more novels. Why should I? I have no more to say. When this is done I must set to and read. The symbolism of nature and the meaning of history must be my studies. Believe me I long for that day — The pangs of intellectual labor, the burden of spiritual pregnancy, are not pleasant things. A man cannot write in the fear of God without running again t the devil at every step. He cannot sit down to speak the truth without disturbing in his own soul a hornet swarm of lies. Your hack-writer of no creed, your bigot Polyphemus, whose one eye just helps him to see to eat men, they do not understand this; their pens run on joyful and light of heart. But no more talk about myself. Will you tell Parker that I am quite willing to have my name and anything else he chooses appended to the reprint of the Politics. If it will free his worthy father in pocket or reputation, it must be done.

. . . . . .

"Many, many thanks for charming letters; especially one about the river at night — that I have seen. As a companion, just see the Hungerford Suspension Bridge in a fog; standing on the steam-boat pier, the further shore invisible, with two vast lines, the catenary and its tangent line, stretching away as if self-supported, into infinite space; a sort of Jacob's Ladder, one end on earth

and one in heaven. It makes one feel very small: so for that matter, do the lines of rail in looking along a vast sweep of railway. There is an awful waiting look about them: a silent forbidden desert to all the world, except the one moment when their demon bridegrooms shall rush roaring over them on the path which none but they must go. Does this seem real? It is because the thought is so unspeakable. I wonder whether, in the future ages, men will ever fall down and worship steam-engines, as the Caribs did Columbus's ships. Why not? Men have worshipped stone men and women; why not line iron? Fancy it!"

In the summer he made an expedition with Mr. Maurice to Croyland Abbey, near Peterborough, which gave him many inspirations for his story of "Hereward." "We spent there a priceless day," he says; "these days with Maurice have taught me more than I can tell. Like all great things, he grows upon one more and more." He wrote several letters to his little daughter at this time, full of poetry and natural history.

"My Darling Miss Rose,

"Your Daddy is going to write you a very long letter, and you must ask your darling Mam to read it to you. I will tell you what I have seen since I have been away. Mr. Maurice and Daddy went to Cambridge, and saw all the beautiful churches, and Daddy was so happy, and thanked God so for giving him a darling Miss Rose and Maurice and their blessed mother, and then we went in a boat down the river to Ely, and the water was all full of little fishes, that swam up and down under the boat; and Daddy went to Batesbite Loch into a house, and there were such beautiful butterflies, that people catch in the Fens. And then we went sailing down — sailing down for twenty miles — down the most beautiful deep river

till we came to Ely. And there was a church, such a beautiful church, on the top of a hill, with so many towers and steeples, and Mr. Maurice and Daddy went to it, and heard all the people say their prayers, and they prayed to God for Daddy and Mam, and Miss Rose, and little brother, and all the people that are good, and Daddy was so happy; and then we went to Peterborough, where Daddy used to go when he was a little boy, and there was a very big tortoise there, and Daddy used to go and see it eat strawberries. And at Peterborough, Daddy and Mr. Maurice went to the Cathedral to hear the little boys sing, and Daddy was so happy, and they prayed for Miss Rose and Maurice and their dear mother. And then Daddy took a dog-cart and drove Mr. Maurice to Croyland, and there was such a beautiful church, all tumbled down. And Daddy and Mr. Maurice went up to the top of the tower, and all underneath them there was quite flat fen, so very flat and smooth, and beautiful fields of wheat and beans, and oats and rape-seed, and such great ditches, quite straight and flat, and great high banks, with the roads on the top of the banks, for fear the water should come and drown people. And Daddy and Mr. Maurice stood on the top of the great high tower, and Daddy said, 'When will the good people come and build up this beautiful church that is tumbled down?'—and then Daddy cried. And Mr. Maurice said, 'Wait a little, and the good God will come down out of heaven, and send all the good people back again, and then the beautiful church will be built up again, and everybody will be so good, and nobody will be sick any more. . . . And, Mr. Maurice said, 'if you will be very good, and not be cross, or get into passions, you will see all the good people come out of the sky—and then everybody will be so happy.' And Daddy was very glad to hear what Mr. Maurice said.

"Now, I have got a very bad pen, like a stick, and I cannot write any more. And I will write you a long

letter to-morrow and tell you what a beautiful place I am in, and all about the stork, and the owls, and the beautiful birds and butterflies that are in Daddy's room. . . .

"Your dear DADDY."

DUXFORD. — "I am writing in such a curious place. A mill where they grind corn and bones, and such a funny little room in it full of stuffed birds. And there is a flamingo, such a funny red bird, with long legs and a long neck, as big as Miss Rose, and sharks' jaws, and an armadillo all over great scales, and now I will tell you about the stork. He is called Peter, and here is a picture of him. See what long legs he has, and a white body and black wings, and he catches all the frogs and snails, and eats them, and when he is cross, he opens his long bill, and makes such a horrible clattering like a rattle. And he comes to the window at tea time, to eat bread and butter, and he is so greedy, and he gobbled down a great pinch of snuff out of Daddy's box, and he was so sick, and we all laughed at him, for being so foolish and greedy. And do you know there are such curious frogs here that people eat, and there were never any found in England before Mr. Thurnall found them, and he sent them to the British Museum and the wise men were so pleased, and sent him leave to go to the British Museum and see all the wonderful things whenever he liked. And he has got such beautiful butterflies in boxes, and whole cupboards full of birds' eggs, and a river full of beautiful fish, and Daddy went fishing yesterday, and caught an immense trout, very nearly four pounds' weight, and he raged and ran about in the river so long, and Daddy was quite tired before he could get him out. And to-day Daddy is going back to Cambridge to get a letter from his dear home. And do you know when Mr. Thurnall saw me drawing the stork, he gave me a real live stork of my own to bring home to Miss Rose, and we will put him in the kitchen garden to run about — what fun! And to-

morrow Daddy is going to see the beautiful pictures at the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the next day he is going to fish at Shelford, and the next day, perhaps, he is coming home to his darlings at Eversley Rectory, for he does not know what to do without them. . . . How happy Miss Rose must be with her dear mother. She must say, 'thank God for giving me such a darling mother!' Kiss her and Maurice for me, and now good-bye, and I will bring you home the stork.

"Your own Daddy,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

He made acquaintance this year with Mr. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist author, to whom he writes:

EVERSLEY, *June* 19, 1848. — "Ever since I read your brilliant poem, 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' and its most affecting preface, I have been possessed by a desire to thrust myself, at all risks, into your acquaintance. The risk which I felt keenly, was the fear that you might distrust me, as a clergyman; having, I am afraid, no great reason to love that body of men. Still, I thought, the poetic spirit ought to be a bond of communion between us. Shall God make us brother poets, as well as brother men, and we refuse to fraternize? I thought also that you, if you have a poet's heart, as well as the poet's brain which you have manifested, ought to be more able than other men to appreciate and sympathize with my feelings towards 'the working classes.' You can understand why I held back — from shame — a false shame, perhaps, lest you should fancy me a hypocrite. But my mind was made up, when I found an attack in the 'Commonwealth,' on certain papers which I had published in the 'Politics of the People,' under the name of Parson Lot. Now I had hailed with cordial pleasure the appearance of the 'Commonwealth,' and sympathized thoroughly with it — and here was this very

'Commonwealth' attacking me on some of the very points on which I most agreed with it. It seemed to me intolerable to be so misunderstood. It had been long intolerable to me, to be regarded as an object of distrust and aversion by thousands of my countrymen, my equals in privilege, and too often, alas! far my superiors in worth, just because I was a clergyman, the very office which *ought* to have testified above all others, for liberty, equality, brotherhood, for time and eternity. I felt myself bound, then, to write to you, to see if among the nobler spirits of the working classes I could not make one friend who would understand me. My ancestors fought in Cromwell's army, and left all for the sake of God and liberty, among the pilgrim fathers; and here were men accusing me of 'mediæval tyranny.' I would shed the last drop of my life blood for the social and political emancipation of the people of England, as God is my witness; and here are the very men for whom I would die, fancying me an 'aristocrat.' It is not enough for me that they are mistaken in me. I want to work with them. I want to realize my brotherhood with them. I want some one like yourself, intimately acquainted with the mind of the working classes, to give me such an insight into their life and thoughts, as may enable me to consecrate my powers effectually to their service. For them I have lived for several years. I come to you to ask you if you can tell me how to live more completely for them. If you distrust and reject my overtures, I shall not be astonished — pained I shall be — and you must know as well as I, that there is no bitterer pain than to be called a rogue because you are honester than your neighbors, and a time-server, because you have intellect enough to see both sides of a question. If you will allow me to call on you, you will very much oblige me. I send you my poem as something of a 'sample.' At first sight it may seem to hanker after feudalism and the middle age. I trust to you to

see a deeper and somewhat more democratic moral in it. . . .'

To J. C., Esq., 1848. — "I have delayed answering your letter because I did not wish to speak in a hurry on a subject so important to you. I cannot advise you to publish the poems of yours which I have seen — at least for some years, and I will give you my reasons. With the ἦθος of them I thoroughly agree; it is in the πάθος I see defects, which will not suit the public just now. The time for merely reflective poets is past: I do not mean for subjective poetry — that will always be interesting, but only in so far as it embodies the subjective in objective forms — in short, in so far as it is dramatic, I do not mean in dialogues and scenes, but in impersonation and representation. Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson have succeeded in subjective poetry, just in so far as they have embodied spiritual and intellectual truths in images and examples drawn from the physical and pathetic (I use these words in Aristotle's broad sense) *phenomenon* of history, man, and the universe. This the last generation of poets have done, and the world will be satisfied with nothing less henceforward. Indeed, a man is a poet just in so far as he does this — as he sees and represents the unseen in the seen. Now here you fail. You have not images enough (I don't mean tropes), nor are those you have original enough. . . . First, you write too easily; that same imp 'facility' must not be let to ruin you, as it helped to ruin Theodore Hook. You must never put two words or lines where one will do; the age is too busy and hurried to stand it. Again, you want to see a great deal more, and study more — that is the only way to have materials. Poets cannot create till they have learnt to recombine. The study of man and nature; the study of poets and fiction writers of all schools is necessary. And, believe me, you can never write like Byron, or anybody else worth hearing, unless by reading and using

poetry of a very different school from his. The early dramatists, Shakespeare above all; and not less the two schools which made Shakespeare; the Northern ballad literature; nay even, I find, the Norse myths. And on the other hand, the Romance literature must be known, to acquire that objective power of embodying thoughts, without which poetry degenerates into the mere intellectual reflective, and thence into the metrical-prose didactic. Read, mark, and learn, and do not write. I never wrote five hundred lines in my life before the 'Saint's Tragedy,' but from my childhood I had worked at poetry from Southey's 'Thalaba,' Ariosto, Spenser, and the 'Old Ballads,' through almost every school, classic and modern, and I have not read half enough. I have been studying all physical sciences which deal with phenomena; I have been watching nature in every mood; I have been poring over sculptures and paintings since I was a little boy — and all I can say is, I do not know half enough to be a poet in the nineteenth century, and have cut the Muse *pro tempore*. Again, you have an infinity to learn about rhythm and metre, and about the coloring and chiaroscuro of poetry; how to break up your masses, and how to make masses; high lights and shadows; major and minor keys of metre; rich coloring alternating with delicate. All these things have to be learnt, if you wish to avoid monotony, to arrest the interest, to gain the cardinal secret of giving 'continued surprise in expectation,' and 'expectation in surprise.'

"Now don't be angry with me; because I think you have a poetic faculty, therefore I don't want you to publish, or even write, till you have learnt enough really to enable you to embody your thoughts. They are good and vigorous, and profitable for this age; but they are as yet too bare-backed — you must go clothes-hunting for the poor naked babbies."

To ——, Esq. — "The extreme importance which I attach to the marriage question, and my great dissatisfac-

tion with my lame defence of the truth on the point, compels me to inflict a long letter on you, hoping that it may, if not convince, at least shake you in your present view — perhaps, by God's blessing, be one stepping-stone for you towards that higher and spiritual view of marriage, the path to which is very often earnest doubt, like yours, of that vulgar and carnal conception of it which is common, in the sense-bound world.

"Man is a sexual animal. Sense tells us this, independent of Scripture, and Scripture confirms it — 'male and female created he them'; and again, 'be fruitful and multiply' were said of man in Paradise. The notion that marriage was not instituted till after the Fall is a private gloss, flatly contradicted by Gen. i. 28, and Adam's speech, Gen. ii. 24; and, above all, the use of the word 'wife' before the Fall proves it. I must protest, in the name of all criticism and logic, against supposing that the word wife has an utterly different meaning in the first three chapters of Genesis to what it has in the rest of the Bible and in the whole world to this day, especially when those three chapters describe the institution of wives. Admit such a mode of interpretation and Scripture may be made (as among the Romish theologians) to mean anything or nothing, at the reader's will. . . . Man is not a mere animal — he is *the* spirit-animal; a spirit manifesting itself in an animal form, as the heathens themselves hold. Now the Law of the universe is, that spirit shall rule and matter obey, and this law has two poles; 1st, That spirit shall control, and matter be controlled. 2nd, That spirit shall will, and matter express that will. For the true idea of rule is, where the subject is not merely restrained by his king, but fulfils the will of his king. In the earlier ages of Christianity the first pole only was perceived; the gross sensuality of the heathen world shut everything from the eyes of the fathers but the fact that it was by his fleshly lusts that man enacted most of his sins.

"It was, I think, a part of Christ's guidance that they did see nothing else; that their whole energies were directed to preaching the great message, 'Ye are not beasts, but immortal souls — not the slaves of flesh and matter, but the lords of your flesh, servants only of God.' Till this message had been fully believed, no art or chivalry was allowed to arise in the Church. It was better that man should think marriage, eating, and drinking, and humanity itself unclean, than make them unclean by a mere animal return to the brutality from which they had been raised. Thus Christ, in every age of the Church, for the sake of enabling our piecemeal and partial minds to bring out one particular truth, seems to permit of our pushing it into error, by not binding it with its correlative; *e.g.*, State Authority *v.* Ecclesiastical Authority, and Free Will *v.* Predestination.

"In fulness of time God raised up Christian art, chivalry, and woman worship as witnesses for the other pole, *i.e.*, that spirit had nobler relations to flesh and matter, and a nobler duty to fulfil with regard to it. As the flesh was not meant merely to be the slave of the spirit, it was meant to be its symbol — its outward expression. In this day only can we reconcile the contradiction by which both Scripture and common sense talk of our bodies as at once not us, and yet us. They are not we, but our earthly tabernacles, in as far as they are aggregated gas and salts, &c., while we are each of us one and eternal. They are we, in as far as they are infallibly, in every lineament and gesture, the expressions of our inward and spiritual state. . . . 'In the beginning God created them male and female.' This, when taken with the context, can only be explained to mean — a woman for each man, and a man for each woman. This binary law of man's being; the want of a complementum, a 'help meet,' without whom it is not good for him to be, and joined to whom they two became one being of a higher organization than either had alone

— this binary or monogamic law has been gradually developing itself in the history of man; the heathen, when purest, felt that his ideal. The Bible itself sets forth its gradual rise from intermarriage with sisters, concubinage, polygamy, up to our Lord's assertion of the original ideal of marriage, the one husband and one wife. And St. Paul, without forbidding polygamy, puts monogamy on such a ground that the whole Church has instinctively felt that as long as Ephesians v. stood in Scripture, polygamy was a base and fearful fall for any Christian man. This development of monogamy, as the only ideal of man, is going on now; one may see it in the increasing dislike to second marriages, for the very opposite reason to the old Romish dislike to them. Lovers of high and pure minds now shrink from them, because marriage is so spiritual and timeless — so pure and mysterious — an Eternal union, which once solemnized with the loved one can be transferred to no other — which death cannot part. God forbid, however, that any Church should break gospel liberty by forbidding second marriages. They are no more sin to those who have not entered into the higher idea of marriage, than polygamy is sinful to the heathen: but towards strict monogamy lies the path of man's education in this age, and in the strict monogamy to more divine, more Scriptural views of marriage than the world has yet seen. . . .

"This brings me to your objection, that if this were true it were a sin not to marry. To this I answer, that were it false, it were a sin to marry, in all who knew celibacy to be the higher state, because it is a sin to choose a lower state, without having first striven to the very uttermost for the higher. And it is a sin to disbelieve that God's grace will be vouchsafed in answer to prayer and earnest struggles to preserve that state, as I think the biographies of pious monks and nuns fully show. They by a vow, which they believed binding, had made it sinful for them to marry, for whatsoever is not

of faith is sin; they, therefore, prayed for grace to avoid that which in them would have been sin, and they obtained it. Were I a Romanist, I should look on a continuance in the state of wedlock as a bitter degradation to myself and my wife. But a better answer to your objection is, that, as I said before, man is a spirit-animal, and in communion with God's spirit has a right to believe that his affections are under that spirit's guidance, and that when he finds in himself such an affection to any single woman as true married lovers describe theirs to be, he is bound (duty to parents and country allowing) to give himself up to his love in child-like simplicity and self-abandonment, and, at the same time, with solemn awe and self-humiliation at being thus readmitted into the very garden of the Lord:

> 'The Eden, where the Spirit and the flesh
> Are one again, and new-born souls walk free,
> And name in mystic language all things new,
> Naked and not ashamed.'[1]

. . . With fear and trembling, 'putting his shoes from off his feet,' for the place whereon he stands is holy ground, even as the ineffable symbol of the highest of all unions (Eph. v. 25–29) — with fear and trembling, lest he forget the meaning of the glorious mystery. . . .

"Yet if a man marries without love, he sins not — at least God shall judge him and not I. But 'for the hardness of our heart,' only I believe is a man allowed to marry without love; and 'such shall have trouble in the flesh,' says St. Paul. For remark all through 1 Corinthians vii.. he is talking of marriage on its lowest ground . . . and here is the key to the whole chapter. Who were the Corinthians? *The* city of harlots — for centuries sunk in the most brutal sensuality, even then getting drunk at the Lord's table. This is 'the present necessity' — their low and sensual state which would

[1] "Saint's Tragedy," Act II. Scene ix.

have never comprehended the magnificent idea of marriage, which he unfolds to his beloved Ephesians, the blameless Church to whom he speaks of nothing but the deepest and most glorious truths. True, there is a blessing pronounced on him who gives up wife for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. . . . But in God's name let it be for Christ's sake — not for his own sake, that he may do the more good, not merely that he may be the more good. Is a man to be rewarded because for the sake of attaining (as he thinks that he may attain) what he calls 'a higher place in heaven,' he refuses to bring immortal beings, made in God's image — heirs of Christ's redemption into the world, and to obey the primeval and as yet unrepealed command? Oh! sir, whoever calls this devoutness, I call it selfishness.

"But if a man, on the other hand, — as men have done, as I must believe St. Paul did, when I read Ephesians v. and 1 Timothy iii. 2 — says to himself, "I know marriage is the highest, because the most symbolic of all human states; but it is not for me, I have a great work to do — a peculiar vocation, which lies in a quite opposite direction to the duties of citizen and husband, and must bear that cross. God has refused to let me love woman; and even hereafter, if I shall love, I must turn away from the fulfilment of that love in *Time*, trusting to my Heavenly Father to give us some deeper and more ineffable union with each other in those glories unknown, which He has prepared for those who love Him: at all events, the work which He has for me must be done. And, as a married man, I cannot do my work, peculiar as it is.' I believe that he who should so embrace celibacy, would deserve all names of honor which men could heap on him, just because the sacrifice is so great — just because he gives up a present and manifest honor and blessing — his rights as man made in God's image — committing himself to God to repay him. But what has this to do with mere selfish safety and easy saving of one's own soul?

"The highest state I define as that state through and in which men can know most of God, and work most for God: and this I assert to be the marriage state. He can know most of God, because it is through those family ties, and by those family names that God reveals Himself to man, and reveals man's relations to Him. Fully to understand the meaning of 'a Father in Heaven' we must be fathers ourselves; to know how Christ loved the Church, we must have wives to love, and love them; else why has God used those relations as symbols of the highest mysteries which we (on the Romish theory) are the more saintly the less we experience of them? And it is a historic fact, that just the theologic ideas which a celibate priesthood have been unable to realize in their teaching, are those of the Father in Heaven — the Husband in Heaven. Their distortion of the last great truth requires a letter to itself. I will only now add an entreaty that you will forgive me if I have seemed too dogmatic. But God has showed me these things in an eventful and blissful marriage history, and woe to me if I preach them not."

Some words of his written in 1872, in which he defines a "noble fear" as one of the elements of that lofty and spiritual love which ruled his own daily life, may explain why he speaks above of entering the married state with "solemn awe and self-humiliation," and why he looked upon such married love as the noblest education a man's character could have:

"Can there be true love without wholesome fear? And does not the old Elizabethan 'My dear dread' express the noblest voluntary relation in which two human souls can stand to each other? Perfect love casteth out fear. Yes: but where is love perfect among imperfect beings, save a mother's for her child? For all the rest, it is through fear that love is made perfect; fear which bridles

and guides the lover with awe — even though misplaced — of the beloved one's perfections; with dread — never misplaced — of the beloved one's contempt. And therefore it is that souls who have the germ of nobleness within, are drawn to souls more noble than themselves, just because, needing guidance, they cling to one before whom they dare not say, or do, or even think an ignoble thing. And if these higher souls are — as they usually are — not merely formidable, but tender likewise, and true, then the influence which they may gain is unbounded — both to themselves, and to those that worship them. . . ."

"Yeast" was now coming out monthly in "Fraser's Magazine." It was written with his heart's blood. No book ever took so much out of him. After busy days in the parish he would sit down and write it deep into the night. The state of the laboring classes in country as well as town absorbed him. Brain and nerves were continually on the stretch, and the cry of his soul was:

"How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come again!
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary,
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain."

. . . . . .

One Sunday evening after his two services had been got through with difficulty, he broke down utterly, and his medical man, alarmed at his weakness, ordered complete change. All literary work, except an occasional review for "Fraser" was stopped; but as during a month's rest at Bournemouth he gained nothing, he had to prepare for a longer absence in Devonshire, where he spent the following winter and spring.

TO HIS WIFE

EVERSLEY: *October* 27. — ". . . Please God I shall be back to-morrow (Bournemouth). I am quite worn out with going round and seeing every one to-day. I am trying to recollect and collect everything, but my brains are half addled. Kiss the darlings for me. What would life be without you? What is it with you but a brief pain to make us long for everlasting bliss. There we shall be together for ever, without a sigh or a cross. — But how long first! how long! . . ."

TO J. CONINGTON, ESQ.

ILFRACOMBE: *December* 30. — ". . . I am so dissatisfied with 'Yeast,' that I shall lay it by *pro tem.*[1] It was finished, or rather cut short, to please Fraser, and now it may lie and ferment for a few years. You are right in your surmise that the finale is *mythic* and not *typic.* You will see why (please God, for I am diffident of myself,) when I finish it. But in the meantime I am hardly up to much work. I have Mrs. Jamieson's book to review, which will be hard work for my poor addle brain, which feels, after an hour's reading, as if some one had stirred it with a spoon. I have, however, tinkered up something light and quaint by way of a review, and shall get it done off in a day or two. So if you will keep your trumpet for 'Ambarvalia,' I will celebrate the birth of Clough's 'Bothie' with penny whistle and banjo. . . . I am mending in health, from the joint action of idleness, the climate of Paradise, and glorious cliff scenery, and hope to have Maurice staying with me next week."

[1] "Yeast" was finally published in book-form in 1851. (M. K.)

CHAPTER VII

1849

AGED 30

WINTER IN DEVONSHIRE — ILLNESS — DECIDES ON TAKING PUPILS — CORRESPONDENCE — ON ROMANISM — VISIT TO LONDON — SOCIAL QUESTIONS — FEVER AT EVERSLEY — RENEWED ILLNESS — RETURNS TO DEVONSHIRE — CHOLERA IN ENGLAND — SANITARY WORK — BERMONDSEY — JACOB'S ISLAND — DEVELOPMENT OF "YEAST" — INFLUENCE ON YOUNG MEN — RECOLLECTIONS BY MR. C. KEGAN PAUL.

Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word, still less of the thing. You have heard many cries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another — between one animal and another — is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, IT IS good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

RUSKIN, "Sesame and Lilies."

MR. MAURICE with other friends came to visit him at Ilfracombe, and all went away depressed at seeing the utter exhaustion, mental and bodily, of one who had been the life and soul of their band of workers in 1848.

"Not as of old, like Homeric Achilles, *κύδεϊ γαίων*,
Joyous knight errant of God, thirsting for labor and strife,
No more on magical steed borne free through the regions of ether,

. . . . . .

Fruit-bearing autumn is gone; let the sad, quiet winter hang
o'er me —

. . . . . .

Blossoms would fret me with beauty; my heart has no time
to be-praise them;
Gray rock, bough, surge, cloud, waken no yearning within.
Sing not, thou skylark above! . . .
Scream on, ye sea fowl! my heart echoes your desolate cry.
Sweep the dry sand on, thou wild wind, to drift o'er the
shell and the sea-weed;
Sea-weed and shell, like my dreams, swept down the pitiless
tide." [1]

. . . . . .

For months he could do nothing but wander on the seashore with his wife and babies collecting shells and zoöphytes, while dreaming over "The Autobiography of a Cockney Poet," which in the autumn was to develop into "Alton Locke." Of this, he says to a friend:

"I have some hope, as it has revealed itself to me so rapidly and methodically, that I feel it comes down from above, and that only my folly can spoil it — which I pray against daily. . . . Tell Charles I have found to-day another huge comatula, and bottled him with his legs, by great dodging. I am always finding something fresh."

Illness had obliged him to resign his professorship at Queen's College, where, besides two introductory lectures on literature and composition, he had given a course on Early English Literature. To Mr. Strettell who took his work there, he writes:

"I left off before the Conquest, my next lecture would have been on Edward the Confessor — the difference between a good man and a good king — like him and

[1] Elegiacs. Poems, p. 275.

Louis XVI. The rotting of the Anglo-Saxon system. . . . Go your own way; what do girls want with a 'course of literature'? Your business and that of all teachers is, not to cram them with things, but to teach them how to read for themselves. A single half century known thoroughly, as you are teaching, will give them canons and inductive habits of thought, whereby to judge all future centuries. We want to train — not cupboards full of 'information' (vile misnomer), but real informed women. . . . I read out some Cædmon — no Ælfric — I think some Beowulf — but I should counsel you to let that be (as I gave them the Athelstan Ballad, and some of Alfred's, &c.), and just do what I intended. Give them a lecture on the rise of our Norse forefathers — give them something from the Voluspa and Edda. Show them the peculiar wild, mournful, gigantic objective imagination of the men, and its marriage with the Saxon subjectivity (as I fancy) to produce a ballad school. Remember two things. The Norse are the great *creators*, all through — and all the ballads came from the North of England and Lowlands of Scotland, *i.e.* from half Norse blood. . . ."

The expenses of illness had now to be met, and he consulted Mr. Maurice and Mr. A. J. Scott, Principal of Owens College, Manchester, about taking pupils.

"Will you excuse another word about pupils?" he writes to Mr. Scott. . . . "I am not going to talk what I *can* teach. But what I should try to teach, would be principally physical science, history, English literature, and modern languages. In my eyes the question is not what to teach, but how to educate; how to train not scholars, but men; bold, energetic, methodic, liberal-minded, magnanimous. If I can succeed in doing that, I shall do what no salary can repay — and what is not

generally done, or expected to be done, by private tutors. . . ."

"That is what is wanted," Mr. Scott remarked, "and it is what Charles Kingsley will do." Mr. Maurice wrote also to Professor Thompson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, about pupils for him.

"I do not know," he says, "a man more fitted for the work — scarcely any one equally fitted. He is a good, accurate, and enthusiastic scholar, full of knowledge of all things about him, and delights in them, and more likely to give a young man of the day a good direction in divinity, meeting his difficulties and dealing honestly with them, than any person I have fallen in with. His conversation is full of interest even when he is ill; when he is well he is the freshest, freest hearted man in England. . . . His home is altogether most pleasant. . . ."

But, notwithstanding the efforts of his friends, so strong a prejudice had been created against him by his writings, that no pupils were forthcoming till the following year, when Mr. Richard Martineau ventured to place his son with him.

His leave of absence was now extended; gradually the rest told upon him, and he cheerily writes to his parents, who had provided for his duty at Eversley:

"I now am better than I have been at all, I may say. A tremendous gale of wind has acted on me exactly like champagne and cathedral-organs in one, and restored my (what you would call nervous) what I call magnetic tone."

ILFRACOMBE: *April Fool's Day*, 1849.—"Many thanks for all your great kindness; I should be now like Batsy Bannett, 'the mazed woman teu Morte that picketh shalls,' if it had not been for all your care of my few sheep

in the wilderness. I am quite ashamed of amusing myself here while you are toiling for me; but being here, I will not do things by halves, and am leading a truly hoggish life — viz.: 18 hours sleeping, 4 hours eating, 2 hours walking, 0 hours reading — 24; which you will allow is a change in my dietetics. Mansfield and I go geologizing and shell-picking; but ah!!! 'ther baint no shells! Where be they gwan?' I went to Morte yesterday, and found, as indeed I do of all this country, that my old childish recollection had painted it, not as usual, larger and more striking than the actuality, but smaller. I find that I was not, as a boy of ten, capable of taking in the grandeur of the scenery here, and that I had brought away only as much of it as I could hold. Every hill (and this strikes me much), except perhaps little Capstone, is much higher and grander than I thought. I feel the change from North Hants very much — the world seems turned upside down. I get a strange swimming in the wits now and then, at seeing farm-houses under my feet, and cows feeding like so many flies against a wall. It is the strange position of well-known objects, and not the height, which upsets me. I find my climbing head surer than ever, and can placidly look over the awful gulf of Hillsborough as if it were a six-foot wall. We have had some glorious climbs already, which have put new life into me. In fact, were I to return to work to-morrow, the journey would, so far, have cured me — the very sight of the hills round Barnstaple was enough. What a mysterious curse-blessing is this same 'Heimweh,' this intense love of one's own country, which makes it seem pleasanter to lie down here and die, than to live anywhere else on earth. It is a righteous and a God-given feeling, and one which, as Carlyle says, distinguishes man from the ape — that local attachment, root of all true patriotism, valor, civilization — woe to those who fancy it fine to turn cosmopolite, and by becoming 'citizens of the world,' lose the very idea of citizenship for the sake of doing what a

navigator's dog or a gipsy's donkey can do a great deal better. Pray tell me how and where to find shells. Morte and even Barricane itself, was monopolized by countless millions of mactra stultorum — there was hardly another shell. Crewkerne is very barren · at Rillage Point the beach is quite altered, all the sands gone. And 'where, oh where,' is the Venus Maidenhair gone? I have hunted every wet rock and 'shute' from Rillage Point to the near side of Hillsborough, at danger of my neck, and cannot find a scrap, but plenty of Asplenium marinum, which you could n't find. Pray inform me how to get shells; and pray don't ay that Yeast' is written by me. I shall be able to do better with it by remaining incog. I have found the most wonderful beasts on the rocks you can imagine. Comatula rosea, bred between the star-fish, a coralline, and an encrinite, animal, vegetable, and mineral, which start as stone-flowers, and then break off their stalk, and go about with legs and arms, and the beauty in shape and color is wonderful. I enclose a drawing."

The spring was spent at Lynmouth, and while there he had the joy of introducing his wife's sister and Mr. Froude[1] to his beloved Clovelly, from whence he writes home:

"Only a few lines, for the post starts before breakfast. We got here all safe. . . . I cannot believe my eyes: the same place, the pavement, the same dear old smells, the dear old handsome loving faces again. It is as if I was a little boy again, or the place had stood still while all the world had been rushing and rumbling on past it; and then I suddenly recollect your face, and those two ducks on the pier; and it is no dream; *this* is the dream, and I am your husband; what have I not to thank God for! I have been thanking Him; but where can I stop! We talk of sailing home again, as cheapest and pleasantest.

[1] This sister of Mrs. Kingsley's was Mr. Froude's first wife. (M. K.)

To-day I lionize C. over everything. Kiss the children for me."

The following letter was written to a young man going over to Rome. Several pages have been lost, which will account for any want of sequence.

CLIFTON: *May* 11, 18 9. — "I have just heard from Charles Mansfield, to my inexpressible grief, that you are inclined to join the Roman Communion; and at the risk of being called impertinent, I cannot but write my whole heart to you. What I say may be *παρὰ τὸν λόγον*, after all; if so, pray write and let me know what your real reasons are for such a step. I think, as one Christian man writing to another, I may dare to entreat this of you. For believe me I am no bigot. I shall not trouble you with denunciations about the 'scarlet woman' or the 'little horn.' I cannot but regard with awe, at least, if not reverence, a form of faith which God thinks good enough still for one half (though it be the more brutal, profligate, and helpless half) of Europe. Believe me, I can sympathize with you. I have been through it; I have longed for Rome, and boldly faced the consequences of joining Rome; and though I now have, thank God, cast all wish of change behind me years ago, as a great lying devil's temptation, yet I still long as ardently as ever to see in the Church of England much which only now exists, alas! in the Church of Rome. Can I not feel for you? Do I not long for a visible, one, organized Church? Do I not shudder at the ghastly dulness of our services? Do I not pray that I may see the day when the art and poetry of the nineteenth century shall be again among us, turned to their only true destination — the worship of God? Have I shed no bitter, bitter tears of shame and indignation in cathedral aisles, and ruined abbeys, and groaned aloud, 'Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed,' etc." [Here some pages are lost.]

"Can you not commit the saving of your soul to Him that made your soul? I think it will be in good keeping, unless you take it out of His hands, by running off where He has *not* put you. Did you never read how 'He that saveth his soul shall lose it.' Beware. Had you been born an Italian Romanist I would have said to you, Don't leave Rome; stay where you are, and try to mend the Church of your fathers; if it casts you out, the sin be on its own head; and so I say to you. Do you want to know God's will about you? What plainer signs of it, than the fact that He has made you, and educated you as a Protestant Englishman. Here, believe it — believe the providentiam, *Dei in rebus revelatam.*' — Here He intends you to work, and do the duty which lies nearest. Hold what doctrines you will, but do not take yourself out of communion with your countrymen, to bind yourself to a system which is utterly foreign to us and our thoughts, and only by casting off which have we risen to be the most mighty, and (with all our sins), perhaps the most righteous and pure of nations, — a fact which the Jesuits do not deny. I assure you that they tell their converts that the reason why Protestant England is allowed to be so much more righteous than the Romish nations is — to try the faith of the elect!! You will surely be above listening to such anile sophistry! But still, you think, 'you may be holier there than here.' Ah, sir, '*cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*' Ultra-montanism will be a new system; but not, I think, a new character. Certain outward acts, and certain inward feelings, which are all very nice, and right, and pleasant, will be made easier for you there than here: you will live so charmingly by rule and measure; not a moment in the day but will be allotted out for you, with its appropriate acts of devotion. True, now you are a man, standing face to face with God; then you will (believe one who knows) find yourself a machine, face to face, not with God, but with a priest and a system, and

hosts of inferior deities, of which hereafter. Oh! sir, you, a free-born Englishman, brought up in that liberty for which your forefathers died on scaffolds and in battle-fields — that liberty which begot a Shakespeare, a Raleigh, a Bacon, Milton, Newton, Faraday, Brooke — will you barter away that inestimable gift because Italian pedants, who know nothing of human nature but from the books of prurient celibates, tell you that they have got a surer 'dodge' for saving your soul than those have, among whom God's will, not your own, has begotten and educated you? But you 'will be able to rise to a greater holiness there.' Holiness, sir? Devoutness, you mean. The 'will of God' is your holiness already, and you may trust Him to perfect His will in you here — for here He has put you — if by holiness you mean godliness and manliness, justice and mercy, honesty and usefulness. But if by holiness you mean 'saintliness,' I quite agree that Rome is the place to get *that*, and a poor pitiful thing it is when it is got — not God's ideal of a man. . . . And do not fancy that you will really get any spiritual gain by going over. The very devotional system which will educe and develop the souls o people born and bred up under it, and cast, constitutionally and by hereditary associations, into its mould, will only prove a dead leaden crushing weight on an Englishman, who has, as you have, tasted from his boyhood the liberty of the Spirit of God. You will wake, my dear brother, you will wake, not altogether, but just enough to find yourself not *believing* in Romish doctrines about saints and virgins, absolutions and indulgences, but only *believing in believing them* — an awful and infinite difference, on which I beseech you earnestly to meditate. You will find yourself crushing the voice of conscience, common-sense, and humanity — I mean the voice of God within you, in order to swallow down things at which your gorge rises in disgust. You will find the Romish practice as different from the Romish ideal as the English is from

the English ideal, and you will find amid all your discontent and doubts, that the habits of religious excitement, and of leaning on priests whom you will neither revere nor trust for themselves, will have enchained you like the habits of a drunkard or an opium-eater, so that you must go back again and again for self-forgetfulness to the spiritual laudanum-bottle, which gives now no more pleasant dreams, but only painful heartache, and miserable depression afterwards. You may answer — This may be all very fine, but if Rome be the only true Church, thither I must go, loss or gain. Most true. But take care how you get at this conviction that Rome is the true Church; if by a process of the logical understanding, that is most unfair, for you will have to renounce the conclusions of the understanding when you go to Rome. How then can you let it lead you to a system which asserts *in limine* that it has no right to lead you anywhere at all?

"But I must defer this question, and also that of Romish æsthetics, to another letter. I make no apology for plain speaking; these are times in which we must be open with each other. And I was greatly attracted by the little I saw of you. I know there is a sympathy between us; and, having passed through these temptations in my own person, God would judge me if I did not speak what He has revealed to me in bitter struggles. One word more. Pray, answer this, and pray *wait*. Never take so important a step without at least six months' deliberate waiting, not till, but after your mind is made up. Five-and-twenty years God has let you remain a Protestant. Even if you were wrong in being one, He will surely pardon your remaining one six months longer, in a world wherein the roads of error are so many and broad that a man may need to look hard to find the narrow way."

Before resuming work again at Eversley, he went to London, and took up the old thread by

attending a Chartist meeting and a workmen's meeting on the Land Colonization question, and from Chelsea he writes to his wife:

". . . I could not write yesterday, being kept by a poor boy who had fallen off a truck at Croydon and smashed himself, whom I escorted to Guy's Hospital. I breakfasted with Bunsen, such a divine-looking man, and so kind. I have worlds to tell you. Met F. Newman last night. I had a long and interesting talk with Froude. . . .

June 10. — "Went with Ludlow to Lincoln's-inn Chapel on Sunday afternoon — a noble sight. Maurice's head looked like some great, awful Giorgione portrait in the pulpit, but oh, so worn, and the face worked so at certain passages of the sermon. It was very pleasant, so many kind greetings there from old co-operative friends. To-night for the meeting. They expect to muster between one and two hundred. I am just going with my father and mother to Deptford to put Mary T. (an Eversley girl) on board an emigrant ship. . . . Long and most interesting talk with Mons. C., a complete Red Republican and Fourrierist, who says nothing but Christianity can save France or the world. London is perfectly *horrible.* To you alone I look for help and advice — God and you, — else I think at times I should cry myself to death. . . . There is a great Tailor's meeting on Friday. The women's shoe-makers are not set up yet. My Village sermons are being lent from man to man, among the South London Chartists, at such a pace that C. can't get them back again, and the Manchester men stole his copy of the 'Saint's Tragedy.' . . . I have just been to see Carlyle."

June 12. — "Last night will never be forgotten by many, many men. Maurice was — I cannot describe it. Chartists told me this morning that many were affected even to tears. The man was inspired — gigantic. No one commented on what he said. He stunned us! I

will tell you all when I can collect myself. . . . This morning I breakfasted with Dr. Guy, and went with him Tailor hunting, very satisfactory as yet. . . . Yesterday afternoon with Professor Owen at the College of Surgeons, where I saw unspeakable things. . . . I am afraid I must stay up till Thursday. I cannot get through my work else. Kiss our babes for me. . . ."

He now settled at Eversley again, and threw himself into the full tide of parish work with the loving help of his first curate, the Rev. H. Percy Smith, of Balliol. The summer of 1849 was unhealthy; cholera was brooding over England, and a bad low fever broke out at Eversley, which gave him incessant work and anxiety. The parishioners got frightened. It was difficult to get nurses for the sick, so that he was with them at all hours; and after sitting up a whole night watching the case of a laborer's wife, the mother of a large family, that he might himself give the nourishment every half-hour on which the poor woman's life depended, he once more broke down, and London doctors advised a long sea voyage. But he dreaded the long loneliness, and went to Devonshire instead, hoping that a month's quiet and idleness would restore him. From thence he writes to his wife at Eversley:

APPLEDORE: *August* 10. — "Here I am. . . . A delicious passage down, in which I fell in with a character, a Cornish shipowner and fruit-vessel captain, who has insisted on my drinking tea with him this evening, and on my coming to see him i.. September, at Boscastle, near Padstow, where he will give me sailing in his little yacht, and take me to seal caves where they lie by dozens. He is, of course, like all Cornish men, a great admirer of

your father.[1] Strange, what a name your father seems to have made for himself. The man is a thorough Cornishman: shrewd, witty, religious, well informed, a great admirer of scenery; talks about light, and shadow, and coloring more like an artist than a brown-fisted merchant skipper, with a mass of brain that might have made anything had he taken to books. I feel myself already much better. The rich, hot, balmy air, which comes in now through the open window, off Braunton Burrows, and the beautiful tide river, a mile wide, is like an 'Elixir of life' to me. No night frosts here. It is as warm as day. I expect a charming sail to-morrow, and to catch mackerel on the way. The coast down here looked more lovely than ever; the green fern and purple heather have enriched the coloring since the spring; showers, succeeded by gleams of sun, give a wonderful freshness and delicacy to all the tints. Dear old Lynmouth and Ilfracombe, I loved them, because they seemed so full of recollections of you and the children."

CLOVELLY. — "Safe settled at Mrs. Whitefield's lodgings. I am going out fishing to-day in the bay, if there is wind; if not, butterfly hunting. I was in and out of all the houses last night, like a ferret in a rabbit burrow — all so kind. I feel unjustifiably well, and often ask myself, What right have I to be here, while you are working at home? . . . My room is about 12 ft. square, on the first floor, a jessamine and a fuchsia running up the windows. In front, towers the wall of wood, oak, ash, and larch, as tender and green as if it were May and not August. I am near the top of the street, which lines the bottom of this gorge of woods. On the left, I see from my windows, piled below me, the tops of the nearest houses, and the narrow paved cranny of a street, vanishing downwards, stair below stair, and then above all, up

[1] Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., M.P., President of the Royal Exchange and one of the Copper Kings of England.

(M. K.)

in the sky it seems, from the great height at which I am, the glorious blue bay, with its red and purple cliffs. The Sand-Bar, and Braunton, the hills towards Ilfracombe, and Exmoor like a great black wall above all. The bay is now curling and writhing in white horses under a smoking south-wester, which promises a blessing, as it will drive the mackerel off the Welsh shore, where they now are in countless millions, into our bay; and then for fun and food for me and the poor fellows here, who are at their wits' end, because some old noddles of doctors have persuaded people that fish gives the cholera. . . . Friday I had a charming sail with a poor fellow, who thought 2*s.* too much, and would work it out by offering to give me a sail in his herring-boat, which is to come off shortly. Saturday I hired a pony for 1*s.* 6*d.* and went to Torridge just for the afternoon — caught my basket full, and among them one 2 lbs.!! Never was such a trout seen in Clovelly before.

. . . . . .

"We had a charming trip yesterday to Lundy; started at six, and were five hours going over — the wind being very light; but we went along very pleasantly to a continued succession of Wesleyan hymns, sung in parts most sweetly (every one sings here, and sings in tune, and well). We dined at the farm-house; dinner costing me 1*s.* 9*d.*; and then rambled over the island. I saw the old Pirate Moresco's Castle on the cliff — the awful granite cliffs on the west, with their peaks and chasms lined with sea fowl — the coloring wonderful — pink gray granite, with bright yellow lichen spots, purple heather, and fern of a peculiar dark glowing green. You wanted no trees; the beauty of their rich forms and simple green was quite replaced by the gorgeous brilliance of the hues. And beyond and around all, the illimitable Atlantic — not green — but an intense sapphirine black-blue, such as it never is inshore, and so clear, that every rock and patch of sea-weed showed plain four hundred

feet below us, through the purple veil of water. Then I went back to the landing cove, where shoals of mackerel were breaking up with a roar, like the voice of many waters; the cove like glass; and one huge seal rolling his black head and shoulders about in the deep water — a sight to remember for ever. Oh, that I had been a painter for that day at least! And coming away, as the sun set behind the island, great flame-colored sheets of rack flared up into the black sky from off the black line of the island top, and when the sun set the hymns began again, and we slipped on home, while every ripple off the cutter's bow fell down, and ran along the surface in flakes and sparkles of emerald fire; and then the breeze died, and we crawled under our own huge cliffs, through a *fiery sea*, among the dusky herring-boats, for whom and their nets we had to keep strict watch, and landed, still through fire, at half-past two in the morning. We had to land on the boulder stones, which average a yard high, covered with slippery sea-weed at dead low water. How we got up I don't know yet. The rocks seemed endless . . . but I did not tire myself too much to write a line to you before I got to bed, and slept till 11 A.M. I send you a little bit of dwarf centaury off the cliff above the Seal Caves, as a token. What am I to do with eight sketches of Hero and Leander, which I have been finishing very carefully, and are the best things I ever did? Shall I send them? This place is perfect — continued gray clouds night and day, just the same warmth. The air like a hot scented air-bath. But it all seems a dream, unreal as well as imperfect, without you. . . . Kiss the darling children for me. How I long after them and their prattle. I delight in all the little ones in the street for their sake, and continually I start and fancy I hear their voices outside. You do not know how I love them; nor did I hardly till I came here. After all, absence quickens love into consciousness."

TORRIDGE MOORS. — "I have been fishing the Torridge

to-day. Caught 1½ dozen — very bright sun, which was against me. Tennyson was down here last year, and walked in on Hawker, the West Country Poet, to collect Arthur legends. I feel quite lonely, and long to be home. And these moors are very desolate, from ignorance and neglect only, for they might be made as fine land as the carse of Berwick and the Lothians. When will men see that God's laws are their interest? Talk of mankind being ruled by self-interest! Juggling fiend. It is its own bane. None are so blind to their own interest as the selfish. Witness the Torridge Moors. . . ."

CLOVELLY: *August* 16. — "I. I tel' you that I am happy outwardly, you must not suppose that I am not just as lonely as you at heart. . . . All the pleasure of perfect rest, and I am in perfect rest, and in a new-old and lovely place, does not take off the edge of my solitude. Already I feel it — how much more a month hence! . . . The weather has been too stormy for trawling, but I have got a few nice shells. . . Last night I gave a tea-party with cream and your cake, to my landlady and Mr. and Mrs. Wimble, and we all agreed we only wanted you and my mother: as it was we were very merry, and finished with prayers. My landlady is an extraordinary woman, a face and figure as of a queen, but all thought, sensibility and excitement; a great '*dévote*' and a true Christian; between grief and religion she has learned a blessed lesson. Old Wim. potters in, like an old gray-headed Newfoundland dog, about three times a day to look after me. And I sit on the window seat and watch the wonderful coloring of the bay spread like a map below me, and just think of nothing but——home. To-day I am going out in one of the large herring-boats; there is plenty of wind, and the herrings and mackerel are coming in. Tell Rose I will write her a letter, and thank her very much for hers. Say I am so pleased to hear she is a good girl. . . .

". . . Saturday I start. I am quite in spirits at the

notion of the moor. It will give me continual excitement; it is quite new to me — and I am well enough now to walk in moderation. I am doing you a set more drawings — still better I hope. 'The Artist's Wife,' seven or eight sketches of Claude Mellot and Sabina, two of my most darling ideals, with a scrap of conversation annexed to each, just embodying my dreams about married love and its relation to art. . . ."

CLOVELLY. — "This place," he writes to his mother, "seems more beautiful than of old. Contrary to one's usual experience in visiting old scenes, the hills are higher, the vegetation more luxuriant, the coloring richer than I had fancied. I sail a great deal; the difficulty is, only to make the people take any money. I am kept in fish, gratis, by half the town; and at every door there are daily inquiries, loving and hearty, after you and my father. How these people love you both! . . . Happy and idle, I do not know how to get through the day, strange to say! It is too rough for trawling to-day, and too wet for entomologizing. So I do nothing but smell the woods, and chat with W. Many thanks for frightening me away from America. This is the place. The wounded bird goes to the nest. . . . I felt a new life, a renewing my youth like the eagle's, the day after I got here. The very smell of W.'s house is a fragrance (spiritually not physically) from the fairy gardens of childhood."

August 17. — "I am doing nothing," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, "but fish, sail, chat with old sailor and Wesleyan cronies, and read, by way of a nice mixture, Rabelais, Pierre Leroux [on Christianity and Democracy], and Ruskin. The second is indeed a blessed dawn. The third, a noble, manful, godly book, a blessed dawn too: but I cannot talk about them; I am as stupid as a porpoise, and I lie in the window, and smoke and watch the glorious cloud-phantasmagoria, infinite in color and form, crawling across the vast bay and deep woods below,

and draw little sketches of figures, and do not even dream, much less think. Blessed be God for the rest, though I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being, whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar. . . . Fools! . . ."

TO HIS WIFE

"Here I am at Chagford in a beautiful old mullioned and gabled 'perpendicular' inn — granite and syenite everywhere — my windows looking out on the old churchyard, and beyond, a wilderness of lovely hills and woods — two miles from the moor — fresh air and health everywhere. I went up into the moor yesterday, and killed a dish of fish. Stay here for three days, and then move to Holne. Then home! home! home! How I thirst for it."

September 4. — "Starting out to fish down to Drew's Teignton — the old Druids' sacred place, to see Logan stones and cromlechs. Yesterday was the most charming *solitary* day I ever spent in my life — scenery more lovely than tongue can tell. It brought out of me the following bit of oetry, with many happy tears:

"I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

"I cannot tell what ye say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

"I cannot tell what ye say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know in you too, a spirit doth live,
And a word in you this day."

The Word's Answer

"Oh, rose is the color of love and youth,
And green is the color of faith and truth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
The earth is fruitful, and faithful, and young,
And her bridal morn shall rise ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams,
And the laughing green-woods say!"

Two Bridges. — "Got on the Teign about three miles up, and tracked it into the moor. About two miles in the moor I found myself to my delight in the ruins of an old British town, as yet, I fancy, unknown. The circular town wall, circular gardens, circular granite huts, about twenty feet in diameter, all traceable. All round was peat-bog, indicating the site of ancient forests. For you must know that of old, Dart Moor was a forest — its valleys filled with alder and hazel, its hillsides clothed with birch, oak, and 'care,' mountain ash. But these, like the Irish, were destroyed to drive out the Cymry, and also dwindled of their own accord, having exhausted the soil; and moreover, the scrub, furze, and heather which succeeded them, having been periodically burnt down for centuries, that grass for cattle may spring up. So that the hills now are covered with coarse pasture, or a peat soil, which wraps the hills round, and buries the granite rocks, and softens all the outlines till the moor looks like an enormous alternation of chalk downs and peat bogs, only that the downs are strewn with huge granite stones and capped with 'tors,' which cannot be described — only seen. I sketched two or three this afternoon for you. Well, I got to Teign head — through a boggy glen. Out of the river banks, which were deep peat, I got a piece of fossil birch bark for you. Then I climbed a vast anticlinal ridge, and seeing a great tor close by, I could not resist the temptation, and went up. Oh! what a scene! a sea of mountains all round, and in the far east wooded glens, fertile meadows, twenty miles off — far —

far below; and here and there through the rich country some spur of granite hill peeped up, each with its tor, like a huge ruined castle, on the top. Then, in the midst of a bog, on the top of the hill, I came on two splendid Druid circles, 'the gray wethers,' as I afterwards found out, five and thirty yards in diameter — stones about five feet above the bog — perhaps more still below it — evidently a sun temple in the heart of a great oak forest, now gone. I traced the bog round for miles, and the place was just one to be holy, being, I suppose, one of the loftiest woods in the moor. After that, all was down, down, down, over the lawn and through deep gorges, to the East Dart. At Port Bridge, I meant to sleep, but found myself so lively that I walked on the four miles to this place — twenty miles about, of rough mountain, and got in as fresh as a bird. The day was burning bright, so I only killed a dozen or so of fish. Every valley has its beautiful clear stream, with myriad fish among great granite boulders. To-day I walked over, after breakfast, to Cherry Brook, the best fishing on the moor — the sharp easterly wind made the fish lie like stones — and down Cherry Brook and up Dart home, and I only killed seventeen. Then, after luncheon, I sallied to Wistmen's (Wisemen's) wood — the last remaining scrap of primeval forest. But I shall write all night to tell you all I saw and felt. I send you an oak leaf from the holy trees, and a bit of moss from them — as many mosses as leaves — poor old Britons! The gray moss is from the ruins of an old Cymry house near by — a Druid may have lived in it! The whortle berry is from the top of a wonderful rock three miles on, which I have sketched. Oh, such a place! I climbed to the top. I was alone with God and the hills — the Dart winding down a thousand feet below — I could only pray. And I felt impelled to kneel on the top of the rock — it seemed the only true state to be in, in any place so primæval — so awful — which made one feel so indescribably little and puny.

And I did pray — and the Lord's Prayer too — it seemed the only thing to express one's heart in. But I will tell you all at home! . . . It is an infinite relief and rest to me to have seen even some little of the moor. I was always from a child longing for it, and now, thank God, that is fulfilled. To-morrow I walk to Holne[1] by Cator's Beam, *i.e.*, over the highest mountain on the South Moor, from which all the South Devon streams rise. Sunday I spend at Holne, and Thursday home! It seems — sometimes a day, sometimes a year since I saw you. I shall bring you home several drawings and sketches, both of figures and of the moor scenery. Kiss the darling babes for me."

TO HIS FATHER

EVERSLEY: *September*, 1849. — "I had purposed to have written to you from Holne, but being panic-struck at the increased ill-health of the parish, I hurried home where I am. What I saw of Holne more than justified your praises and drawings of it. Hazel Tor is to me the finest thing I have seen except the Upper Wye, which the whole place much resembles (I mean from Plinlimmon to Presteign). Of Benjay Tor I did not see as much as I wished. But of that kind of scenery I had seen much on the High Teign the preceding week, at Gidleigh, Drew's Teignton, which quite astonished me by its mingled lusciousness and grandeur. The distinctive and specific glory of Holne was the descent into cultivation down Holne Ridge, after four hours' awful silence and desolation from Fox Tor Mire, along the Titanic ridges of Cator's Beam, Aum Head, Peter in the Mount, and over the black bog which varies the primæval forest, the first gleam of spires, and woods, and chequered fields, first tinkle of the sheep bell, and creak of the plough, and halloo of boys, and the murmur of the hidden Dart.

[1] Mrs. Kingsley, senior, left Holne when Charles was a baby six weeks old, so that this visit was the son's introduction to his birthplace, except through sketches and descriptions. (M. K.)

I could only pray and thank God for showing me such a thing. The people, all whom I saw, were full of you, and welcomed me as your son. Two fellows in the public-house were glorying in two books which you gave them the day you left. . . . I shall be in London shortly, and shall 'tell' to you, *usque ad nauseam*. I am as well as ever I was in my life in health and spirits: quite strong and able to walk stoutly twenty miles and more a day over the bogs and the rocks. I need not say I shall be careful. Early to bed and to rise are now indeed a point of conscience with me. . . ."

And now he returned to fresh labors in his parish. He added a Sunday evening service in a cottage at some distance from the church, which was crowded. "Alton Locke" was gradually getting into shape. His reviews in "Fraser's Magazine," principally on modern Poetry and Novels, helped him to pay his curate. Cholera was once more in England, and sanitary matters absorbed him more and more. He preached three striking sermons at Eversley, on Cholera, "Who causes Pestilence?" (National Sermons.) He worked in London and the country in the crusade against dirt and bad drainage. The terrible revelations of the state of the water supply in London saddened and sickened him, and with indefatigable industry he got up statistics from Blue Books, Reports, and his own observations, for an article in the "North British Review" on the subject. An eminent London physician, speaking of the opinion of the medical profession regarding his work, says, "We all knew well your noble husband's labors in the cause of the public health, when it was too little thought of by statesmen. He led the way."

"It was this sense," said Dean Stanley, "that he was a thorough Englishman — one of yourselves, working, toiling, feeling with you and like you — that endeared him to you. Artisans and working men of London, you know how he desired, with a passionate desire, that you should have pure air, pure water, habitable dwellings, that you should be able to share the courtesies, the refinements, the elevation of citizens, and of Englishmen; and you may, therefore, trust him the more when he told you from the pulpit, and still tells you from the grave, that your homes and your lives should be no less full of moral purity and light. . . ."

TO HIS WIFE

CHELSEA: *October* 24, 1849. — "I was yesterday with George Walsh and Mansfield over the cholera districts of Bermondsey; and, oh, God! what I saw! people having no water to drink — hundreds of them — but the water of the common sewer which stagnated full of . . . dead fish, cats and dogs, under their windows. At the time the cholera was raging, Walsh saw them throwing untold horrors into the ditch, and then dipping out the water and drinking it!! Oh, entreat Mr. Warre" (a Member of Parliament) "to read the account of the place in the 'Morning Chronicle' of last week, and try every nerve to get a model lodging-house *there;* why should people spend money and time in making a plaything model parish of St. Barnabas, where there are three rich to one poor, while whole square miles of other parts of London are in the same state as two or three streets only of Upper Chelsea? And mind, these are not dirty, debauched Irish, but honest hard-working artisans. It is most pathetic, as Walsh says, it makes him literally cry — to see the poor souls' struggle for cleanliness, to see how they scrub and polish their little scrap of pavement, and then go through the house and see '*society*,' leaving at the back poisons and filth — such as would drive a lady mad, I think, with disgust in twenty-four hours. Oh, that

I had the tongue of St. James, to plead for those poor fellows! to tell what I saw myself, to stir up some rich men to go and rescue them from the tyranny of the small shopkeeping landlords, who get their rents out of the flesh and blood of these men. Talk of the horrors of 'the middle passage.' Oh, that one-tenth part of the money which has been spent in increasing, by mistaken benevolence, the cruelties of the slave-trade, had been spent in buying up these nests of typhus, consumption, and cholera, and rebuilding them into habitations fit — I do not say for civilized Englishmen — that would be too much, but for hogs even! I will say no more. Remember it is not a question of alms. It is only to get some man to take the trouble of making a profitable investment, and getting six per cent. for his money. I will put him in communication with those who know all the facts if he will help us. Twenty pounds sent to us, just to start a water-cart, and send it round at once — at once — for the people are still in these horrors, would pay itself. I can find men who will work the thing. Ludlow, Mansfield, the Campbells, will go and serve out the water with their own hands, rather than let it go on. Pray, pray, stir people up, and God will reward you. Kiss my darlings for me.

"P. S. — Do not let them wait for committee meetings and investigations; while they will be maundering about 'vested interests,' and such like, the people are dying. I start to-morrow for Oxford to see the bishop about these Bermondsey horrors. Direct to me there. The proper account of Bermondsey is in the 'Morning Chronicle' of September 24, published a month ago, and yet nothing done, or likely to be!!"

Oxford. — ". . . I saw the Bishop of Oxford yesterday. Most satisfactory interview. I am more struck with him than with any man, except Bunsen, I have seen for a long time. Also Arch-deacon M— disappointed, but interested me. Had no notion that such specimens of

humanity were still to be found walking about this nineteenth century England. But he looks a good man. How I long for your dear face and voice. . . ."

EVERSLEY: *November.* — "My friends," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, "why tarry the wheels of your water carts, why are your stand pipes truly *stand still* pipes? Why are you so confoundedly merciful and tender-hearted? Do you actually fancy that you can talk those landlords into repentance? Will men repent for being told? are men capable of repentance who will go on doing what they have been doing? and is their interest changed by the fact of your wanting them to lay on water? and do you trust the water company? You see they are trying to restrict, not to extend. You must go to the higher powers. 1st. To the Chairman of Bermondsey Improvement Commission. Now, what is this Commission? By what authority does it pretend to act? If it is one of the New Local Commissions under the Health of Towns Act it can serve nuisance notices, and make people obey them. Therefore the chairman is a twaddler, if he only talks of wanting to do what he can do if he likes. Therefore find out whether a majority of these Commissioners *will* serve nuisance notices, &c. 2. On whom. Whom does the ditch belong to? The Commissioners of Sewers or the Landlords? Find out that and tell me, and try for indicting the Commissioners of Sewers, whose names I saw painted up. Next. Just tell me what you have found out on these points, and I will write to Lord Carlisle and Lord John Russell, as the Bishop of Oxford told me, and ask for interviews. I write to Helps to-night. Lastly, have the pamphlets been sent round? People write that they will help when they know either what is the matter or how to mend it, but that no pamphlets have come to them. When I know that, I will go to Farnham and see the Bishop of Winchester. What has become of your public meeting plan? *I* am ready. Or your placards? *I* am ready to write them. Now just give me an answer,

dear boys. . . . I like Mansfield's notion of a Sanitary League. It will act like a wedge. Papers and preachments are 'as a man beholding his natural face in a glass,' &c. Still, we 'll try them; tell me my work, and I will do it with God's help. . . ."

December 30. — "I am shamed and sickened by the revelations in your article in 'Fraser's'; they were new to me except about the tailors. . . . Put by my pamphlet and write one yourself; you would do it seven times as well. I send you up the rest of the MSS.; but they are not worthy of the cause. Perhaps you might make something of them by doctoring; but I cannot speak about association; it is our only hope, but I know nothing about it, or about anything else. If I had not had the communion at church to-day, to tell me that Jesus does reign, I should have blasphemed in my heart, I think, and said the devil is king! I come up Tuesday, and will see you at your rooms. I have a wild longing to do *something*. What — God only knows. You say, 'He that believeth will not make haste;' but I think he that believeth *must* make haste. But I will do anything that anybody likes. I have no confidence in myself, or in anything but God. I am not great enough for such times, alas! . . ."

". . . Such questions as these," he says (in an article on the water supply of London) "involving not merely profits, but health, sobriety, decency, life, are to be judged of, not by the code, or in the language of the market, but of the Bible. . . . Even the hard and soft water controversy is not a mere matter of soap and tea expenditure, but of humanity and morality. . . .

"*We* may choose to look at the masses in the gross, as subjects for statistics — and of course, where possible, of profits. There is One above who knows every thirst and ache, and sorrow, and temptation of each slattern, and gin-drinker, and street boy. The day will come when He will require an account of these neglects of ours not in the gross. . . ."

To THOMAS COOPER.] — *December* 6. — ". . . I find the good cause living and growing fast — slowly enough, God knows, for all the evils which have to be removed, but wonderfully fast, considering the mountains of prejudice, selfishness, covetousness, and humbug, which it has to dig through. On one point I am a little pained and startled — I mean Mr. Cobden's Freehold Land Society speech. It seems to me that he openly avows the intention of setting up a number of small absentee proprietors, resident in towns, and holding land in the country. Now I would be just as glad to see a non-resident 40*s.* freeholder in the pillory, as a non-resident £40,000 one. And I honestly declare, that the worst cases of tyranny, of neglect of property, and high rents taken for 'manstyes,' which I see, are on these little freeholds of poor landlords, who run up houses anyhow, to make the ground pay. 'A poor man who oppresses the poor,' says Solomon, 'is like a sweeping rain that leaveth no food,' and I say, 'True!' It does seem to me that this project would thus increase one of the very evils which has pressed on the working man, and made his dwellings unfit for human habitation; and I fear, too, that the greater part of these freeholds would become the property, *not* of workmen, but small retail tradesmen — a class which, as you and I know, are a curse to the workmen. Pray enlighten me on these points. I am quite open to conviction if my fears are unfounded. . . ."

To J. M. L. — "I want to talk to you about 'Yeast,' and in doing so consolidate my own notions on it. It is not going to die, but re-appear under a different name and form, and in fresh scenes. Lancelot is to be ruined, go up to London and turn artist. In 'Yeast,' as its name implies, I have tried to show the feelings which are working in the age, in a fragmentary and turbid state. In the next part, 'The Artists,' I shall try to unravel the tangled skein, by means of conversations on art, con-

nected as they will be necessarily with the deepest questions of science, anthropology, social life, and Christianity. And looking at the art of a people as at once the very truest symbol of its faith, and a vast means for its further education, I think it a good path in which to form the mind of my hero, the man of the coming age. He, and his friend Mellot, and his cousin Luke, who has just turned Romanist, will be typical of the three great schools. Mellot of the mere classic Pagan, and of the Fourierism which seems to me to be its representative in the world of doctrines; Luke of the Puginesque Manichæan, or exclusively spiritual school; and Lancelot who tries historic painting, and finding that there is nothing to paint about, falls back on landscapes and animals, on the simple naturalism of our Landseers and Creswicks, the only living school of art as yet possible in England. He is raised above his mere faith in nature by the simple Christianity of Tregarva, at the same time that he is taught by him that true democracy which considers the beautiful the heritage of the poor as well as of the rich; and Tregarva in his turn becomes the type of English art-hating Puritanism, gradually convinced of the divine mission of art, and of its being the rightful child, not of Popery, but of Protestantism alone. Thus I think Lancelot, having grafted on his own naturalism, the Christianity of Tregarva, the classicism of Mellot, and the spiritual symbolism of Luke, ought to be in a state to become the mesothetic artist of the future, and beat each of his tutors at their own weapons, as the mesothet will always include a perfect each of the poles connected with it. But where will Argemone be all this time? You have your fears that she will be too like Lancelot: but I cannot help exhibiting in her the same restlessness and dissatisfaction with the present as in him, because I see it equally common now-a-days in both sexes, and I take it as the painful, yet most hopeful sign of the times. There will still be a true polarity (a merely

sexual one, being both ideals without any strongly marked peculiarities) between her and her lover. She will retain the virginal purity, the conscientious earnestness of will, the strong conservative ecclesiastical prejudices, which go to make the ideal Englishwoman. She will be his *complementum*, and consider on the ground of the affections, the same questions which he is examining on the ground of the intellect. She must be educating her head through her heart, he his heart through his head. She as heiress of Whitford must try all sorts of accredited methods for its improvement, and find them all fail, because unconnected with the great principles which God is manifesting in this age; and then when the lovers are at last united, and Whitford becomes their work field, he will supply her with social and anthropological principles on which to base her labors, and she will translate his theories for him into objects of passionate enthusiasm to be embodied in the charities of daily life. And so I think the two may become an ideal pair of pioneers toward the society of the future, the στοιχεῖα of which will be given in a third and last volume, to be written — when? This is a long preface. Whether I shall be able to fulfil my designs remains to be proved. Perhaps I am aiming at too much, perhaps I am meddling with matters I don't understand. But if one needs must go when the devil drives, how much more when One very different from him impels one to speak at all costs? And after all, 'it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak;' and I am in no hurry, — five years will not be too long to occupy in working out the plan, and I want, when 'Yeast,' and 'the Artists' have appeared in 'Fraser's,' to take them out, work them over, and enlarge them, and then take my time over the last or *positive* volume. So ends a long letter all about myself. When will you come and see me? . . ."

"Yeast," which as yet had only appeared in the pages of "Fraser," made a deep impression at

Oxford, and from this time young men gathered more and more around him. Eversley Rectory now became a centre to inquiring spirits, and remained so to the end.

" . . . His personal power of appeal to young men," said a young London artist, who saw much of him during the last years of his life, " was very great: though, as I think, in a somewhat different direction to the one usually imagined. It was of a far more tender, strict, and refining nature than I have found it was popularly supposed to be. . . . In the first half-hour of my knowing him, I found him listening to me with as much attention and kindness as he would have given to one of his own age and attainments. I felt that whilst and whenever I was with him he gave me his *best*. If I asked him anything he would tell me the best he thought, knew, or felt. Young men know how rare this is with men of Mr. Kingsley's age and ability; and none know better than they how delightful also it is when it is met with. It commanded my love and admiration more than I could say. He always seemed content with the society he was in; because, I think, he loved and educated himself to draw out the best of everyone, to touch on the stronger and not on the weaker points; and when I was with him I always felt as much at home as if I were with one of my own college friends. . . ."

Mr. C. Kegan Paul vividly recalls his first visit to the Rectory in 1849:

" . . . The day after my arrival we dined at the Rectory. . . . We went into the study afterwards while Kingsley smoked his pipe, and the evening is one of those that stand out in my memory with peculiar vividness. I had never then, I have seldom since, heard a man talk so well. His conversational powers were very remarkable. In the first place he had, as may be easily

understood by the readers of his books, a rare command of racy and correct English, while he was so many-sided that he could take keen interest in almost any subject which attracted those about him. He had read, and read much, not only in matters which everyone ought to know, but had gone deeply into many out-of-the-way and unexpected studies. Old medicine, magic, the occult properties of plants, folk-lore, mesmerism, nooks and by-ways of history, old legends; on all these he was at home. On the habits and dispositions of animals he would talk as though he were that king in the Arabian Nights who understood the language of beasts, or at least had lived among the gypsies who loved him so well. The stammer, which in those days was so much more marked than in later years, and which was a serious discomfort to himself, was no drawback to the charm of his conversation. Rather the hesitation before some brilliant flash of words served to lend point to and intensify what he was saying; and when, as he sometimes did, he fell into a monologue, or recited a poem in his sonorous voice, the stammer left him wholly. . . . When, however, I use the word monologue, it must not be supposed that he ever monopolized the talk. He had a courteous deference for the opinions of the most insignificant person in the circle, and was even too tolerant of a bore. With all his vast powers of conversation, and ready to talk on every or any subject, he was never superficial. What he knew he knew well, and was always ready to admit the fact when he did not know. . . .

"To those who, in the years of which we speak, were constant guests at Eversley, that happy home can never be forgotten. Kingsley was in the vigor of his manhood and of his intellectual powers, was administering his parish with enthusiasm, was writing, reading, fishing, walking, preaching, talking, with a twenty-parson power, but was at the same time wholly unlike the ordinary and conventional parson. . . . His temperament was artistic and

impulsive. . . . His physical frame was powerful and wiry, his complexion dark, his eye bright and piercing. Yet he often said he did not think that his would be a long life, and the event has sadly confirmed his anticipations. . . . The picturesque bow-windowed Rectory rises to memory as it stood with all its doors and windows open on certain hot summer days, the sloping bank with its great fir-tree, the garden — a gravel sweep before the drawing-room and dining-rooms, a grass-plat before the study, hedged off from the walk — and the tall, active figure of the Rector tramping up and down one or the other. His energy made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupil, treated like his own son, was working in the dining-room; his guests perhaps lounging on the lawn, or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil; from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife, or a romp with his children. He would work himself into a sort of white heat over his book, till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down by a pipe, pacing his grass-plat in thought and with long strides. He was a great smoker, and tobacco was to him a needful sedative. He always used a long and clean clay pipe, which lurked in all sorts of unexpected places. But none was ever smoked which was in any degree foul, and when there was a vast accumulation of old pipes, they were sent back again to the kiln to be rebaked, and returned fresh and new. This gave him a striking simile, which, in 'Alton Locke,' he puts into the mouth of James Crossthwaite. 'Katie here believes in purgatory, where souls are burnt clean again, like 'bacca pipes.' When luncheon was over, and any arrears of the morning's work cleared up, a walk with Kingsley was an occasion of constant

pleasure. . . . I remember standing on the top of a hill with him when the autumn evening was fading, and one of the sun's latest rays struck a patch on the moor, bringing out a very peculiar mixture of red-brown colors. What were the precise plants which composed that patch? He hurriedly ran over the list of what he thought they were, and then set off over hedge and ditch, through bog and water-course, to verify the list he had already made. During these afternoon walks he would visit one or another of his very scattered hamlets or single cottages on the heaths. . . . Nothing was ever more real than Kingsley's parish visiting. He believed absolutely in the message he bore to the poor, and the health his ministrations conveyed to their souls, but he was at the same time a zealous sanitary reformer, and cared for their bodies also. I was with him once when he visited a sick man suffering from fever. The atmosphere of the little ground-floor bedroom was horrible, but before the Rector said a word he ran upstairs, and, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of the cottage, bored, with a large auger he had brought with him, several holes above the bed's head for ventilation. His reading in the sick room and his words were wholly free from cant. The Psalms and the Prophets, with judicious omissions, seemed to gain new meaning as he read them, and his after-words were always cheerful and hopeful. Sickness, in his eyes, seemed always to sanctify and purify. He would say, with the utmost modesty, that the patient endurance of the poor taught him, day by day, lessons which he took back again as God's message to the bed-side from which he had learnt them.

"One great element of success in his intercourse with his parishioners was his abounding humor and fun. What caused a hearty laugh was a real refreshment to him, and he had the strongest belief that laughter and humor were elements in the nature of God Himself. This abounding humor has with some its dangers. Not

so with Kingsley. No man loved a good story better than he, but there was always in what he told or what he suffered himself to hear, a good and pure moral underlying what might be coarse in expression. While he would laugh with the keenest sense of amusement at what might be simply broad, he had the most utter scorn and loathing for all that could debase and degrade. And he was the most reverent of men, though he would say things which seemed daring because people were unaccustomed to hear sacred things named without a pious snuffle. This great reverence led him to be even unjust to some of the greatest humorists. I quoted Heine one day at his table. 'Who was Heine?' asked his little daughter. 'A wicked man, my dear,' was the only answer given to her, and an implied rebuke to me.

"A day rises vividly to memory, when Kingsley remained shut up in the study during the afternoon, the door bolted, inaccessible to all interruption. The drowsy hour had come on between the lights, when it was time to dress for dinner, and talk, without the great inspirer of it, was growing disjointed and fragmentary, when he came in from the study, a paper, yet undried, in his hand, and read us the 'Lay of the Last Buccaneer,' most spirited of all his ballads. One who had been lying back in an arm-chair, known for its seductive properties as 'sleepy hollow,' roused up then, and could hardly sleep all night for the inspiring music of the words read by one of the very best readers I have ever heard. . . .

"Old and new friends came and went as he grew famous — not too strong a word for the feeling of those days — and the drawing-room evening conversations and readings, the tobacco parliaments later into the night, included many of the most remarkable persons of the day. . . . I know that those evening talks kept more than one who shared in them from Rome, and weaned more than one from vice, while others had doubts to faith removed which had long paralyzed the energy of their lives. . . ."

CHAPTER VIII

1850–1851

AGED 31–32

RESIGNS THE OFFICE OF CLERK IN ORDERS AT CHELSEA — PUPIL LIFE AT EVERSLEY — PUBLICATION OF "ALTON LOCKE" — LETTERS FROM MR. CARLYLE — WRITES FOR "CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST" — TROUBLED STATE OF THE COUNTRY — BURGLARIES — THE RECTORY ATTACKED — HEAVY CORRESPONDENCE — LETTERS ON THE ROMISH QUESTION.

"A lynx-eyed fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him; more of a hero than any modern I have seen for a long time. A singular veracity one finds in him; not in his words alone, which, however, I like much for their fine rough naïveté; but in his actions, judgments, aims; in all that he thinks, and does, and says — which indeed I have observed is the root of all greatness or real worth in human creatures, and properly the first (and also the rarest) attribute of what we call GENIUS among men."

T. CARLYLE, on Sir Charles Napier.

THE year 1850 was spent at home, in better health, with still fuller employment; for in addition to parish and writing, he had the work of teaching a private pupil, which was quite new to him. Times were bad, rates were high, ratepayers discontented, and all classes felt the pressure. The Rector felt it also, but he met it by giving the tenants back ten per cent. on their tithe payments, and thus at once and for ever he won their confidence. He had, since his marriage, held the office of Clerk in Orders in his father's parish of St. Luke's, Chelsea, which

added considerably to his income, and in those days was not considered incompatible with non-residence; but though his deputy was well paid, and he himself occasionally preached and lectured in Chelsea, he had long regarded the post as a sinecure, and decided to resign it. The loss of income must however be met, and this could only be done by his pen. It was a heavy struggle just then, with rector's poor's rates at £150 per annum, and the parish charities mainly dependent on him; but he set to work with indomitable industry, and by a gallant effort finished "Alton Locke." It was a busy winter, for the literary work was not allowed to interfere with the pupil work, or either with the parish; he got up at five every morning, and wrote till breakfast; after breakfast he worked with his pupil and at his sermons; the afternoons were devoted as usual to cottage visiting; the evenings to adult school, and superintending the fair copy of "Alton Locke" made by his wife for the press. It was the only book of which he ever had a fair copy made. His habit was thoroughly to master his subject, whether book or sermon, out in the open air, either in his garden, on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words; after which, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered a word. For many years he dictated every composition to his wife, while he paced up and down the room.

When "Alton Locke" was completed, the difficulty was to find a publisher: Messrs. Parker, who had, or thought they had, suffered in reputation for publishing "Yeast" in the pages of

"Fraser," and "Politics for the People," refused the book; and Mr. Carlyle kindly gave him an introduction to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who, on his recommendation, undertook to bring it out.

"I have written to Chapman, and you shall have his answer on Sunday. . . . But without any answer, I believe I may already assure you of a respectful welcome, and the new novel of a careful and hopeful examination from the man of books. He is sworn to secrecy too. This is all the needful to-day, — in such an unspeakable hurry as this present. And so, right glad myself to hear of a new explosion, or salvo of red-hot shot against the Devil's Dung-heap, from that particular battery. . . .

"Yours always truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

The book came out in August, and was noticed in the leading journals with scorn and severity. The best artisans, however, hailed it as a true picture of their class and circumstances, and thoughtful men and women of the higher orders appreciated its value. Mr. Martineau distinguishes it as his "noblest and most characteristic book — at once his greatest poem, and his grandest sermon, though containing, as it may, more faults, sweeping accusations, hasty conclusions, than any of his writings."

"I am quite astonished," he says himself, some months later in writing to a friend, "at the steady-going, respectable people who approve more or less of 'Alton Locke.' It was but the other night, at the Speaker's, that Sir * * * * * considered one of the safest Whig traditionists in England, gave in his adherence to the book in the kindest terms. Both the Marshals have done the same — so has Lord

Ashburton. So have, strange to say, more than one ultra-respectable High-Tory squire — so goes the world. If you do anything above party, the true-hearted ones of all parties sympathize with you. And all I want to do is, to awaken the good men of all opinions to the necessity of shaking hands and laying their heads together, and to look for the day when the bad of all parties will get their deserts, which they will, very accurately, before Mr. Carlyle's friends, 'The Powers' and 'The Destinies' have done with them. . . ."

The following is Mr. Carlyle's verdict on "Alton Locke":

CHELSEA: *October 31st*, 1850. — "It is now a great many weeks that I have been your debtor for a book which in various senses was very welcome to me. 'Alton Locke' arrived in Annandale, by post, from my wife, early in September, and was swiftly read by me, under the bright sunshine, by the sound of rushing brooks and other rural accompaniments. I believe the book is still doing duty in those parts; for I had to leave it behind me on loan, to satisfy the public demand. Forgive me, that I have not, even by a word, thanked you for this favor. Continual shifting and moving ever since, not under the best omens, has hindered me from writing almost on any subject or to any person.

"Apart from your treatment of my own poor self (on which subject let me not venture to speak at all), I found plenty to like, and be grateful for in the book: abundance, nay exuberance of generous zeal; headlong impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional sunbursts of noble insight; everywhere a certain wild intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell: these surely are good qualities, and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment! At the same time, I am bound to say, the book is definable as *crude*;

by no manner of means the best we expect of you — if you will resolutely temper your fire. But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow: so says the proverb, and now, as before, I include all duties for you under that one! 'Saunders Mackaye,' my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect; indeed I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him — his very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura. In both of your women, too, I find some grand poetic features; but neither of them is worked out into the 'Daughter of the Sun,' she might have been; indeed, nothing is worked out anywhere in comparison with 'Saunders;' and the impression is of a fervid creation still left half chaotic. That is my literary verdict, both the black of it and the white.

"Of the grand social and moral questions we will say nothing whatever at present: any time within the next two centuries, it is like, there will be enough to say about them! On the whole, you will have to persist; like a cannon-ball that is shot, you will have to go to your mark, whatever that be. I stipulate farther that you come and see me when you are at Chelsea; and that you pay no attention at all to the foolish clamor of reviewers, whether laudatory or condemnatory.

"Yours with true wishes,

"T. CARLYLE."

The writers for "Politics" about this time brought out a series of tracts, "On Christian Socialism." Among the most remarkable was "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty, by Parson Lot,"[1] exposing the sweating and slop-selling system, which was at the root of much of the distress in London and the great towns. The Tailors' Asso-

[1] Republished in the later editions of "Alton Locke"

ciation was already formed, and a shop opened in Castle Street, to which the publication of "Cheap Clothes" took many customers. The opening sentences of this tract were:

"King Ryence, says the legend of King Arthur, wore a paletot trimmed with king's beards. In the first French Revolution (so Carlyle assures us) there were at Meudon tanneries of human skins. Mammon, at once tyrant and revolutionary, follows both these noble examples—in a more respectable way, doubtless, for Mammon hates cruelty; bodily pain is his devil — the worst evil of which he, in his effeminacy, can conceive. So he shrieks benevolently when a drunken soldier is flogged; but he trims his paletots, and adorns his legs, with the flesh of men and the skins of women, with degradation, pestilence, heathendom, and despair; and then chuckles, self-complacently, over the smallness of his tailor's bills. Hypocrite! straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel! What is flogging or hanging, King Ryence's paletot, or the tanneries of Meudon, to the slavery, starvation, waste of life, year-long imprisonment in dungeons narrower and fouler than those of the Inquisition, which goes on among thousands of English clothes-makers at this day? . . . 'The man is mad,' says Mammon. . . . Yes, Mammon; mad as Paul before Festus; and for much the same reason too. Much learning has made us mad. From two articles in the *Morning Chronicle*, on the Condition of the Working Tailors, we learnt too much to leave us altogether masters of ourselves. . . ."

In August the rectory party had an addition, a young Cambridge man, arriving for three months to read for Holy Orders. It was a bold step in those days for any man to take, to read divinity with the author of "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," but after twenty-six years' ministry in

the Church, he can look back upon it without regret. With this pupil Mr. Kingsley read Strauss's "Leben Jesu;" for he considered Strauss then, as he did Comte eighteen years later, the great false prophet of the day, who must be faced and fought against by the clergy. The circulation of Strauss's "Life of Christ," which had been recently translated into English, and the spread of infidel opinions among the working classes, gave him grave anxiety. A new penny periodical was projected to stem the torrent, and he writes to Mr. Ludlow:

"If you will join me in a speculation to get the thing started, I will run the chance of pecuniary loss, and work myself to the bone to resuscitate 'Politics for the People,' in a new form. . . .

"Lees and I are just going to begin Strauss, and I *will* write some sort of answer to him, if God gives me grace. . . . Oh! do not fancy that I am not perplexed — 'cast down, yet not in despair.' — No; Christ reigns, as Luther used to say, Christ reigns — and therefore I will not fear, 'though the mountains be removed (and I with them) and cast into the midst of the sea.' . . ."

". . . But there is something which weighs awfully on my mind, — the first number of Cooper's Journal, which he sent me the other day. Here is a man of immense influence, openly preaching Straussism to the workmen, and in a fair, honest, manly way, which must tell. Who will answer him? Who will answer Strauss? Who will denounce Strauss as a vile aristocrat, robbing the poor man of his Saviour — of the ground of all democracy, all freedom, all association — of the Charter itself? *Oh si mihi centum voces et ferrea lingua.* Think about *that* — talk to Maurice about that. To me it is awfully pressing. If the priests of the Lord are wanting to the cause now? — woe to us! . . . Don't fire at me about smoking. I

do it, because it does me good, and I could not (for I have tried again and again) do without it. I smoke the very cheapest tobacco. In the meantime I am keeping no horse — a most real self-sacrifice to me. But if I did, I should have so much the less to give to the poor. God knows all about that, John Ludlow, and about other things too. . . . As for the ubjects (for the periodical). It seems to me that, to spread the paper, you must touch the workman at all his points of interest. First and foremost at Association; but also at political rights as grounded both on the Christian idea of the Church and on the historic facts of the Anglo-Saxon race; then National Education, Sanitary and Dwelling-house Reform, the Free Sale of Land, and corresponding Reform of the Land-Laws, moral improvement of the Family relation, public places of Recreation (on which point I am very earnest); and I think a set of hints from History, and sayings of great men, of which last I have been picking up from Demosthenes, Plato, &c. . . .

". . . Boyne-water day to-day ! ! ! glorious day — and what Psalms this morning (13th) ! *Omen accipio lubens !*"

. . . . . .

". . . Your letter makes me very sad. I cannot abide the notion of Branch Churches or Free (Sect) Churches. So help me God, unless my whole train of thought alters, I will resist the temptation as coming from the devil. Where I am, I am doing God's work, and when the Church is ripe for more, the Head of the Church will put the means in our way. You seem to fancy that we have a '*Deus quidam Deceptor*' over us after all. If I did, I 'd go and blow my dirty brains out, and be rid of the whole thing at once, I would indeed. If God, when people ask Him to teach and guide them, does not — if, when they confess themselves rogues and fools to Him, and beg Him to make them honest and wise, He does not, but darkens them and deludes them into bogs and pitfalls — is He a father? You fall back on Judaism, friend.

"I shall write a Labor Conference Tract forthwith. As for hot water with the tailors — tell Cooper, no hot water, no tea. . . . I had rather work in harness. *You tell me* what you want weekly, and you shall have it; else I shall have twenty irons in the fire at once, and none of them hot. I tell you, you or some one must act as my commanding officer in this. I have too much autocracy already to be bothered with autocracy in this too. Either I *must be king* of this paper, which I can't and would n't be, or I must be an under-strapper, and set the example of obedience."

During the autumn of 1850 the state of the country was ominous. In his own parish there was still low fever, and a general depression prevailed. Work was slack, and as winter approached gangs of housebreakers and men who preferred begging and robbery to the workhouse, wandered about Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex. No house was secure. Mr. Hollest, the rector of Frimley,[1] was murdered in his own garden while pursuing burglars; and the little rectory at Eversley, which had never hitherto needed protection, and had scarcely a strong lock on its doors, was armed with bolts and bars, fortunately before it too was attempted by the same gang. The Rector slept with loaded pistols by his bedside, and policemen from Winchester watched in and about the quiet garden by night. The future of England looked dark, and he writes to Mr. Maurice:

"My dearest Master, — I hear you are come home. If so, for God's sake come down and see me, if but for a day. I have more doubts, perplexities, hopes, and

[1] About eight miles from Eversley. (M. K.)

fears to pour out to you than I could utter in a week, and to the rest of our friends I cannot open. You comprehend me; you are bigger than I. Come down and tell me what to think and do, and let Fanny as well as me, have the delight of seeing your face again. I would come to you, but I have two pupils, and business besides, and also don't know when and how to catch you. The truth is, I feel we are all going on in the dark, toward something wonderful and awful, but whether to a precipice or a paradise, or neither, or both, I cannot tell. All my old roots are tearing up one by one, and though I keep a gallant 'front' before the Charlotte Street people (Council of Association), little they know of the struggles within me, the laziness, the terror. Pray for me; I could lie down and cry at times. A poor fool of a fellow, and yet feeling thrust upon all sorts of great and unspeakable paths, instead of being left in peace to classify butterflies and catch trout. If it were not for the Psalms and Prophets, and the Gospels, I should turn tail, and flee shamefully, giving up the whole question, and all others, as *ægri somnia*."

. . . . . .

"Jeremiah is my favorite book now. It has taught me more than tongue can tell. But I am much disheartened, and am minded to speak no more words in this name (Parson Lot). Yet all these bullyings teach one, correct one, warn one, show one that God is not leaving one to go one's own way. 'Christ reigns,' quoth Luther."

To J. Lees, Esq.: *December* 4. — ". . . We have commenced night schools, and a weekly lecture on English history, which I started last night with twenty hearers, on the Saxon conquest, and I hope made the agricultural eyes open once or twice, by showing that they did not grow out of the earth originally, like beetles, but came from somewhere else, and might probably have to go somewhere else, and make room for their betters, if they

continued so like beetles, human manure-carriers, and hole-grubbers, much longer. The weather has been trying its hand at everything. Frantic gales, frantic frosts, now frantic mists. I go to Bramshill cottage lecture to-night, and expect to finish in a ditch — but this rain has made it soft lying, so that is of no consequence. The Doctor is, as you may suppose, Wiseman-foolish; so, for that matter, are his betters. The dear 'Times' is making strong play on the papal aggressions; and on the whole the fool-crop seems as good this year as last. The 'Christian Socialist' sells about 1500, and is spreading; but not having been yet cursed by any periodical, I fear it is doing no good. Pray let us hear from you again. You will see a letter of mine in last week's 'Spectator,' 'Evidence against the Universities.' Don't say who wrote it: I have quite enough dogs barking at me already. . . . I wish I was in bed, which, after all, is the only place of rest on earth for a parson. . . ."

His correspondence increased year by year, as each fresh book touched and stirred fresh hearts. Officers, both in the army and navy — all strangers — would write; one to ask his opinion about duelling; another to beg him to recommend or write a rational form of family prayer for camp or hut; another for suitable prayers to be used on board ship in her Majesty's navy; others on more delicate social points of conscience and conduct, which the writers would confide to no other clergyman; and all to thank him for his books. The sceptic dared tell him of his doubts; the profligate of his fall; young men brought up to go into Holy Orders, but filled with misgivings about the Articles, the Creeds, and, more than all, the question of endless punishment, would pour out all their difficulties to him; and many a noble spirit now

working in the Church of England would never have taken orders but for Charles Kingsley.

To this, Mr. Boyle, Vicar of Kidderminster, alludes, in speaking of "some inestimable letters, on orders," and the duties of clergymen, which were lent and lost.

"Some years later," he adds, "I ventured to recall myself to him in a time of great perplexity, as to inspiration and the work of the ministry, and no casuist could ever have entered into the doubts and difficulties of one anxious to work and yet shrinking from unfaith, more lovingly than he did. It has always been to me a very deep regret that we met so seldom, for I felt what J. C. Hare says somewhere of Arnold, that to talk with him was like stepping out of the odors of an Italian Church to the air and breath of a heathery moor. One sentence in one letter is graven on my mind. 'You dislike the tone of officiality of the clergy now. When you have been eighteen years in orders you will detest it. But is that a reason for skulking from the war which all men should wage, but which Christ's servants can do better than others? It is a comfort often to feel there is one little spot, the parish, to which one's thoughts and prayers are for ever turning.' . . ."

In the religious world the Anglican question occupied one large section of the Church, and the tide set Romewards. Clergymen wrote to ask him to advise them how to save members of their flock from Popery; mothers to beg him to try and rescue their daughters from the influence of Protestant confessors; while women hovering between Rome and Anglicanism, between the attractions of a nunnery and the monotonous duties of family life, laid their difficulties before the author of the "Saint's Tragedy;" and he who

shrank on principle from the office of father-confessor had the work thrust upon him by numbers whom he dared not refuse to help, but whom he never met face to face in this world.

The labor was severe to one who felt the responsibility of giving counsel, as intensely as he did; and those only who saw the mass of letters on his study table knew what the weight of such a correspondence must be to a man of his powerful sympathies, who had in addition sermons to prepare, books to write, a parish to work, and a pupil to teach. But his iron energy, coupled with a deep conscientiousness, enabled him to get through it. "One more thing done," he would say, "thank God," as each letter was written, each chapter of a book or page of a sermon dictated to his wife; "and oh! how blessed it will be when it is all over, to lie down together in that dear churchyard."

The following extracts from some letters to a country rector, personally unknown to him, who wrote to consult him about social politics and the Romish question, are placed together, though written at intervals:

EVERSLEY: *January* 13, 1851. — "I will answer your most interesting letter as shortly as I can, and, if possible, in the same spirit of honesty as that in which you have written to me. 1st. I do not think the cry 'get on,' to be anything but a devil's cry. The moral of my book ['Alton Locke'] is, that the working man who tries to get on, to desert his class and rise above it, enters into a lie, and leaves God's path for his own — with consequences.

"2nd. I believe that a man might be, as a tailor or a costermonger, every inch of him a saint and scholar, and

a gentleman, for I have seen some few such already. I believe hundreds of thousands more would be so, if their businesses were put on a Christian footing, and themselves given by education, sanitary reforms, &c., the means of developing their own latent capabilities. I think the cry, 'rise in life,' has been excited by the very increasing impossibility of being anything but brutes while they struggle below. I know well what is doing in the way of education, &c., but I do assert that the disease of degradation has been for the last forty years increasing faster than the remedy. And I believe, from experience, that when you put workmen into human dwellings, and give them a Christian education, so far from wishing discontentedly to rise out of their class, or to level others to it, exactly the opposite takes place. They become sensible of the dignity of work, and they begin to see their labor as a true calling in God's church, now that it is cleared from the *ace dentia* which made it look in their eyes, only a soulless drudgery in a devil's workshop of a world.

"3rd. From the advertisement of an 'English Republic' you send, I can guess who will be the writers in it, being behind the scenes. It will come to nought; everything of this kind is coming to nought now. The workmen are tired of idols; ready and yearning for the church and gospel. . . . We live in a great crisis, and the Lord requires great things of us. The fields are white to harvest. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers.

"4th. As to the capacities of working men, I am afraid that your excellent friend will find that he has only the refuse of working intellects to form his induction on. The devil has got the best long ago. By the neglect of the Church, by her dealing (like the Popish church, and all weak churches) only with women, children, and beggars, the cream and pith of working intellect is almost exclusively self-educated, and therefore, alas! infidel. If

he goes on as he is doing, lecturing on history, poetry, science, and all things which the workmen crave for, and can only get from such men as * * * and * * * mixed up with Straussism and infidelity, he will find that he will draw back to his Lord's fold, and to his lecture-rooms, slowly, but surely, men whose powers would astonish him, as they have astonished me.

"5th. The workmen whose quarrels you mention, are not Christians, or socialists either. They are of all creeds and none. We are teaching them to become Christians by teaching them gradually that true socialism, true liberty, brotherhood, and true equality (not the carnal, dead level equality of the communist, but the spiritual equality of the Church idea, which gives every man an equal chance of developing and using God's gifts, and rewards every man according to his work, without respect of persons) is only to be found in loyalty and obedience to Christ. They do quarrel, but if you knew how they used to quarrel before association, the improvement since would astonish you. And the French associations do not quarrel at all. . . .

"6th. May I, in reference to myself, and certain attacks on me, say, with all humility, that I do not speak from hearsay now, as has been asserted. . . . From my cradle, as the son of an active clergyman, I have been brought up in the most familiar intercourse with the poor in town and country. My mother is a second Mrs. Fry, in spirit and act. For fourteen years my father has been the rector of a very large metropolitan parish — and I speak what I know, and testify that which I have seen. With earnest prayer, in fear and trembling, I wrote my book, and I trust in Him to whom I prayed, that He has not left me to my own prejudices or idols, on any important point relating to the state of the possibilities of the poor for whom He died. . . ."

January 26, 1851. — ". . . In * * *, and in all that school, there is an element of foppery — even in dress and

manner; a fastidious, maundering, die-away effeminacy, which is mistaken for purity and refinement; and I confess myself unable to cope with it, so alluring is it to the minds of an effeminate and luxurious aristocracy; neither educated in all that should teach them to distinguish between bad and good taste, healthy and unhealthy philosophy or devotion. I never attempted but once to rescue a woman out of ——'s hands, and then I failed utterly and completely. I could not pamper her fancies as he could; for I could not bid her be more than a woman, but only to be a woman. I could not promise a safe and easy royal road to lily crowns, and palms of virginity, and the especial coronet of saints. I have nothing especial to offer anyone, except especial sorrow and trouble, if they wish to try to do especial good. I wish for no reward, no blessing, no name, no grace, but what is equally the heritage of potboys and navvies, and which they can realize and enjoy just as deeply as I can, while they remain potboys and navvies, and right jolly ones too. Now this whole school (though there is very much noble and good in it, and they have re-called men's minds — I am sure they have mine — to a great deal of catholic and apostolic truth which we are now forgetting) is an aristocratic movement in the fullest and most carnal sense. . . ."

". . . This road, then, as a fact, leads Romewards. Now do you wish me to say to your friend what I think? Do you wish me to ask her the questions I must ask, or speak no word to her? . . . 'I want proof whether you really believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. If you do not — if you only *believe in believing in them*, if you believe that they are present only in some Church or system; or ought to be present there, and may be put back again there, by art and man's device, by more rigid creeds, and formulæ, more churchgoings, more mediæval architecture, more outward ceremonies, or more private prayers, &c., &c., and religious

acts of the members: if you believe that God used to guide the world, or one nation of it, in the Jews' time: if you believe that God takes care of Episcopal churches, and the devil has the rest of the world to himself: if you believe that God takes care of souls, and not of bodies also; of Churches, and not of States also; of ecclesiastical events, and not of political and scientific ones also; of saints, and not of sinners also; of spiritual matters, and not of crops and trades and handicrafts also — then I cannot, cannot say that you believe in the creeds or the sacraments, or those of whose Eternal being, presence and power they witness. Madam,' I would say, 'if you really believe the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and the Sacraments, and the witness of the Priesthood: if you really believe that you have a Father in heaven, in any real sense of that king of words, *Father:* if you believe that He who died on the Cross for you, and for your children, and for the whole earth, is really now King and Lord of the Universe, King and Lord of England, and of your property, and of your body and mind and spirit: if you really believe that the Holy Spirit proceeds from Him as well as from His Father and your Father, and that He and your Father are ONE: — why should you go to Rome? Did God make Rome and not England? He has chosen to teach Rome one way and England another. He has chosen to make you an English woman, a member of the Church of England, English in education, character, brain, feelings, duties: you cannot unmake yourself. You are already a member of that Spiritual One body, called the English nation: you cannot make yourself anything else. A child cannot choose its own mother: the fact of your being born in a certain faith and certain circumstances, ought to be to you a plain proof, if you believe in a Living Father at all, that that faith and those circumstances are the ones by which He means to teach you, in which you are to work. You may answer, What if I find the faith is

wrong? I answer, prove first that you know what the faith is! You must exhaust the meaning of the Church of England, before you have any right to prefer any other church to it. For there is always an *à priori* probability that you are right where you are, because God has put you where you are. But I am not going to rest the question on probabilities. I only ask you to pause for their sake, while you consider whether you know what the Church of England is, what God's education of England has been, and whether the one or the other are consistent with each other. I say they are. I say that the Church of England is wonderfully and mysteriously fitted for the souls of a free Norse-Saxon race; for men whose ancestors fought by the side of Odin, over whom a descendant of Odin now rules. And I say that the element which you have partially introduced, and to drown yourself in which you must go to Rome, is a foreign element, unsuited to Englishmen, and to God's purposes with England. How far it may be the best for the Italian or Spanish spirit I cannot judge. I can only believe that if they had been capable of anything higher, God would have given them something higher. And if you ask me, why I think we are capable of something higher, I say, because the highest idea of man is to know his Father, and look his Father in the face, in full assurance of faith and love; and that out of that springs all manful energy, self-respect, all self-restraint, all that the true Englishman has, and the Greek and Spaniard have not. And I say this is what that inspired demagogue, St. James, means when he speaks of "the perfect law of liberty." I say that this Protestant faith, which teaches every man to look God in the face for himself, has contributed more than anything else to develop family life, industry, freedom in England, Scotland, and Sweden: and that if anyone wishes to benefit the poor whom God has committed to their charge, they must do anything and everything rather than go to Rome—to a creed

which by substituting the Confessor for God, begins by enslaving the landlord's soul, and will infallibly teach him to enslave the souls of his tenants, make them more incapable than they are now, of independence, self-respect, self-restraint; make association and co-operation impossible to them, by substituting a Virgin Mary, who is to *nurse* them like infants, for a Father in whom they are men and brothers; and end by bringing them down to the level of the Irish or Neapolitan savage.'

"This I would say; and then I would say, 'If you are dissatisfied with the present state of the Church of England, so am I. Stay in it, then, and try to mend it. But let your emendations be consistent with the idea of the part which is yet pure. To Romanize the Church is not to reform it. To unprotestantize is not to reform it. Therefore take care that the very parts in the Prayer Book which you would alter, be not just the really Catholic and Apostolic parts; that you would give, without intending it, exactly the same Sectarian and Manichæan tone to its present true catholicity which the Puritan party would, if they were allowed to tamper with the Baptismal or Ordination Service.' This I would say, if God gave me utterance and courage. . . .

"Make any use whatsoever which you chose of this letter. Mind, my dear sir, that I have been here putting the arguments themselves in strong relief. In what words it might be right to embody them, would depend upon the temper and peculiar trials and advantages of the person herself."

. . . . . .

February 5. — ". . . I am convinced of one thing more and more, by experience, that the whole question is an anthropological one. 'Define a human being,' ought to be the first query. It is thence that the point of departure, perhaps unconsciously, takes place. Perhaps I shall not bore you, if I speak a little on this point. I do not speak from book, for I have no great faith in

controversial books — they never go to the hearts of the doctrines or those who hold them. 'Measure for Measure' taught me more than oceans of anti-men polemics could have done, or pro-men either. But, to tell you the truth in private, I have been through that terrible question of 'Celibacy versus Marriage' once already in my life. And from what I have felt about it in myself, and seen others feel, I am convinced that it is the cardinal point. If you leave that fortress untaken, your other batteries are wasted. It is to religion, what the Malthusian doctrine is to political economy — the *crux in limine*, your views of which must logically influence your views of everything afterwards.

"Now there are two great views of men. One as a spirit embodied in flesh and blood, with certain relations, namely, those of father, child, husband, wife, brother, as necessary properties of his existence. No one denies that the relations of father and child are necessary, seeing that man is the son of man. About the necessity of the others there is a question with some; but not with the class of whom I speak, viz., the many, Christian as well as heathen, in all ages and countries. To them, practically, at least, *all* the relations are considered as standing on the same basis, viz., the actual constitution which God has given man, and the necessity of continuing his race.

"Those of them who are spiritually enlightened, have learnt to believe that these relations to man are the symbols of relations to God. That God is our Father. That Christ is the husband of the one collective and corporate person, called the Church. That we are brothers and sisters, in as far as we are children of the same Heavenly Father. And, finally, that these human relations are given us to teach us their divine antitypes: and therefore that it is only in proportion as we appreciate and understand the types that we can understand the antitypes. They deny that these relations are carnal, *i.e.*,

animal, in essence. They say that they are peculiar to the human race. That being human, they are spiritual, because man *quâ* man is not an animal, but a spirit embodied in an animal. Therefore they more or less clearly believe these relations to be everlasting; because man is immortal, and therefore all which pertains to his spirit (as these do) is immortal also. How these relations are to be embodied practically in the future state, they do not know: for they do not know how they themselves are to be embodied. But seeing that these relations are in this life the teachers of the highest truths, and intimately and deeply connected with their deepest and holiest feelings and acts, they believe that they will in the next life teach them still more, be still more connected with their inmost spirits, and therefore have a more perfect development and fulfilment, and be the forms of a still more intimate union with the beloved objects, whom they now feel and know to be absolutely parts of themselves. This I hold to be the Creed of the Bible, both of the Old Testament and the New. And if any passages in the New Testament seem to militate against it, I think that they only do so from our reading our popular Manichæism or gnosticism into them; or from our not seeing that the Old Testament doctrine of the absolute and everlasting humanity, and therefore sanctity, of these relations is to be taken for granted in the New Testament as an acknowledged substratum to all further teaching.

"The second class, who have been found in large numbers, principally among the upper classes, both among Christians and heathens at various eras of the world, hold an entirely different anthropology. In their eyes man is not a spirit necessarily embodied in, and expressed by an animal; but a spirit accidentally connected with, and burdened by an animal. The animal part of them only is supposed to be human, the spiritual, angelic or diabolic, as the case may be. The relations

of life are supposed to be properties only of the animal part, or rather adjuncts of them. The ideal of man, therefore, is to deny, not himself, but the animal part which is not himself, and to strive after a non-human or angelic state. And this angelic state is supposed, of course, to be single and self-sustained, without relations, except to God alone; a theory grounded first on the belief of the Easterns and Alexandrians, and next, on the supposed meaning of an expression of our Lord's in Mark xii. 25. Now this may be a true anthropology, but I object to it, *in limine*, that it denies its own ground. If, as all will allow, we can only know our relations to God through our relations to each other, the more we abjure and despise those latter relations, the less we shall know of the former, the less ground we shall have for believing that they are our relations to God; and therefore, in practice, the less we shall believe that they are. It has been said that to be alone only means to have nothing between us and heaven. It may mean that, but it will also mean to ignore God as our Father, men as our brothers, Christ as the Bridegroom of the Church.

"That this is the case is evident from history; and history is a fair test. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' A fair test of doctrines, though not of individuals. Every man is better and worse than his creed. Even the most heretical are happily inconsistent (as I believe, because the light which lighteth every man, the eternal idea of pure humanity, which is the image of the Lord God, is too strong for them, and makes their acts more right — because more human — than their theories). But we may judge of the truth of a doctrine both from its fruits in the general faith and practice of an age, and from its manifestations in those stronger souls who dare carry things consistently out wherever they may lead them.

"Now this anthropology was held and carried out by the Neo-Platonists, by Plotinus, Libanius, Hypatia, Isi-

dore, Proclus, and others, and we know whither it led them. To aristocratic exclusiveness; to absolute hatred of anything which looked like a gospel for the merely human masses; to the worship of the pure and absolute intellect, and the confusion of it with the understanding; to the grossest polytheism, and image worship, as a means of supplying that void which they themselves had made, by trying to have nothing between themselves and heaven! To theurgy, and all such sorts of spasmodic attempts at miracle-working, in order to give themselves, when they had thrown away the evidence and teaching which they thought gross and material, some sort of evidence and teaching, any mere signs and wonders to assure their exhausted faculties, tired of fluttering in the vacuum of 'pure devotion,' that the whole was not a dream; and finally — utter skepticism. I appeal to history whether my account is not correct. And I appeal also to history whether exactly the same phases, in exactly the same order, but with far more fearful power, did not develop themselves in the mediæval Church, between the eleventh and sixteenth century, ending in the lie of lies — the formulized and organized skepticism of Jesuitry. And I do assert, that the cause of that development was the same in both — the peculiar anthropologic theory which made an angel the ideal of a man, and therefore celibacy his highest state. I only ask you to read carefully the life of St. Francis of Assisi, in old Surius, and you will, as I do, love, reverence, and all but adore the man; but you will see that all which made him unmanly, superstitious, and everything which we abhor, sprang evidently, and in his case (being a genius) consciously, from his notion of what a man was, and what he ought to be. And from these grounds I venture a prediction or two. God knows I have seen enough of all this to see somewhat at least where it leads. For several years of my life it was the question which I felt I must either conquer utterly or turn papist and monk. If I give you

some little light, I can assure you I bought it dear. I, too, have held, one by one, every doctrine of the extreme High Church party, and faced their consequences.

"It does seem to me, then, that if that party persist in their adoption of the Romish and Neo-Platonist anthropology, they must, at least the most noble spirits of them, follow it out to the same conclusions. There will be a lessening sense of God as a Father — or of that word Father meaning anything real — till we shall see, as we do in Romish books of devotion, and in Romish practice, the Fatherhood of God utterly forgotten, and the prayer which declares it turned into a parrot-like charm — as if for the very purpose of *not* recollecting its blessed news. And in proportion as their own feelings towards their children become less sacred in their eyes, they will be less inclined to impute such feelings in God towards them; they will not be able to conceive forgiveness, forbearance, tender patience and care on His part, and will receive the spirit of bondage again unto fear. In proportion as they think their relation to their own children is not an absolute and eternal one, they will find a difficulty in conceiving their relation to God to be so. They will conceive it possible to lose the blessing even of the name of God's children. They will resort to prayers and terrors to recover a lost relationship to God, which, if their own children employed towards them, they would consider absurd in reason, and insulting to parental love. Do I say they will? Alas! may I not say they do so already?

"Then there will be an increasing confusion about our Blessed Lord. They will, thanks be to His Spirit, and the grace of the sacraments, which are never in vain, still regard Him as the ideal of humanity. But they will only see as much of that ideal as their sense of the term humanity allows them. It will be, therefore, those passages of our Lord's life, those features of His temporary stay on earth, which seem most *angelic*, or non-human,

which will be most prized. In all in which He approaches the Romish saint, they will apprehend and appreciate Him. But they will not appreciate Him as the Word who said to Adam and Eve, 'Increase and multiply and replenish the earth;' as the tutelary God of the patriarchs, with their rich animal life; as the Lord of the marrying, farming, fighting Jews, with their intense perception of the sanctity of family, hereditary and national ties, and the dependence of those on the very essence of the Lord; as the Lord of Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar, the Lord of all the nations of the earth, who is the example and the sanction, the ideal fulfiller, not merely of the devotee, but of every phase of humanity. They will less and less appreciate the gospel of 'Husbands love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.' Not that they will not hold the doctrine of the Blessed One being the Bridegroom. But having forgotten what a bridegroom means, they will not shrink with horror from calling Him the 'Bridegroom of each individual soul' — an unscriptural and illogical doctrine (I will not use the words which I might about it, for the sake of His name which it involves) — common to mystics, both Romish and Puritan, the last phase of which may be seen in Frank Newman's Unitarian book, 'The soul, *her* sorrows and aspirations!' You are as well aware as I, that the soul is talked of as a bride — as feminine by nature, whatever be the sex of its possessor. This is indeed only another form of the desire to be an angel. For if you analyze the common conception of an angel, what is it, as the pictures consistently enough represent it, but a woman, unsexed?

"But in the mean time, there will be revulsions from the passionate, amatory language which mystics apply to our Lord, as irreverent, if not worse. There will be recollections that He is Lord and God. The distance between His angelic, and therefore incomprehensible humanity, and the poor, simple, struggling, earth-bound

soul of the worshipper, already painful enough, will widen more and more, till He becomes the tremendous Judge of Michael Angelo's picture — not a God-man, but a God-angel — terrible thought — 'Who shall propitiate Him — the saintly, the spotless, the impassible? He would feel for us if He could comprehend us, for He loved us to the death; but how can He comprehend us, poor mean creatures? How dare we tell Him the meannesses we hardly dare confess to ourselves? Oh! for some tender ear, into which we should not be ashamed to pour our tale. One like us in all things — of like passions with ourselves. It must be a woman. We so weak and woman-like — we who call our souls "she," we dare not tell man — at least till he is unsexed by celibacy; for even the priest is cold, is uncertain, is sinful like ourselves. Oh! for a virgin mother, in whose face we should never see anything but a pitying smile!'

"'Go to the blessed Virgin,' said a Romish priest, to a lady whom I love well. 'She, you know, is a woman, and can understand all a woman's feelings.' Ah! thought I, if your head had once rested on a lover's bosom, and your heart known the mighty stay of a man's affection, you would have learnt to go now in your sore need, not to the mother but to the Son — not to the indulgent virgin, but to the strong *man*, Christ Jesus — stern because loving — who does not shrink from punishing, and yet does it as a man would do it, '*mighty* to save.'

"My dear sir, there is the course which that party must run — to Mariolatry; and the noblest and tenderest hearts of them will plunge most deeply, passionately, and idolatrously into it. Not that they will find it sufficient. They, too, will have to eke out the *human* mediation which the soul of man requires, by saints, and their relics. They, too, will find accesses of blank doubt! . . . 'Nothing between them and heaven.' True; but heaven will in that case look far, far off at times. There must be 'signs,' 'evidences,' 'palpable proofs' of some-

thing invisible and spiritual. If their children, their parents, their country are none — perhaps images may be, or still better, miracles, if one would but appear! 'The course of nature does not testify of God.' Then something supernatural may. 'The laws of nature are not the pure eternal children of the pure eternal Father.' 'Oh! for something to break them — to show that there is something besides ourselves, and our own handiwork, in the universe.' 'Oh! for an ecstatica, a weeping image, a bleeding picture!' . . . God help them — and us! . . ."

CHAPTER IX

1851

AGED 32

LETTERS ON UNIVERSITY REFORM — BEGINNINGS OF "HYPATIA" — PERSONAL TENDENCIES — WORK AND RECREATION — TEETOTALISM — OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION — INFLUENCE OF "YEAST" — LECTURE ON AGRICULTURE — OCCURRENCE IN A LONDON CHURCH — VISIT TO GERMANY — LETTER FROM MR. JOHN MARTINEAU.

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
Can touch him not, and torture not again;
He is secure! and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain."

SHELLEY.

"We should be wary what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men; how we spill the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be committed, sometimes a martyrdom."

MILTON.

THE year of the Great Exhibition, which began with distress and discontent in England, and ended with a Revolution in Paris, was a notable one in the life of Charles Kingsley. His parochial work was only varied by the addition of new plans of draining the parish at the points where low fever had prevailed. He occasionally attended the conferences of the promoters of association. He crossed the Channel for the first time. His friendship and correspondence with

Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, and with Miss Mitford, date from this year. "Yeast, a Problem," was reprinted and came out in a volume anonymously. "Hypatia" was begun as a serial in "Fraser's Magazine." "Santa Maura" and several shorter poems were written. He contributed to the "Christian Socialist" eight papers on "Bible Politics, or God justified to the People," four on the "Frimley Murder," three entitled "The Long Game," a few ballads and sonnets, and the story of "The Nun's Pool," which had been rejected in 1848 by the publishers of "Politics." He preached two sermons in London, one of which made him notorious. He carried on a correspondence in the "Spectator," on the state of the Universities, urging the necessity of a Commission, &c., &c., which made him many enemies and plunged him into a fresh sea of private letters.

"As to the temper and tone of what I wrote," he writes, to a fellow of Trinity, "whereon folks are fierce, I have nothing to say, but that, if half my theory was true, it would excuse my writing passionately. . . . I expected to be reviled. . . . Only I believe an old superstition, that things are either right or wrong, and that right means what God commands, and loves, and blesses; and wrong what He forbids and hates, and makes a curse and a road of ruin to those who follow it; and therefore no language is too strong to warn men from the road to ruin, because you cannot tell into what fearful '*descensus Averni*' it may lead them. I had a superstition that the universities were going down that descent. . . . I had hoped that some here and there would listen to me. I have no proof that none will not; but still, if such men as you think me wrong, I take it as a sign that I have

tried to pick green fruit, that the time is not come, and retire to chew the cud, and try again some day, when I know more about the matter. As for hard words, they neither make for me or against me. There never was anyone who spoke out the truth yet on the earth, who was not called a 'howling idiot' for his pains — *at first*. . . . My conclusion is, being on all points a 'superstitious man,' that God does not choose me to meddle in this matter, being not wise and good enough; that He has therefore allowed me to fall into a slight mistake of fact, [as to the influence of Strauss's books at Cambridge,] in order to cripple me, and that therefore I must mind other work for the present; whereof I have plenty. . . ."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE

EVERSLEY: *January* 16, 1851. — "A thousand thanks for all your advice and information, which encourages me to say more. I don't know how far I shall be able to write much for the 'Christian Socialist.' Don't fancy that I am either lazy or afraid. But, if I do not use my pen to the uttermost in earning my daily bread, I shall not get through this year. I am paying off the loans which I got to meet the expenses of repairing and furnishing; but, with an income reduced this year by more than £200, having given up, thank God, that sinecure clerkship, and having had to return ten per cent. of my tithes, owing to the agricultural distress, I have also this year, for the first time, the opportunity, and therefore the necessity, of supporting a good school. My available income, therefore, is less than £400. I cannot reduce my charities, and I am driven either to give up my curate, or to write; and either of these alternatives, with the increased parish work, for I have got either lectures or night school every night in the week, and three services on Sunday, will demand my whole time. What to do unless I get pupils I know not. Martineau leaves me

in June. My present notion is to write a historical romance of the beginning of the fifth century, which has been breeding in my head this two years. But how to find time I know not. And if there is a storm brewing, of course I shall have to help to fight the Philistines. Would that I had wings as a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest! I have written this selfish and egotistical letter to ask for your counsel; but I do not forget that you have your own troubles. My idea in the romance is to set forth Christianity as the only really democratic creed, and philosophy, above all, spiritualism, as the most exclusively aristocratic creed. Such has been my opinion for a long time, and what I have been reading lately confirms it more and more. Even Synesius, 'the philosophic' bishop, is an aristocrat by the side of Cyril. It seems to me that such a book might do good just now, while the Scribes and Pharisees, Christian and heathen, are saying, 'This people, which knoweth not the law, is accursed!' Of English subjects I can write no more just now. I have exhausted both my stock and my brain, and really require to rest it, by turning it to some new field, in which there is richer and more picturesque life, and the elements are less confused, or rather, may be handled more in the mass than English ones now. I have long wished to do something antique, and get out my thoughts about the connection of the old world and the new; Schiller's 'Gods of Greece' expresses, I think, a tone of feeling very common, and which finds its vent in modern Neo-Platonism — Anythingarianism. But if you think I ought not, I will not. I will obey *your* order."

The "Christian Socialist" movement had been severely attacked in the "Edinburgh" and in the "Quarterly Reviews;" in both articles Communism and Socialism were spoken of as identical, and the author of "Alton Locke" was pointed at

as the chief offender. He writes to Mr. Brimley, of Trinity:

"The article [in the 'Quarterly'] I have not seen, and don't intend to. There is no use for a hot-tempered and foul-mouthed man like myself praying not to be led into temptation, and then reading, voluntarily, attacks on himself from the firm of Wagg, Wenham, and Co. But if you think I ought to answer the attack formally, pray tell me so.

"Hypatia grows, little darling, and I am getting very fond of her; but the period is very dark, folks having been given to lying then, as well as now, besides being so blind as not to see the meaning of their own time (perhaps, though, we don't of ours), and so put down, not what we should like to know, but what they liked to remember. Nevertheless there are materials for a grand book. And if I fail in it, I may as well give up writing—perhaps the best thing for me; though, thanks to abuse-puffs, my books sell pretty steadily."

"Though" (says Mr. Hughes), "Charles Kingsley faced his adversaries bravely, it must not be inferred that he did not feel the attacks and misrepresentations very keenly.[1] In many respects, though housed in a strong and vigorous body, his spirit was an exceedingly tender and sensitive one. I have often thought that at this time his very sensitiveness drove him to say things more broadly and incisively, because he was speaking as it were somewhat against the grain, and knew that the line he was taking would be misunderstood, and would displease and alarm those with whom he had most sympathy. For he was by nature and education an aristocrat in the best sense of the word, believed that a landed aristocracy was a blessing to the country, and that no country would gain the highest liberty without such a class, holding its

[1] See Margaret to Dolcino and Dolcino to Margaret in Poems. (M. K.)

own position firmly, but in sympathy with the people. He liked their habits and ways, and keenly enjoyed their society. Again, he was full of reverence for science and scientific men, and specially for political economy and economists, and desired eagerly to stand well with them. And it was a most bitter trial to him to find himself not only in sharp antagonism with traders and employers of labor, which he looked for, but with these classes also. On the other hand, many of the views and habits of those with whom he found himself associated were very distasteful to him. In a new social movement, such as that of association as it took shape in 1849–50, there is certain to be great attraction for restless and eccentric persons, and in point of fact many such joined it. . . . 'As if we shall not be abused enough,' he used to say, 'for what we must say and do, without being saddled with mischievous nonsense of this kind.' To less sensitive men the effect of eccentricity upon him was almost comic. Many of the workmen, who always rise to the top at first, who were most prominent in the Associations were almost as little to his mind — windy inflated kind of persons, with a lot of fine phrases in their mouths which they did n't know the meaning of. But in spite of all that was distasteful to him in some of its surroundings, the co-operative movement (as it is now called) entirely approved itself to his conscience and judgment, and mastered him so that he was ready to risk whatever had to be risked in fighting its battle. Often in those days, seeing how loth Charles Kingsley was to take in hand much of the work which Parson Lot had to do, and how fearlessly and thoroughly he did it after all, one was reminded of the old Jewish prophets, such as Amos the herdsman of Tekoa, — 'I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.' "

TO T. HUGHES, ESQ.

". . . And if I had £100,000, I 'd have, and should have staked and lost it all in 1848–50. I should, Tom, for my heart was and is in it, and you 'll see it will beat yet. Still, some somedever, it 's in the fates, that association is the pure caseine, and must be eaten by the human race if it would save its soul alive. . . . I have had a sorter kinder sample day. Up at five, to see a dying man; ought to have been up at two, but Ben King, the rat-catcher, who came to call me, was taken nervous ! ! ! and did n't make row enough; was from 5.30 to 6.30 with the most dreadful case of agony — insensible to me, but not to his pain. Came home, got a wash and a pipe, and again to him at eight. Found him insensible to his own pain, with dilated pupils, dying of pressure of the brain — going any moment. Prayed the commendatory prayers over him, and started for the river with W. Fished all the morning in a roaring N.E. gale, with the dreadful agonized face between me and the river, pondering on *The* mystery. Killed eight on 'March brown,' a 'governor,' by drowning the flies, and taking 'em out gently to see if aught was there, which is the only dodge in a north-easter. 'Cause why? The water is warmer than the air — *ergo*, fishes don't like to put their noses out o' doors, and feeds at home down stairs. It is the only wrinkle, Tom. The captain fished a-top, and caught but three all day. They were n't going to catch a cold in their heads to please him or any man. Clouds burn up at 1 P.M. I put on a minnow, and kill three more; I should have had lots, but for the image of the dirty hickory stick, which would 'walk the waters like a thing of life,' just ahead of my minnow. Mem. never fish with the sun in your back; it 's bad enough with a fly, but with a minnow it 's strychnine and prussic acid. My eleven weighed together four and a-half pounds, three to the pound; not good, considering I had passed many a

two pound fish, I know. Corollary. — Brass minnow don't suit the water. Where is your wonderful minnow? Send me one down, or else a horn one, which I believes in desperate. One pounder I caught to-day on the 'March brown,' womited his wittles, which was rude, but instructive; and among worms was a gudgeon three inches long and more. Blow minnows — gudgeon is the thing. Came off the water at three. Found my man alive, and, thank God, quiet. Sat with him, and thought him going once or twice. What a mystery that long, insensible death struggle is! . . . Then had to go to Hartley Row for an Archdeacon's Sunday-school meeting — three hours speechifying. Got back at 10.30, and sit writing to you. So goes one's day. All manner of incongruous things to do, and the very incongruity keeps one beany and jolly. Your letter was delightful. I read part of it to W., who says you are the best fellow on earth, to which I agree. So no more from your sleepy and tired,

"C. KINGSLEY."

TO HIS WIFE

EVERSLEY RECTORY: *Whit Monday.* — "A most successful Club Day. Weather glorious — roasting hot. Preached them a sermon on the 2nd Lesson (1 Cor. xii.), the Church of the World. World as the selfish competitive isolating form of society — Church as the uniting one. . . . Spoke of the Millennium and the realization of the Kingdom of God — showed the intimate connection of the whole with Whitsuntide, and especially the Whit Monday services, and was greeted after church by the band striking up 'the good time coming.' I know nothing which has pleased me so much for a long time. The singing was excellent, and altogether all went charmingly. We dine with them by request."

Whit Tuesday. "I have been planting vigorously. This glorious heat makes me lively and happy in the body in spite of myself; but if a chill whiff of a cloud

comes, I feel all alone at once — a crab without his shell, a cock without his tail, a dog-fish with a nail through his nose — all are nothing in want and helplessness to my feelings. Kiss the darlings for me. Thank God only five days more alone, please God! please God!

"*Friday.* Such a ducking! such a storm! I am glad you were not at home for that only. We were up fishing on the great lake at Bramshill: the morning soft, rich, and lowering, with a low, falling glass. I have been prophesying thunder for two or three days. Perch would not bite. I went to see E. H.; and read and prayed with her. How one gets to love consumptive patients. She seems in a most happy, holy state of mind. Then I went on to L. G.; sat a long time with her, and came back to the lake — day burning, or rather melting, the country looking glorious. The day as hot without sun, as it generally is with. There appeared a black storm over Reading. I found J. had hooked a huge jack, which broke everything in a moment, and went off with all his spinning tackle. Then the storm began to work round in that mysterious way storms will, and gather from every quarter, and the wind which had been dead calm S. E., blew N. E., N., W., and lastly, as it is doing now, and always does after these explosions, S. W. And then began such a sight, and we on the island in the middle of the great lake! The lightning was close, and seemed to strike the ground near Sandhurst again and again, and the crackle and roar and spit and grumble over our heads was awful. I have not been in such a storm for four years. . . . We walked home after an hour's ducking. I am not ashamed to say that I prayed a great deal during the storm, for we were in a very dangerous place in an island under high trees; and it seemed dreadful never to see you again. I count the hours till Monday. Tell the chicks I found a real wild duck's nest on the island, full of eggs, and have brought one home to hatch it under a hen! We dined out last night, and after dinner went

bird's nesting in the garden, and found plenty. Tell Rose a bullfinch's, with eggs, and a chaffinch's, and an oxeye's, and a thrush's, and a greenfinch's; and then B. and I climbed to the top of the highest fir-tree there, to hang our hats on the top."

The opening of the Great Exhibition was a matter of deep interest to him, not only for its own sake, but for that of the great Prince who was the prime mover in the undertaking. On entering the building he was moved to tears; to him it was like going into a sacred place, not a mere show as so many felt it, and still less a gigantic shop, in which wares were displayed for the sake of selfish trade competition. The science, the art, the noble ideas of universal peace, universal brotherhood it was meant to shadow forth and encourage, excited him intensely; while the feeling that the realization of these great and noble ideas was as yet so far off, and that these achievements of physical science were mere forecastings of a great but distant future, saddened him as profoundly. Four days after the opening, in preaching at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Psalm lxviii. 18: "*When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, even for His enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them,*" he startled his hearers by contrasting the widespread unbelief of the present day, in God as the Fount of all science, all art, all the intelligence of the nation, with the simple faith of our forefathers.

"If," he said, "a thousand years ago a congregation in this place had been addressed upon the text I have chosen, they would have had little difficulty in applying its mean-

ing to themselves, and in mentioning at once the innumerable instances of those gifts which the King of men had received for men, innumerable signs that the Lord God was really dwelling among them. But among those signs, I think, they would have mentioned several which we are not now generally accustomed to consider in such a light. They would have pointed not merely to the building of churches, the founding of schools, the spread of peace, the decay of slavery, but to the importation of foreign literature, the extension of the arts of reading, writing, painting, architecture, the improvement of agriculture, and the introduction of new and more successful methods for the cure of diseases.[1] . . . If these forefathers of ours could rise from their graves this day they would be inclined to see in our hospitals, in our railroads, in the achievements of our physical science, confirmation of that old superstition of theirs, proofs of the kingdom of God, realizations of the gifts which Christ received for men, vaster than any of which they had dreamed. . . . And they would say sadly to us, 'Sons, you ought to be so near to God. He seems to have given you so much, and to have worked among you as He never worked for any nation under heaven. How is it that you give the glory to yourselves and not to Him.' . . . For do we give the glory of our great scientific discoveries to God in any real, honest, practical sense? . . . True, we keep up something of the form and tradition of the old talk about such things; we join in prayer to God to bless our Great Exhibition; but we do not believe — we do not believe, my friends — that it was God who taught men to conceive, build, and arrange this great exhibition. And this, in spite of words which were spoken by one whose office it was to speak them as the representative of the highest and most sacred personage in these realms — words which deserve to be written in letters of gold on the high places

[1] The sermon was for the Westminster Hospital. (National Sermons.)

of this city, in which he spoke of this exhibition 'as an approach to a more complete fulfilment of the great and sacred mission which man has to perform in the world,'[1] and that 'man's reason being created in the image of God, he has to discover the laws by which Almighty God governs this creation; and by making those laws the standard of his action, to conquer nature to his use, himself a divine instrument;—' when he spoke of 'thankfulness to Almighty God for what He has already *given*' as the first feeling which that Exhibition ought to excite in us; and as the second, 'the deep conviction that these blessings can only be realized in proportion to'—not, as some would have it, the rivalry of selfish competition,—but, 'in proportion to the *help* which we are prepared to render to each other; and, therefore, by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between all nations of the earth.' . . ."

Among the topics discussed in the columns of the "Christian Socialist" this year was teetotalism; and Mr. Kingsley wrote a remarkable letter, which was not inserted, treating the movement on its ascetic side. While "deeply sympathizing," he says, "with the horror of our English drunkenness that produced it, and honoring every teetotaler, as I honor every man who proves by his actions that he possesses high principle, and manful self-restraint;" yet he confesses his anxiety lest Teetotalism should grow into an eleventh commandment, and become a root of bitterness and dissociation between men who ought to love, respect, and work with each other, ending some fifty years hence, in a great socialist split between water-drinkers and beer-drinkers, each

[1] Speech of H. R. H. The Prince Consort, at the opening of the Great Exhibition.

party despising and reviling the other: and so encouraging "that subtlest of sins, spiritual pride and Pharisaism."

"The true remedies against drunkenness," he adds, "are two. First, to agitate and battle for that about which the working classes are so culpably and blindly lukewarm, — proper Sanitary Reform, which, by improving the atmosphere of their dwellings, will take away the morbid craving of their stomachs for stimulants, and render temperance easy and pleasant; and, secondly, the establishment of small associate home-breweries, in which a dozen workmen's families, for a fixed capital of three or four pounds, may brew themselves the best of malt-and-hop-ale at a far lower price (thanks to free trade), than they can buy the salt and grains of Paradise, and cocculus indicus of the scoundrel publicans, and may free themselves at once from all that wretched public-house tyranny, and neglect of their families, to which those who represent Association as too pure to consort with John Barleycorn, wish in their tender mercies to deliver them over without escape."

But while arguing against teetotalism, and for the right of the poor man to *wholesome* beer, he was for ever urging on landlords and magistrates to refuse to grant fresh licenses, above all, to withhold spirit licenses; and thus to make a stand against the demoralizing drunkenness which paralyzes the work of the clergy in town and country. He saw no hope for the future unless the number of public houses could be legally restricted by the area of the parish and the amount of population, to the lowest possible number. He urged that these should be placed under the most vigilant police superintendence; especially in outlying districts, where they are nests of poach-

ers and bad characters, and ruinous to the boys and girls who frequent them, alas! from the moment they leave school.

Early this year he republished "Yeast," with the addition of an Epilogue. It was a bold stroke, but he had counted the cost.

"Whatever obloquy," he said, "it may bring upon me, I shall think that a light price to pay, if by it I shall have helped, even in a single case, to turn the hearts of the parents to the children, and the hearts of the children to the parents, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come — as come it surely will, if we persist much longer in substituting denunciation for sympathy, instruction for education, and Pharisaism for the Good News of the Kingdom of God."

In the month of May it was reviewed anonymously in the "Guardian" by a well-known Oxford graduate, a strong partisan of the Anglican party, who brought very grave charges against the book and its writer — of "heresy," — of "encouraging profligacy, of despising doctrines consecrated by the faith of ages . . . if they tend to check the wildest speculations of the intellect, or restrain the most entire indulgence of the passions," &c. The review was so worded as to leave a general impression on the reader's mind that the book inculcated the vilest principles, and most pernicious doctrines. Mr. Kingsley had hitherto made it a rule not to answer newspaper attacks, especially those of the religious press, but these charges were beyond all precedent, and he repudiated them indignantly in the following letter:

"SIR, — Having lived for several years under the belief that the Editor of the 'Guardian' was a gentleman and a Christian, I am bound to take for granted that you have not yourself read the book called 'Yeast,' which you have allowed to be reviewed in your columns. This answer, therefore, is addressed, not to you, but to your reviewer; and I have a right to expect that you will, as an act of common fairness, insert it.

"I most thoroughly agree with the reviewer that he has not misunderstood me; on the contrary, he sees most clearly the gist of the book, as is proved by his carefully omitting any mention whatsoever of two questions connected with a character whose existence is passed over in silence, which form the very pith and moral of the whole book. I know well enough why he has ignored them; because they were the very ones which excited his wrath. But he makes certain allegations against me which I found it somewhat difficult to answer, from their very preposterousness, till, in *Pascal's Fifteenth Provincial Letter*, I fell on an argument which a certain Capuchin Father, Valerian, found successful against the Jesuits, and which seems to suit the reviewer exactly. I shall therefore proceed to apply it to the two accusations which concern me most nearly as a churchman. 1. He asserts that I say that 'it is common sense and logic to make ourselves children of God by believing that we are so when we are not.' Sir, you and your readers will hardly believe me when I tell you that this is the exact and formal opposite to what I say, that the words which he misquotes, by *leaving out the context and the note of interrogation*, occur in a scornful *reductio ad absurdum* of the very doctrine which he wantonly imputes to me, an appeal to common sense and logic *against* and not for the lie of the Genevan School. I have a right to use the word 'wantonly,' for he cannot say that he has misunderstood me; he has refused to allow me that plea, and I refuse to allow it to him. Indeed, I cannot, for the pas-

sage is as plain as daylight, no schoolboy could misunderstand it; and every friend to whom I have shown his version of it has received it with the same laughter and indignation with which I did, and felt, with me, that the only answer to be given to such dishonesty was that of Father Valerian, '*Mentiris impudentissimé.*'

"2. So with the assertion, that the book 'regards the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity as the same thing with that of the Vedus Neo-Platonists,' &c. &c.; or considers 'a certain amount of youthful profligacy as doing no real and permanent harm to the character — perhaps strengthening it — for a useful and even a religious life; and that the existence of the passions is a proof that they are to be gratified.' Sir, I shall not quote passages in disproof of these calumnies, for if I did I should have to quote half the book. I shall simply reply, with Father Valerian, '*Mentiris impudentissimé.*'

"I shall enter into no further defence of the book; I have no doubt of there being many errors and defects in it. I shall be most thankful to have them pointed out, and to correct them most patiently. But one thing I may say, to save trouble hereafter, that whosoever henceforth, either explicitly or by insinuation, says that I do not hold and believe *ex animo*, and in the simple and literal sense, all the doctrines of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of England, as embodied in her Liturgy or Articles, shall have no answer from me but Father Valerian's *Mentiris impudentissimé.*

"I am, Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

"THE AUTHOR OF 'YEAST.'"

These misrepresentations, absurd as they may seem now, as to the tendency of his teaching in "Yeast," and at a later period in "Hypatia," assuming as they did a want of *moral* principle in himself, and his encouragement of immorality in others, touched Mr. Kingsley on his tenderest

point. But when the first feeling and expression of righteous indignation was over, he had a wonderful power of putting his reviewers and their hard words out of his mind, and going on his way bearing no malice. "Life is too short and too full of hard work," he would say, "to give one time to hate and suspect people." The facts, however, are recalled here to show those who know what the results of his work have been, and the different tone taken since towards him by the religious press, what sore battles he had at one time to fight, what bitter insults he had to stand, while laboring day and night in the cause of purity and godliness. The "Guardian" replied again, reiterating its charges; the best answers to which might be found in the many testimonies he received to the moral influence of "Yeast" on those whose hearts could not be touched by teachers of a narrower school: and in the fact that more than one "fast man" came down from London to open his heart to its author. "To him," (to use his own words of Mr. Maurice,) "as to David in the wilderness, gathered those who were spiritually discontented, and spiritually in debt; and he was a captain over them, because, like David, he talked to them, not of his own genius, or his own doctrines, but of the Living God, who had helped their forefathers, and would help them likewise. . . ."

"I have just finished 'Yeast,'" writes a stranger, "and, fresh from the book, I cannot resist communicating to you my heartfelt thanks for it. You will not care about whether *I* thank you or not; never mind, I shall relieve myself by writing. . . . I believe you have taken up the right ground in standing firmly by the spirit of Christi-

anity, and the divineness of Christ's mission, and showing the people how they are their best friends and the truest reformers. I have been as far as most people into the Kingdom of the Everlasting No, and had nearly, in my intellectual misery, taken up with blank Atheism; and should have done so, had not my heart rebelled against my head, and flooding in upon me reflections of earlier, purer, brighter days of Faith, bade me pause. For six months I have been looking back to Christianity, my heart impelling me towards it; my head urging me into farther cimmerias. I wanted some authoritative word to confirm my heart, but could not meet with it. I read orthodox books of argument, of persuasion, of narrative, but I found they only increased my antagonism to Christianity. And I was very miserable — as I believe all earnest men must be when they find themselves God-abandoned in times like these — when, picking up your 'Christian Socialist,' I read your 'God justified to the People,' and felt that here now was a man, not a mere empty evangelical tub-thumper (as we of the North call Ranters), but a *bonâ fide man* with a man's intellect, a man of genius, and a scholar, and yet who did not spit upon his Bible, or class it with Goethe and Dante, but could have sympathies with all the ferment of the age; be a Radical Reformer without being a vague denier, a vaguer 'Spiritualist,' or an utter Atheist. If this man, on further acquaintance, prove what I suspect him to be, here is the confirmation I desire. Impelled by this, and by the accounts I gathered of you from Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, I devoured 'Yeast;' and 'Alton Locke,' I am now in the middle of; . . . and having, day and night, meditated on what you have to say, I feel that the confirmation I have got from you is sufficient. But I have another better confirmation in my own heart. I feel as if I had emerged from a mephitic cavern into the open day. In the midst of worldly reverses, I feel a mental serenity I never before knew; can see life and my *rôle* in life, clear

and definite for the first time, through all manner of intervening entanglements. I know not by what right I make you my father confessor, but I feel strangely drawn towards you, and must send this to thank you and to bless you for having helped in the light and the leaven to a sad yeasty spirit hitherto."

A Wesleyan minister thus also gives his testimony:

"I have read your book 'Yeast: a Problem;' and cannot refrain from thanking you on my own behalf, and on behalf of the millions of poor, for whom, with a warm heart, a clear head, and a modest tongue, you have pleaded. For years I have ardently longed to see the cause of the needy advocated by one who knew their real condition, as well as their undoubted rights. And, for one, I thank you most heartily for your priceless delineation of a skeptical mind *feeling after* the Almighty. Alas! there are few, yet, of my fellow working-men who can follow you through the open door you set before them, however ready they may be to lose themselves in the first labyrinth of doubt which presents itself. . . . I hope I shall be able to induce some of my well-meaning, but injudicious, brethren (I am a Wesleyan Local Preacher) to look more attentively, and with more humility, at the wounds they strive to heal. . . ."

On the 28th of May, his controversy about "Yeast" scarcely over, he had to deliver one of a series of lectures on behalf of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, on The Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture. He gave it, as he said, with the greatest diffidence; and its effect on those who heard it is described by a London barrister:

"I was engaged till so late yesterday condensing your husband's lecture for the 'Christian Socialist,' that I was not able to write to you as I intended. I can only say that I feel what everybody else feels whom I have spoken with on the subject, that no other man in England could have done what he did; I say *man* emphatically, because if I were to seek a word to express my opinion of it, I would say it was the *manliest* thing I had ever heard. Such a right bold honest way of turning from side to side, looking everything straight in the face, and speaking out all the good and all the ill that could be said of it, in the plainest way, was surely never seen before; and certainly never was audience kept for nearly two hours and a half so attentive, by the mere weight of the subject, and the force with which it was wielded. . . . I can call the thing but by one name — a triumph."

In the summer he was asked to help in a course of sermons specially addressed to the working men who came up to London to see the Great Exhibition. His subject was — The message of the Church to laboring men.

"Kingsley" (to quote Mr. T. Hughes) "took his text from Luke iv. verses 18 to 21: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor,' &c. What then was that gospel? Kingsley starts at once with — 'I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood, in the fullest, deepest, widest meaning of those three great words; that in as far as he so does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord's work with his Lord's blessing on him; that in as far as he does not he is no priest at all, but a traitor to God and man;' and again, 'I say that these words express the very pith and marrow of a priest's business; I say that they preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood, to rich and poor for ever and

ever.' Then he goes on to warn his hearers how there is always a counterfeit in this world of the noblest message and teaching. Thus there are two freedoms — the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought. Two equalities — the false, which reduces all intellects and all characters to a dead level, and gives the same power to the bad as to the good, to the wise as to the foolish, ending thus in practice in the grossest inequality; the true, wherein each man has equal power, to educate and use whatever faculties or talents God has given him, be they less or more. This is the divine equality which the church proclaims, and nothing else proclaims as she does. Two brotherhoods — the false, where a man chooses who shall be his brothers, and whom he will treat as such; the true, in which a man believes that all are his brothers, not by the will of the flesh, or the will of man, but by the will of God, whose children they all are alike. The Church has three special possessions and treasures. The Bible, which proclaims man's freedom, Baptism his equality, the Lord's Supper his brotherhood. . . ." — (Preface to "Alton Locke.")

The sermon was listened to with profound attention by a large congregation. But at its close, just as the preacher was about to give the blessing, the incumbent rose in the reading-desk and declared, that while he agreed with much that had been said, it was his painful duty to add that he believed much to be dangerous and much untrue. The excitement of the congregation was intense: the working men could with difficulty be kept quiet, and to a man of Mr. Kingsley's vehement temperament it required a great effort to make no reply. He only bowed his head, and with deepened solemnity gave the blessing, came down from the pulpit, and passing straight

through the crowd that thronged him with outstretched hands, and an eager "God bless you, sir," on their lips, went into the vestry, where his friends gathered round him to express their sympathy, and to take possession of the sermon that it might be printed at once.

He returned to Eversley exhausted and depressed, and in the meantime the storm burst. A leading morning paper began the attack, with an article, full of inaccuracies, which made the intended impression on those who were already strongly prejudiced against the "Apostle of Socialism." This was followed by a letter from Bishop Blomfield, who, hearing of the disturbance, wrote to Mr. Kingsley to express his displeasure, and to forbid him to preach in London. Mr. Kingsley in answer most respectfully requested the Bishop to suspend his judgment till he had read the sermon. Meanwhile letters of sympathy poured in from all quarters, from a few of the clergy, from many of the laity, and from numbers of working men. There was a meeting of working men on Kennington Common, who sent him an expression of their warm allegiance and sympathy. A proposal was also made before the Bishop's prohibition was withdrawn, to induce Mr. Kingsley to start a free church independent of episcopal rule, with the promise of a huge following. It is needless to say he did not entertain this proposal for a moment. Before the meeting on Kennington Common, the secretary of the John Street Lecture Hall, where the audience was mostly composed of Chartists, free-thinkers, and followers of Strauss, some of whom had heard his sermon, wrote to offer Mr. Kingsley and his

friends the use of their hall, which he declined thus:

June 26, 1851. — "I have conferred with my friends on their willingness to give lectures in John Street, and find it to be their unanimous opinion, that to do so, would be interpreted by the public into an approval, more or less, of other doctrines which are taught there, from which I, of all men in England, differ most strongly, and from which I hold myself bound most strongly to protest. As a churchman, such a suspicion would be intolerable to me, as it would be gratuitously incurred. Those who wish to know my opinions will have plenty of opportunities elsewhere; and I must therefore, in common with my friends, distinctly, but most courteously, decline your kind offer of the John Street lecture rooms."

In the meantime the sermon was printed and a copy sent to the Bishop, who wrote at once to ask Mr. Kingsley to come up and see him; and after receiving him kindly, gave him full permission to preach in his diocese again.

He was now so much worn with the work and the controversies of the last eight months, that his parents, seeing the importance of his having thorough change, persuaded him to leave his parish in the care of a curate and go abroad with them. It was the first time he had crossed the water, and he enjoyed it, as thoroughly as he could enjoy anything which took him from his home. But even in new scenes his fiery spirit could not rest; and the cause of the church and the people pressed heavily on him.

TO HIS WIFE

EMS: *August* 1, 1851. — "Actually at Ems at last. As for what I have seen and felt I cannot tell you. My

comfort is that you have seen it already, though, alas! you have not seen that glass by Kaulbach at Cöln, which is most magnificent. Grand pictures in painted glass, with far distances, which let the eye *out* of the building, instead of confining and crushing it inwards, as painted glass generally does. I cried like a child, at the head of the Virgin in that great triptych of Koloffs, the Adoration; that head is the most wonderful female head I ever saw yet from the hand of man. Then I had my first sight of the Rhine and vineyards — such a strange new feeling — and the Drachenfels, which is fine; but I was not overpowered as I was by Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth, *and that story;* — it seemed quite awful to find oneself in presence of it. Ehrenbreitstein disappointed me. . . . But it is all beautiful — beautiful. That vast rushing silent river, those yellow vine slopes, and azure hills behind, with the thunder clouds lowering over their heads — beautiful; and the air! I have felt new nerves, as well as new eyes, ever since Cologne; the wonderful freshness and transparency of the coloring, and the bracing balminess of the atmosphere, make me understand now at once why people prefer this to England; there is no denying it. It is a more charming country, and that is the best of reasons one has for thanking God that one has not the means of escaping to it from *work*. . . . How strange that my favorite Psalm about 'the hills of the robbers' should have come the very day I went up the Rhine. . . . The other day we walked over the hills and caught unspeakable butterflies, and found — conceive my delight — some twenty-five species of plants, new to me! I cannot tell you the enjoyment of it. The scenery is certainly most lovely in every direction; and it is so delightful to think that you know it all! That thought recurs to me continually. Tell the darling children that I will bring them each home something pretty, and that the woods are full of great orange slugs, and great green lizards, and great long snakes which bite nobody, and

that I will bring them home some red and blue locusts out of the vineyards. . . . Another dear letter, and with such good news too! (about the Needlewoman's and other associations). I am so lifted up, and thankful for it! I am sure the cause is spreading; and as the Psalms for this morning say — Those who fear God will be turned to us; let the proud lie as they will. . . .

"I have worlds to tell you. I have been to Bingen. We walked down the right bank to St. Goar, and back again. . . . I scrambled up the face of the Lurlei to the Nymph's own seat, and picked you a little bouquet. . . . You told me I should be disappointed. It is past all telling — beautiful — wonderful. Three things above all — Oberwesel — the Sonneck Schloss, worth (as a beau ideal of the robber's nest) all the other castles put together — and the opening out of the Rhine at Bingen into infinite unknown distances, and calm, and glory, and wealth. I never shall, or hope I never shall, forget that one thing as long as I live. As for new plants, I should think I passed fifty new species in that one day. Keeping them was no good, so I just picked specimens, and looked at them till I knew them thoroughly, and went on regretful. On Monday we start for the Eifel. I have been writing a good deal of poetry; you shall have it all when I get home; and that getting home is really too delicious to think of. Tell the dear children I am getting lots of stories for them. The Eifel tramp will set me up, with God's blessing, utterly. . . .

". . . I take a knapsack and plaid, a change of garments, paper to write to you twice a week, my pipe, fishing-tackle, German Testament, word-book, note-book, and map of the Eifel. And so we start, and in a fortnight appear at Bonn, with beards, I suppose, as shaving is out of the question. I get better and better, and have written lots more poetry. Here is a sonnet for you:

"The Baby sings not at its mother's breast."

. . . . . .

The other poems which he sent home to his wife were: "The Ugly Princess;" "Oh thou hadst been a wife for Shakespeare's self;" "Ask if I love thee? oh, smiles cannot tell;" "The world goes up and the world goes down;" and "The Eagle."

MENDERSCHEID: *August* 7. — "I write from the loveliest place you can imagine, only how we got here I know not; having lost our way between some 'feld' or other to here. We found ourselves about 8 P. M. last night at the top of a cliff 500 feet high, with a roaring river at the bottom, and *no* path. So down the cliff-face we had to come in the dark, or sleep in the forest to be eaten by wild boars and wolves, of which latter, one was seen on our route yesterday 'as high as the table.' And down we came, knapsacks, fishing-rods, and all; which process must not be repeated often if we intend to revisit our native shores. I have seen such wonders I don't know where to begin. Craters filled sometimes with ghastly blue lakes, with shores of volcanic dust, and sometimes, quaintly enough, by rye-fields and reapers. The roads are mended with lava; the whole country the strangest jumble, alternations of Cambridgeshire ugliness (only lifted up 1200 feet high) with all the beauties of Devonshire. The bed of the Issbach, from the baths of Bertrich, up which we came yesterday, was the most ravishingly beautiful glen scenery I ever saw; such rocks — such baths — such mountains covered with huge timber — not mere scrub, like the Rhine forests. Such strips of lawn here and there between the stream and the wood. All this, of course, you get on a grander scale on the Moselle, which was perfectly exquisite; yet there is a monotony in its luscious richness and softness, and I was right glad to find myself on my legs at Alf. Weather glorious. I have just had my first sight of the basalt opposite the Kurhaus of all Kurhauses — so lovely, one

longs to kiss it. At two or three points one felt only inclined to worship. Bertrich is just as beautiful as everything else, too. Tell Rose I have got her some volcano-dust from the crater of the Pulver-Maar. To-day we go to a great Maar with cones of slag round it, and then a-fishing for trout. I am exceedingly well and strong, though we did dine yesterday off raw ham, and hock at 9*d.* a bottle. My knapsack and plaid weigh about two stone, which is very heavy, but I go well enough under it, having got a pair of elastic cross-straps, which divide the weight over the breast-bone. . . ."

GEROLSTEIN: *August* 10. — "The most wonderful place I ever was in in my life, and during the last three days I have been stunned with wonders. Mountains fallen in, and making great lakes in the midst of corn-land; hills blown up with the wildest perpendicular crags, and roasted into dust; craters with the lips so perfect that the fire might have been blazing in them twelve months ago; heaps of slag and cinder 2,500 feet above the sea, on which nothing will grow, so burnt are they; lava streams pouring down into the valley, meeting with brooks, drying them up, and in the fight foaming up into cliffs, and hurling huge masses of trachyte far into the dells; mysterious mineral springs boiling up, full of carbonic acid, by the roadside — all, as Beatrice says, 'wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, past all whooping!' When I shall get to Treves and your letter I know not, for there is so much to see here that I cannot tell when we move; and the living is ridiculously cheap, about 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* a day for one person, and we could not spend more if we would, for there is nothing to spend on. This is the most memorable thing I have ever seen, and when one adds, too, all the flowers, and the castles, and the vales — why, it will take me three months to tell you all. Kiss my darlings, and tell Rose I have got for her all sorts of curious lava-stones from the volcanoes, and shall carry them 200 miles on

my back before she gets them. What fun we shall have arranging and classifying them when I get home. God be thanked that I ever came here to see so much."

BIRREBORN: *August* 13. — "I write to you out of the quaintest place, with a mineral spring which kills dogs and birds, and a landlady who talks good French and bad German, and a husband who is a dirty pothouse-keeper, with a casting net over his arm; and yet, speaking of Kaulbach's stained glass at Cologne, gives it as his opinion (in these very words), that 'they say that Art (die Kunst) is decayed, but my opinion is, that it widens and deepens every day.'(!!!) Really this Germany is a wonderful country — though its population are not members of the Church of England — and as noble, simple, shrewd, kindly hearts in it, as man would wish to see. I cannot tell you what moral good this whole journey has done me. I am learning hourly so much, that I do not know how much I have learnt. Exceedingly well and strong; as lean as a lath, as any one would be who carried two stone of baggage, daily increasing in weight from the minerals and fossils I find, on his back through broiling suns. We are both worse than the 'hollow, pampered jades of Asia, that cannot go but thirty miles a day,' for with our knapsacks we can only make fifteen, and then a sight-seeing walk in the evening. Yesterday we had indeed a day. We walked from Hillesheim past the Dreiser Weiher — a mountain fallen into a crater, as is their habit here — and on the back among the volcanic dust-mountains we found such minerals — olivine, augite, and glassy feldspar. One could have filled a cart — as it was I could only fill a pair of socks. Then we went from Daun up to the Schalcken Maaren. Three crater lakes in one mountain, which, being past all words beautiful and wonderful and awful, I will say no more. Every night I dream of you and the children, and everywhere I go I pick you flowers für denkmäler."

TREVES: *August* 17. — "Here we are at Treves, having been brought there under arrest, with a gensdarme from the Mayor of Bittsburg, and liberated next morning with much laughter and many curses from the police here. However, we had the pleasure of spending a night in prison, among fleas and felons, on the bare floor. It appears the barbarians took our fishing-rods for 'todt-instrumenten' — deadly weapons — and our wide-awakes for Italian hats, and got into their addle pates that we were emissaries of Mazzini and Co. distributing political tracts, for not a word of politics had we talked. Luckily the police-inspector here was a gentleman, and his wife and daughter ladies, and they did all they dare for us, and so about ten next morning we were set free with many apologies, and the gensdarme (who, after all, poor fellow, was very civil) sent back to Bittsburg with a reprimand. We are the lions of Treves at present, for the affair has made a considerable fuss. We leave this to-morrow after having seen all the wonders — and what wonders there are to see! I need not tell you all I have felt here and at Fleissem. But at first the feeling that one is standing over the skeleton of the giant iniquity — Old Rome — is overpowering. And as I stood last night in that amphitheatre, amid the wild beasts' dens, and thought of the Christian martyrdoms and the Frank prisoners, and all the hellish scenes of agony and cruelty that place had witnessed, I seemed to hear the very voice of the Archangel whom St. John heard in Patmos, crying, 'Babylon the Great is fallen;' — no more like the sound of a trumpet, but only in the still whisper of the night breeze, and through the sleeping vineyards, and the great still smile of God out of the broad blue heaven. Ah! and you were not there to feel it with me! I am so longing to be home! . . ."

Before going abroad, he had parted with the beloved pupil who was dear to him and his wife as a son. Mr. John Martineau's graphic words

and tender recollections give a true picture of the home life at Eversley.

"I first knew him in January, 1850. I entered his house as his pupil, and was for nearly a year and a half his constant companion. He was then in his thirty-first year, in the fulness of his strength; I a raw receptive school-boy of fifteen; so that his mind and character left their impression upon mine as a seal does upon wax. He was then, above all things and before all things else, a parish clergyman. His parish work was not indeed so laborious and absorbing as it had been six years before, when he was first made Rector. The efforts of these six years had told, the seed was bearing fruit, and Eversley would never again be as it had been. He had now a curate to help him, and give him the leisure which he needed for writing. Still, even so, with a large and straggling though not very populous parish, with his share of three services on Sunday and cottage lectures on two week-day evenings in winter, there was much for him to do, throwing himself into it, as he did, with all his intensity and keen sense of responsibility. These were the days when farm-laborers in Hampshire got from eight to ten shillings a week, and bread was dear, or had not long ceased to be so. The cholera of 1849 had just swept through the country, and though it had not reached Eversley, a severe kind of low fever had, and there had been a season of much illness and many deaths, during which he had, by his constant, anxious, tender care of the sick poor, won their confidence more than ever before. The poor will not go to the relieving officer if they can get their needs supplied elsewhere; and the Eversley poor used to go for relief, and something more than relief, to the Rectory. There were few mornings, at that time, that did not bring some one in distress, some feeble woman, or ailing child, or a summons to a sick-bed. Up to that time he had allowed no man or woman

in his parish to become an inmate of the work-house through infirmity or old age, except in a few cases where want had been the direct consequence of indolence or crime. At times, too, other poor besides those of his parish, might be seen at his door. Gypsies were attracted to him from all the country round. He married and christened many of them, to whom such rites were things almost unknown. I cannot give any description of his daily life, his parish work, which will not sound commonplace. . . . But there never was a man with whom life was less monotonous, with whom it was more full to overflowing, of variety, and freshness. Nothing could be so exquisitely delightful as a walk with him about his parish. Earth, air, and water, as well as farm-house and cottage, seemed full of his familiar friends. By day and by night, in fair weather and in storm, grateful for heat and cold, rain and sunshine, light and soothing darkness, he drank in nature. It seemed as if no bird, or beast, or insect, scarcely a drifting cloud in the sky, passed by him unnoticed, unwelcomed. He caught and noted every breath, every sound, every sign. With every person he met he instinctively struck some point of contact, found something to appreciate — often, it might be, some information to ask for — which left the other cheered, self-respecting, raised for the moment above himself; and whatever the passing word might be, it was given to high or low, gentle or simple, with an appropriateness, a force, and a genial courtesy, in the case of all women a *deferential* courtesy, which threw its spell over all alike, a spell which few could resist.

"So many-sided was he that he seemed to unite in himself more types and varieties of mind and character, types differing as widely as the poet from the man of science, or the mystic from the soldier; to be filled with more thoughts, hopes, fears, interests, aspirations, temptations than could co-exist in any one man, all subdued or clenched into union and harmony by the force of one

iron will, which had learnt to rule after many a fierce and bitter struggle. His senses were acute to an almost painful degree. The sight of suffering, the foul scent of a sick-room — well used as he was to both — would haunt him for hours. For with all his man's strength there was a deep vein of *woman* in him, a nervous sensitiveness, an intensity of sympathy, which made him suffer when others suffered; a tender, delicate, soothing touch, which gave him power to understand and reach the heart; to call out, sometimes almost at first sight (what he of all men least sought), the inmost confidences of men and women alike in all classes of life. And he had sympathy with all moods from deepest grief to lightest humor — for no man had a keener, quicker perception of the humorous side of anything — a love and ready word of praise for whatever was good or beautiful, from the greatest to the least, from the heroism of the martyr to the shape of a good horse, or the folds of a graceful dress. And this wide-reaching, hearty appreciation made a word of praise from him sweeter, to those who knew him well, than volumes of commendation from all the world besides.

"His every thought and word was penetrated with the belief, the full assurance, that the world — the world of the soldier or the sportsman, as well as the world of the student or the theologian — was God's world, and that everything which He had made was good. '*Humani nihil a me alienum puto*,' he said, taught by his wide human sympathies, and encouraged by his faith in the Incarnation. And so he rejected, as Pharisaic and unchristian, most of what is generally implied in the use of such words as 'carnal,' 'unconverted,' 'worldly,' and thereby embraced in his sympathy, and won to faith and hope, many a struggling soul, many a bruised reed, whom the narrow and exclusive ignorance of schools and religionists had rejected.

"No human being but was sure of a patient, interested hearer in him. I have seen him seat himself, hatless,

beside a tramp on the grass outside his gate in his eagerness to catch exactly what he had to say, searching him, as they sate, in his keen kindly way with question and look. With as great a horror of pauperism and almsgiving as any professed political economist, it was in practice very hard to him to refuse anyone. The sight of unmistakable misery, however caused, covered, to him, the multitude of sins. I recollect his passing backwards and forwards again and again — the strong impulsive will for once irresolute — between the breakfast-room and a miserable crying woman outside, and I cannot forget, though twenty-five years have passed since, the unutterable look of pain and disgust with which, when he had decided to refuse the request, he said, 'Look there!' as he pointed to his own well-furnished table. Nothing roused him to anger so much as cant. Once a scoundrel, on being refused, and thinking that at a parsonage and with a parson it would be a successful trick, fell on his knees on the door-step, turned up the whites of his eyes and began the disgusting counterfeit of a prayer. In an instant the man found himself, to his astonishment, seized by collar and wrist, and being swiftly thrust towards the gate, with a firm grip and a shake that deprived him of all inclination to resist, or, till he found himself safe outside it, even to remonstrate. He had at that time great physical strength and activity, and an impetuous, restless, nervous energy, which I have never seen equalled. All his strength, physical, mental, and moral, seemed to find expression in his keen gray eyes, which gazed with the look of an eagle, from under massive brows, divided from each other by two deep perpendicular furrows — at that time, together with the two equally deep lines from nostril to mouth, very marked features in his face. One day, in a neighbor's yard, a large savage dog flew out at him, straining at its chain. He walked up to it, scolding it and by mere force of eye, voice, and gesture, drove it into its kennel, close to which he stopped, keep-

ing his eye on the cowed animal, as it growled and moved uneasily from side to side. He had done the same thing often before, and even pulled an infuriated dog out of its kennel by its chain, after having driven it in.

"By boyish habits and tastes a keen sportsman, the only sport he ever enjoyed at this time was an occasional day's trout or pike fishing, or throwing a fly for an hour or two during his afternoon's walk over the little stream that bounded his parish. Hunting he had none. And in later years, when he did hunt occasionally, it was generally a matter of two or three hours, on an old horse, taken as a relaxation in the midst of work, not, as with most other men, as a day's work in itself. Fond as he was of horses, he never in his life had one worth fifty pounds, so little self-indulgent was he.

"Though exercising intense self-control, he was very restless and excitable. Constant movement was a relief and almost a necessity to him. His study opened by a door of its own upon the garden, and most of his sermons and books were thought out and composed as he paced up and down there, at all hours and in all weathers, his hands behind his back, generally smoking a long clay pipe; for tobacco had, as he found by experience — having once tried a year's total abstinence from it — an especially soothing beneficial effect upon him. He ate hurriedly, and it was an effort to him to sit still through a meal. His coat frequently had a white line across the back, made by his habit of leaning against the whitened chimney-piece of the dining-room during breakfast and dinner.

"Of society he had then very little, and it was rarely and unwillingly that he passed an evening away from home. He did not seek it, and it had not yet begun to seek him. Indeed, at no time was general society a congenial element to him; and those who knew him only thus, did not know him at his best. A few intimate

friends, and now and then a stranger, seeking his advice on some matter, would come for a night or a Sunday. Amongst the former, and honored above all, was Mr. Maurice. One of his visits happened at a time when we had been startled by a burglary and murder at a parsonage a few miles off, and had armed ourselves and barricaded the rambling old Rectory in case of an attack. In the middle of the night an attempt was made to force open the back door, which roused us all, and we rushed downstairs with pistols, guns, and blunderbuss, to expel the thieves, who, however, had taken alarm and made off. Mr. Maurice, the only unarmed and the coolest man amongst us, was quietly going out alone, in the pitch darkness, into the garden in pursuit of them, when Mr. Kingsley fortunately came upon him and stopped him; and the two passed the rest of the night together talking over the study fire till morning came.

"Many a one has cause to remember that Study, its lattice window (in later years altered to a bay), its great heavy door, studded with large projecting nails, opening upon the garden; its brick floor covered with matting; its shelves of heavy old folios, with a fishing-rod, or landing-net, or insect-net leaning against them: on the table, books, writing-materials, sermons, manuscript, proofs, letters, reels, feathers, fishing-flies, clay-pipes, tobacco. On the mat, perhaps — the brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and gently-agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion — a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont Scotch terrier, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of its race. When the rest of the household went to bed, he would ask his guest in, ostensibly to smoke. The swing-door would be flung open and slam heavily after him, as it always did, for he would never stop to catch and close it. And then in the quiet of night, when no fresh face could come, no interruption occur to distract him, he would give himself wholly to his guest, taking up whatever topic the latter might suggest,

whatever question he might ask, and pouring out from the full stores of his knowledge, his quick, intuitive sagacity, his ready sympathy. Then it was, far more than in the excitement and distraction of many voices and many faces, that he was himself, that the true man appeared; and it was at times such as these that he came to be known and trusted and loved, as few men ever have been, as no man has been whom I ever knew.

"He had to a wonderful degree the power of abstraction and concentration, which enabled him to arrange and elaborate a whole sermon, or a chapter of a book, while walking, riding, or even fly-fishing, without making a note, so as to be able on his return to write or dictate it in clear, terse language as fast as pen could move. He would read a book and grasp its essential part thoroughly in a time so short that it seemed impossible that his eyes could have traversed its pages. Compared with other men who have written or thought much, he worked for few hours in the day, and without much system or regularity; but his application was so intense that the strain upon his vital powers was very great. Nor when he ceased could his brain rest. Except during sleep, — and even that was characteristic, so profound was it, — repose seemed impossible to him for body or mind. So that he seemed to live three days, as it were, while other men were living one, and already foresaw that there would be for him no great length of years.

"Connected with this rapid living was a certain impatience of trifles, an inaccuracy about details, a haste in drawing conclusions, a forgetfulness of times and seasons, and of words lightly spoken or written, and withal an impulsive and almost reckless generosity, and fear of giving pain, which sometimes placed him at an unfair disadvantage, and put him formally in the wrong when substantially he was in the right. It led him, too, to take too hastily a favorable estimate of almost every one with whom he came personally into contact, so that he was

liable to suffer from misplaced confidence: while in the petty matters of daily life it made him a bad guardian of his own interests, and but for the wise and tender assistance that was ever at his side would almost have overwhelmed him with anxieties.

"In the pulpit, and even at his week-day cottage-lectures, where, from the population of his parish being so scattered, he had sometimes scarcely a dozen hearers, he was at that time eloquent beyond any man I ever heard. For he had the two essential constituents of eloquence, a strong man's intensity and clearness of conviction, and a command of words, not easy or rapid, but sure and unhesitating, an unfailing instinct for the one word, the most concrete and pictorial, the strongest and the simplest, which expressed his thought exactly. Many have since then become familiar with his preaching, many more with his published sermons, but few comparatively can know what it was to hear him, Sunday after Sunday, in his own church and among his own people, not preach only, but read, or rather pray, the prayers of the Church-service. So completely was he in harmony with these prayers, so fully did they satisfy him, that with all his exuberance of thought and imagination, it seemed as if for him there was nothing to be asked for beyond what they asked for. So that in his cottage-lectures, as in his own household worship, where he was absolutely free to use any words he chose, I scarcely ever heard him use a word of prayer other than the words of the Prayer-book.

"In conversation he had a painful hesitation in his speech, but in preaching, and in speaking with a set purpose, he was wholly free from it. He used to say that he could speak for God but not for himself, and took the trial — and to his keenly sensitive nature it was no small one — patiently and even thankfully, as having by God's mercy saved him from many a temptation to mere brilliancy and self-seeking. The successful effort to overcome this difficulty increased instead of diminish-

ing the impressiveness of his voice, for to it was partly due the strange, rich, high-pitched, musical monotone in which he prayed and preached, the echo of which, as it filled his church, or came borne on the air through the open window of a sick room, seems to travel over the long past years and kindle his words afresh, as I read them in the cold, dead page.

"And as it was an unspeakable blessing to Eversley to have him for its Rector, so also it was an inestimable benefit to him to have had so early in life a definite work to do which gave to his generous, sympathetic impulses abundant objects and responsibilities and a clear purpose and direction. Conscious, too, as he could not but be, of great powers, and impatient of dictation or control, the repose and isolation of a country parish afforded him the best and healthiest opportunities of development, and full liberty of thought and speech, with sufficient leisure for reading and study.

"Great as was his love of natural science, in so many of its branches, his genius was essentially that of a poet. Often a time of trouble and sadness — and there was in him a strong undercurrent of sadness at all times, — would result in the birth of a lyrical poem or song, on a subject wholly unconnected with that which occupied him, the production of which gave him evident relief, as though in some mysterious way his mind was thereby disburdened and set free for the reception of new thoughts and impressions. In June, 1851, he preached a powerful sermon to working men in a London church, which was denounced by the incumbent. It was a painful scene, which narrowly escaped ending in a riot, and he felt keenly — not the insult to himself — but the discredit and scandal to the Church, the estrangement that it would be likely to increase between the clergy and the working men. He came home the day after, wearied and worn out, obliged to stop to rest and refresh himself at a house in his parish during his afternoon's walk.

That same evening he brought in a song that he had written, the 'Three Fishers,' as though it were the outcome of it all; and then he seemed able to put the matter aside, and the current of his daily life flowed as before. Not that he at this time — or indeed at any time — wrote *much* verse. Considering that what the world needed was not verse, however good, so much as sound knowledge, sound reasoning, sound faith, and above all, as the fruit and evidence of the last, sound morality, he did not give free rein to his poetical faculty, but sought to make it his servant, not his master, to use it to illuminate and fix the eyes of men on the truths of science, of social relationship, of theology, of morality. The letters which he received in countless numbers, often from utter strangers who knew nothing of him but from his books, seeking counsel on the most delicate and important matters of life, testify how great a gift it was, how truly and tellingly it was used. In reading all his writings, on whatever subject, it must not be forgotten that he was a poet, — that he could not help thinking, feeling, and writing as a poet. Patience, industry he had, even logical and inductive power of a certain intuitive, intermittent kind, not sustained, indeed, or always reliable, for his was not a logical mind, and surface inconsistencies are not hard to find in his writings; but as a poet, even if he saw all sides, he could not express them all at once. The very keenness of his sympathy, the intensity with which he realized all that was passing around him, made it impossible for him to maintain the calm unruffled judgment of men of a less fiery temperament, or to abstract and devote himself to the pursuit of any one branch of study without being constantly distracted from it, and urged in some new direction by the joys and sorrows of the surging world around, to seek if by any means he might find a medicine to heal its sickness. Hence it may, perhaps, be that another generation will not fully realize the wide-spread influence, the

great power, he exercised through his writings. For, in a sense, it may be said that, as to some of them, not their least merit is that in part they will *not* live, except as the seed lives in the corn which grows, or water in the plant which it has revived. For their power often lay mainly in the direction of their aim at the special need of the hour, the memory of which has passed, or will pass, away. As his 'Master,' as he affectionately and humbly called Mr. Maurice, was a theologian, and, in its original sense, a 'Prophet,' so Mr. Kingsley, as Priest and Poet, gloried in interpreting, expanding, applying him. 'I think this will explain a good deal of Maurice,' was the single remark I heard him make when he had completed 'Yeast.'

"In later years, as his experience widened, his judgment ripened, his conclusions were more calmly formed. But his genius was essentially of a kind that comes to maturity early, when the imagination is still vivid, the pulses of life beat fastest, and the sympathies and affections are most passionately intense. . . . With the great outside world, with the world of politicians and the press, and still more with the religious world, so called, as represented by the religious newspapers, he was in those years at open war. Popular as he afterwards became, it is difficult now to realize how great was the suspicion, how bitter the attacks, especially from the religious newspapers, which his books and sermons drew down upon him. Not that he in general cared much for praise or blame from the newspaper press, so venal and unprincipled did he — not without reason — consider most of it, Whig, Tory, Radical, and religious. At that time he did not take in any daily paper.

"It was then about two years after the events of 1848, and for him the one all-important and absorbing question of politics was the condition, physical and mental, of the working classes and the poor in town and country. On that question he considered that all the leading

parties of the legislature had alike shown themselves indifferent and incapable. This conviction, and a deep sympathy with the suffering poor, had made him a Radical. Nay, on at least one occasion, he publicly and deliberately declared himself a Chartist — a name which then meant a great deal — and for a clergyman to do this was an act the boldness of which it is difficult to appreciate now. . . .

"Looking back upon his daily life and conversation at that time, I believe he was democratic in his opinions rather than in his instincts, more by force of conviction than by natural inclination. A doctrinaire, or a lover of change for the sake of change, he never was; and when he advocated democratic measures, it was more as a means to an end than because he altogether liked the means. From the pulpit, and with his pen, he claimed brotherhood with all men. No man in his daily intercourse respected with more scrupulous courtesy the rights, the dignity of the humblest. But he instinctively disliked a 'beggar on horseback.' *Noblesse oblige*, the true principle of feudalism, is a precept which shines out conspicuously in all his books, in all his teaching, at this period of his life as at all others.

"In later years his convictions became more in accord with this natural tendency of his mind, and he gradually modified or abandoned his democratic opinions, thereby, of course, drawing down upon himself the reproach of inconsistency from those who considered that he had deserted them. To me, looking back at what he was when he wrote 'Yeast,' and 'Alton Locke,' the change seems rather the natural development of his mind and character under more or less altered circumstances, partly because he saw the world about him really improving, partly because by experience he found society and other existing institutions more full of healthy life, more available as instruments of good, more willing to be taught, than he had formerly thought. But, at that time, in his

books and pamphlets, and often in his daily familiar speech, he was pouring out the whole force of his eager, passionate heart, in wrath and indignation, against starvation wages, stifling workshops, reeking alleys, careless landlords, roofless and crowded cottages, hard and canting religion. His 'Poacher's Widow' is a piercing, heart-rending cry to heaven for vengeance against the oppressor. 'There is a righteous God,' is its burthen, 'and such things cannot, and shall not, remain to deface the world which He has made. Laws, constitutions, churches, are none of His if they tolerate such; they are accursed, and they must perish — destroy what they may in their fall. Nay, they *will* perish in their own corruption.'

"One day, as he was reading with me, something led him to tell me of the Bristol Riots of 1832. He was in that year a schoolboy of thirteen, at Bristol, and had slipped away, fascinated by the tumult and the horror, into the midst of it. He described — rapidly pacing up and down the room, and, with glowing, saddened face, as though the sight were still before his eyes — the brave, patient soldiers sitting hour after hour motionless on their horses, the blood streaming from wounds on their heads and faces, waiting for the order which the miserable, terrified mayor had not courage to give; the savage, brutal, hideous mob of inhuman wretches plundering, destroying, burning; casks of spirits broken open and set flowing in the streets, the wretched creatures drinking it on their knees from the gutter, till the flame from a burning house caught the stream, ran down it with a horrible rushing sound, and, in one dreadful moment, the prostrate drunkards had become a row of blackened corpses. Lastly, he spoke of the shamelessness and the impunity of the guilty; the persecution and the suicide of the innocent. 'That sight,' he said, suddenly turning to me, 'made me a Radical.' 'Whose fault is it,' I ventured to ask, 'that such things can be?' 'Mine,' he

said, 'and yours.' I understood partly then, I have understood better since, what his Radicalism was.

"From his home life I scarcely dare, even for a moment, try to lift the veil. I will only say that having had the priceless blessing of admission to it, the daily sight of him in the closest of his home relations has left me a deeper debt of gratitude, and more precious memories, created higher hopes and a higher ideal, than all other manifestations combined of his character and intellect. To his marriage — so he never shrunk from affirming in deep and humble thankfulness — he owed the whole tenor of his life, all that he had worth living for. It was true. And his every word and look, and gesture of chivalrous devotion for more than thirty years, seemed to show that the sense of boundless gratitude had become part of his nature, was never out of the undercurrent of his thoughts. Little thinking that he was to be taken first, and with the prospect of a long agony of loneliness imminent from hour to hour, the last flash of genius from his breaking heart was to gather into three simple, pregnant words, as a last offering to her, the whole story of his life, of the Faith he preached and lived in, of his marriage, blessed, and yet to be blessed. He was spared that agony. Over *his* grave first are written his words:

'*Amavimus, amamus, amabimus.*'" [1]

[1] We have loved — we love — we shall love.

CHAPTER X

1852

AGED 33

CORRESPONDENCE — STRIKE IN THE IRON TRADE — LETTERS ON POLITICAL PARTIES, ON PRAYER, ON METAPHYSICAL QUESTIONS — PARSON LOT'S LAST WORDS — LETTERS TO MR. LUDLOW — HEXAMETERS — POETRY — FREDERIKA BREMER — SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS — TO A JEW.

"I do not like to decline bearing my share of the odium, thinking that what many men call 'caution' in such matters, is too often merely a selfish fear of getting oneself into trouble or ill-will. I am quite sure that I would never gratuitously court odium or controversy, but I must beware also of too much dreading it; and the love of ease . . . is likely to be a more growing temptation than the love of notoriety or the pleasure of argument."

DR. ARNOLD.

THE short holiday of the past year had so far invigorated him that he worked without a curate for a time. The literary work was hampered by the heavy correspondence, principally with strangers, who little knew what labor each letter cost him, but to whom he said: "Never apologize for writing. This is my business, and I learn from the many such letters I have, far more than I teach. I consider myself indebted most deeply to any man who will honestly tell me the workings of his own mind. How can a physician learn pathology without studying cases?" One very valuable series of letters to the son of a

clergyman, a young man of atheistical opinions, who died a professed Christian, was by the wish of their owner destroyed at his death, as referring to a phase in his life which it would be painful to his family to recall. Extracts will be made from another series, to Thomas Cooper the Chartist, which spread over this and several years. His literary work consisted of "Hypatia," "Phaeton," and several magazine articles. In the summer he amused himself by trying his hand at hexameters, and began "Andromeda." His parish work prevented his helping personally in the Co-operative Movement in London; but he was consulted from time to time by the Council of Promoters, and in the great lock-out of the Iron Trade in January he wrote a letter which "will show," as Mr. Hughes truly says, "how far Kingsley was an encourager of violent measures or views."

EVERSLEY. *January* 28, 1852. — "You may have been surprised, dear Tom, at my having taken no part in this Amalgamated Iron Trades' matter. And I think that I am bound to say why I have not, and how far I wish my friends to interfere in it. I do think that we, the Council of Promoters, shall not be wise in interfering between masters and men, because — 1. I question whether the points at issue between them can be fairly understood by any persons not conversant with the practical details of the trade. . . .

"2. Nor do I think they have put their case as well as they might. For instance, if it be true that they themselves have invented many, or most, of the improvements in their tools and machinery, they have an argument in favor of keeping out unskilled laborers, which is unanswerable, and yet what they have never used — viz.:

'Your masters make hundreds and thousands by these improvements, while we have no remuneration for this inventive talent of ours, but rather lose by it, because it makes the introduction of unskilled labor more easy. Therefore the only way in which we can get anything like a payment for this inventive faculty of which we make you a present over and above our skilled labor, for which you bargained, is to demand that we, who invent the machines, if we cannot have a share in the profits of them, shall at least have the exclusive privilege of using them, instead of their being, as now, turned against us.' That, I think, is a fair argument; but I have seen nothing of it from any speaker or writer.

"3. I think whatever battle is fought, must be fought by the men themselves. The present dodge of the Manchester School is to cry out against us, as Greg did, 'These Christian Socialists are a set of mediæval parsons, who want to hinder the independence and self-help of the men, and bring them back to absolute feudal maxims;' and then, with the most absurd inconsistency, when we get up a Co-operative workshop, to let the men work on the very independence and self-help of which they talk so fine, they turn round and raise just the opposite yell, and cry, 'The men can't be independent of capitalists; these associations will fail *because* the men are helping themselves' — showing that what they mean is, that the men shall be independent of every one but themselves — independent of legislators, parsons, advisers, gentlemen, noblemen, and every one that tries to help them by moral agents; but the slaves of the capitalists, bound to them by a servitude increasing instead of lightening with their numbers. Now, the only way in which we can clear the cause of this calumny, is to let the men fight their own battle; to prevent any one saying, 'These men are the tools of dreamers and fanatics,' which would be just as ruinously blackening to them in the public eyes, as it would be to let the cry get abroad, 'This is a Socialist

movement destructive of rights of property, Communism, Louis Blanc, and the devil, etc.' You know the infernal stuff which the devil gets up on such occasions, — having no scruples about calling himself hard names when it suits his purpose, to blind and frighten respectable old women. Moreover, these men are not poor distressed needlewomen or slop-workers. They are the most intelligent and best-educated workmen, receiving incomes often higher than a gentleman's son whose education has cost £1000; and if they can't fight their own battles, no men in England can, and the people are not ripe for association, and we must hark back into the competitive rot heap again. All, then, that we can do is, to give advice when asked, — to see that they have, as far as we can get at them, a clear stage and no favor, but not by public, but by private influence.

"But we can help them in another way, by showing them the way to associate. That is quite a distinct question from their quarrel with their masters, and we shall be very foolish if we give the press a handle for mixing up the two. We have a right to say to masters, men, and public, 'We know, and care nothing about the iron strike. Here are a body of men coming to us, wishing to be shown how to do that which is a right thing for them to do, — well or ill off, strike or no strike, namely, associate; and we will help and teach them to do *that* to the very utmost of our power.'

"The Iron Workers' co-operative shops will be watched with lynx eyes, calumniated shamelessly. Our business will be to tell the truth about them, and fight manfully with our pens for them. But we shall never be able to get the ears of the respectabilities and the capitalists, if we appear at this stage of the business. What we must say is, 'If you are needy and enslaved, we will fight for you from pity, whether you be associated or competitive. But you are neither needy, nor, unless you choose, enslaved; and therefore we will only fight for you in

proportion as you become associates. Do that, and see if we can't stand hard knocks for your sake.'"

A few months later, having heard that a bill for legalizing industrial association was about to be introduced into the House of Commons, and that a cabinet minister might undertake it, he writes to Mr. Hughes:

"Let him be assured that he will by such a move do more to carry out true conservatism, and to reconcile the workmen with the real aristocracy, than any politician for the last twenty years has done. The truth is, we are in a critical situation, here in England. Not in one of danger — which is the vulgar, material notion of a crisis, but at the crucial point, the point of departure of principles and parties which will hereafter become great and powerful. Old Whiggery is dead, old true blue Toryism of the Robert Inglis school is dead, too, — and in my eyes a great loss. But as live dogs are better than dead lions, let us see what the live dogs are.

"1. — The Peelites, who will ultimately, be sure, absorb into themselves all the remains of Whiggery, and a very large proportion of the Conservative party. In an effete unbelieving age, like this, the Sadducee and the Herodian will be the most captivating philosopher. A scientific laziness, lukewarmness, and compromise is a cheery theory for the young men of the day, and they will take to it *con amore*. I don't complain of Peel himself. He was a great man, but his method of compromise, though useful enough in particular cases when employed by a great man, becomes a most dastardly '*schema mundi*' when taken up by a school of little men. Therefore, the only help which we can hope for from the Peelites is, that they will serve as ballast and cooling pump to both parties; but their very trimming and moderation make them fearfully likely to obtain power. It depends on the wisdom of the present government, whether they do or not.

"2. — Next you have the Manchester School, from whom Heaven defend us. . . . To pretend to be the workmen's friends, by keeping down the price of bread, when all they want thereby is to keep down wages and increase profits, and in the mean time to widen the gulf between the working man and all that is time-honored, refined, and chivalrous in English society, that they may make the men their divided slaves, that is — perhaps half unconsciously, for there are excellent men amongst them — the game of the Manchester School.

". . . I have never swerved from my one idea of the last seven years, that the real battle of the time is — if England is to be saved from anarchy and unbelief, and utter exhaustion caused by the competitive enslavement of the masses — not Radical or Whig against Peelite or Tory (let the dead bury their dead), but the Church, the gentleman, and the workman, against the shop-keepers and the Manchester School. The battle could not have been fought forty years ago, because, on one side, the Church was an idle phantasm, the gentleman too ignorant, the workman too merely animal; while, on the other, the Manchester cotton-spinners were all Tories, and the shop-keepers were a distinct class interest from theirs. But now these two latter have united, and the sublime incarnation of shop-keeping and labor-buying in the cheapest market shines forth in the person of Nebuchadnezzar and Son, and both cotton-spinners and shop-keepers say, 'This is the man!' and join in one common press to defend his system. Be it so: now we know our true enemies, and soon the working men will know them also. But if the present Ministry will not see the possibility of a coalition between them and the workmen, I see no alternative but just what we have been straining every nerve to keep off — a competitive United States, a democracy before which the work of ages will go down in a few years. A true democracy, such as you and I should wish to see, is impossible without a Church and a Queen, and, as I believe, without a

gentry. On the conduct of statesmen it will depend whether we are gradually and harmoniously to develop England on her ancient foundations, or whether we are to have fresh paralytic governments succeeding each other in doing nothing, while the workmen and the Manchester School fight out the real questions of the day in ignorance and fury, till '*culbute générale*' comes, and gentlemen of ancient family betake themselves to Canada, to escape, not the Amalgamated Engineers, but their 'masters,' and the slop-working savages whom their masters' system has created, and will by that time have multiplied tenfold."

TO LORD ——

April 25, 1852. — "I am answering your letter, only just received, I fear at a disadvantage; for first, you seem to fancy me an older man than I am. I am only two-and-thirty; and shall not be surprised if you or any other person consider me on further enquiry too young to advise them.

"Next, I have not knowledge enough of you to give such advice as would be best for you. I have no nostrum for curing self-will and self-seeking; I am aware of none. It is a battle, I suspect a life-long battle, which each man must fight for himself, and each in his own way, and against his own private house-fiend, — for in each man the evil of self-seeking takes a different form. It must do so, if you consider what it is. Self is not evil, because self is you, whom God made, and each man's self is different from his neighbor's. Now God does not make evil things, therefore He has not made self evil or wrong; but you, or self, are only wrong in proportion as you try to be something in and for yourself, and not the child of a father, the servant of a lord, the soldier of a general. So it seems to me. The fault of each man who thinks and studies as you seem to have done, in the confession with which you have honored me, is the old fault of Luci-

fer. The planet is not contented with being a planet; it must be a sun; and forthwith it falls from heaven. I have no nostrum for keeping the planet in its orbit. It must keep there itself and obey the law which was given it, and do the work which it was set to do, and then all will be well. Else it will surely find, by losing the very brightness in which it gloried, that that brightness was not its own but a given and reflected one, which is not withdrawn from it as an arbitrary punishment for its self-seeking, but is lost by it necessarily, and *ipso facto*, when it deflects from the orbit in which alone the sun's rays can strike ull on it. You will say, this is a pretty myth or otherwise. . . . You have said boldly, in words which pleased me much, though I differ from them, — that I ought not to ask you to try to cure self-seeking by idle prayer, — as if a man by taking thought could add one cubit to his stature. I was pleased with the words; because they show me that you have found that there is a sort of prayer which is idle prayer, and that you had sooner not pray at all than in that way. Now of idle prayer I think there are two kinds: one of fetish prayer, when by praying we seek to alter the will of God concerning us. This is, and has been, and will be common enough and idle enough. For if the will of Him concerning us be good, why should we alter it? If bad, what use praying to such a Being at all? Prometheus does not pray to Zeus, but curses and endures. Another, of praying to oneself to change oneself; by which I mean the common method of trying by prayer to excite oneself into a state, a frame, an experience. This, too. is common enough among Protestants and Papists, as well as among Unitarians and Rationalists. Indeed, some folks tell us that the great use of prayer is 'its reflex' action on ourselves, and inform us that we can thus by taking thought add certain cubits to our stature. God knows the temptation to believe it is great. I feel it deeply. Nevertheless I am not of that belief; nor, I think, are you. But if there were

a third kind of prayer, — the kind which is set forth to us in the Lord's Prayer as the only one worth anything, — a prayer, not that God's will concerning us or any one else may be altered, but that it may be done; that we may be kept out of all evil and delivered from all temptation which may prevent our doing it; that we may have the ἄρτον ἐπιούσιον given to us in body, soul, spirit, and circumstance, which will just enable us to do it and no more; that the name of Him to whom we pray may be hallowed, felt to be as noble and sacred as it is, and acted on accordingly. And if that name were the simple name of Father, does it not seem that prayer of that kind — the prayer, not of a puling child but of a full-grown or growing son, to his father; a prayer to be taught duty, to be disciplined into obedience, to be given strength of will, noble purpose, carelessness of self, delight in the will and the purpose of his father — would be the very sort of prayer which — supposing always, as I do from ten years' experience, that Father to exist, and to hear, and to love, and to have prepared good works for us to walk in, — to each man his own work, and his own education for that work, — does it not seem to you, I say, granting the hypothesis, that that would be a sort of prayer which would mightily help a man striving to get rid of his self-seeking, and to recover his God-appointed place in the order of the universe, and use, in that place, the attainments which his Father has given him to be used? It seems to me that such a man might look up to God and feel himself most strong when he was confessing his own weakness, and then look down at himself and all his learning, and see that he was most weak when he was priding himself on his own strength, — that such a man would be certain of having his prayers for light, strength, unselfishness, answered, because then, indeed, his will would be working with God's will. He would be claiming to be a fellow-worker with God; to be a son going about his father's business, — in deep shame and sorrow, no doubt, for hav-

ing stolen God's tools, to use for his own aggrandizement for so long, but with no Papist (or rather Jesuit) notion of making a sacrifice to God — giving a present to Him who has already given to us what we pretend to make a merit of giving Him. And such a man, it seems to me, would have no difficulty in finding out what God intended him to do; for if he really believed himself a son, under a Father's education, he would believe everything which happened to be a part of that education — every opportunity of doing good, trivial as well as grand, a duty set him by his Father to do. He would not be tempted to rush forth fanatically from the place where God had put him, to try some mighty act of self-sacrifice. If the thing which lay nearest him was the draining of a bog, or the giving employment to a pauper, or the reclaiming of a poacher, he would stay where God had put him and try to do it; and believe that God had given him his nobility, or his learning, or his gentleman's culture, just that he might be able the better to do that part of his father's business there and then and no other. He would consider over what he knew, what he could do, and would determine to make all his studies, all his self-training bear upon the peculiar situation in which God had put him; not fanatically reprobating, but still considering as of less importance whatsoever did not bear on that situation. In all things, in short, he would do the duty which lay nearest him, believing that *God* had put it nearest him.

"And such a man, I believe, so praying and so working, keeping before him as his lode-star — 'Our Father, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!' and asking for his daily bread for that purpose, and no other, would find, unless I am much mistaken, selfishness and self-seeking die out of him, and active benevolence grow up in him. He would find trains of thought and subjects of inquiry which he had pursued for his private pleasure, not to mention past sorrows and falls, turned unexpectedly to

practical use for others' good; and so discover to his delight that his Father had been educating him, while he fancied that he was educating himself. And while he was so working, and so praying, he would have neither leisure nor need to torment himself about the motives of his actions, but simply whatever his hand found to do, would do it with all his might. . . ."

TO THE SAME

June 15. — " . . . Now, as to Time. I think, if you would try time Socratically, by the same method as I have tried space, you would find that the attribution of it to God would involve analogical absurdities. I say this out of mere laziness; conscience tells me that I ought to set it down and do it for you, having started the question: but will you have patience with a man who has a child nine days old?

" It shall be done as soon as I can. Nevertheless, pray be vexed no more at taking up any time of mine. Letters like these are a recreation after book-writing and parish-visiting when I am at work; and just now, when the former is stopped by family circumstances, they are a sacred duty. I have finished fifteen pages of Harriet Martineau's book . . . after an afternoon's pike-fishing, to which I took out of mere inability to sit quiet at home without a wife downstairs. I liked to hear that you were teaching a carpenter boat-building. Men ought to know how to do such things; and gentlemen and noblemen ought to find an honor in teaching them. . . . I confess myself a Platonist; and my aim is to draw men, by showing them that the absolute 'God the Father,' whom no man hath seen, is beyond all possible intellectual notions of ours — to feel the necessity of believing in a 'God the Son' in whom that indefinable absolute will and morality is manifested in space and time, under a form — not human till He took flesh, but still, as the

Bible tells us from beginning to end, the archetype of humanity. Moreover, I want to make men feel that the merely intellectual cognition of either of the three persons of the Trinity is *ipso facto* void; because all intellectual cognition on such points must start from the assumption of self and of the universe as the fixed datum — that the former must lead to Pantheism, under which I class the Neo-Platonism of Alexandria, and the Neo-Platonico-Eclectism of Emerson, Fichte, and the whole of the German, American, English, spiritualists (not excluding Goethe himself, in his *ultimate* teaching), and that the latter must lead, as with Atkinson, and Harriet Martineau, to materialist atheism. When I say *must* lead, I mean logically. Every one, thank God, is better than his creed — I mean his real heart's belief. Humanity and common sense are too mighty even for H. Martineau and Atkinson; but they will not be so for their disciples. Their disciples will formulize, systematize, carry out — persecute; and then find themselves ending, in a generation or two, to the astonishment of their Atkinsonian and Emersonian papas and mammas, in all manner of fetish-worship; out-popery-ing popery itself. Honestly believing this horoscope from all induction from history which I can collect, I want as long as life, and as far as wisdom is given to me, to put the anthropology of men of my own generation on as sound a footing as I can, that their children and grandchildren may have some fixed ideas concerning God, and man, and the universe, to fall back on, and fight from, when the evil day comes — as come, unless the tide turns, it surely will. And when a man of your position writes to me about such matters, I feel no labor too great which may help him even in the least to see and to teach the good old way by which St. Paul and Augustine struggled out of mists and quagmires, to which any in these days are, after all, shallow and transparent. . . . Read those confessions of St. Augustine, aud see if they do not help you. . . . Pray read Maurice's 'History of

Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy;' a little golden book. It is a new world of thought and revelation in the true sense. . . ."

TO —— ——, ESQ.[1]

"Sad as your letter was, it gave me much pleasure: it is always a pleasure to see life springing out of death — health returning after disease, though, as doctors know, the recovery from asphyxia or drowning is always as painful as the temporary death itself was painless. . . . Faith is born of doubt. 'It is not life but death where nothing stirs.' I take all these struggles of yours as simply so many signs that your Father in heaven is treating you as a father, that He has not forsaken you, is not offended with you, but is teaching you in the way best suited to your own idiosyncrasy, the great lesson of lessons. 'Empty thyself, and God will fill thee.' I am not a man of a mystical or romantic turn of mind; but I do say and know, both from reason and experience, that we must be taught, even though it be by being allowed for a while to make beasts of ourselves, that we are of ourselves, and in ourselves, nothing better than — as you see in the savage — a sort of magnified beast of prey, all the more terrible for its wondrous faculties; that neither intellect nor strength of will can save us from degradation; that they may be just as powerful for evil as for good; and that what we want to make us true *men*, over and above that which we bring into the world with us, is some sort of God-given instinct, motive, and new principle of life in us, which shall make us not only see the right, and the true, and the noble, but love it, and give up our wills and hearts to it, and find in the confession of our own weakness a strength, in the subjection of our

[1] A young man of nineteen, brought up as a Unitarian, to whom he was personally a stranger, but who wrote to him laying bare his whole heart, having woke up from a course of sin and unbelief in black despair.

own will a freedom, in the utter carelessness about self a self-respect, such as we have never known before. Do not — do not fancy that any confession of yours to me can lower you in my eyes. My dear young man, I went through the same devil's sewer, with a thousand times the teaching and advantages which you have had. Who am I, of all men, to throw stones at you? But take your sorrows, not to me, but to your Father in heaven. If that name, Father, mean anything, it must mean that He will not turn away from His wandering child, in a way in which you would be ashamed to turn away from yours. If there be pity, lasting affection, patience in man, they must have come from Him. They, above all things, must be His likeness. Believe that He possesses them a million times more fully than any human being. St. Paul knew well, at least, the state of mind in which you are. He said that he had found a panacea for it; and his words, to judge from the way in which they have taken root, and spread, and conquered, must have some depth and life in them. Why not try them? Just read the first nine chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and write me your heart about them. But never mind what anybody, Unitarian or Trinitarian, may say they mean. Read them as you would a Greek play — taking for granted that they mean the simplest and most obvious sense which can be put upon them. Let me hear more — I long for another letter. I need not say that I consider your confidence an honor, and shall keep it sacred."

"The Christian Socialist" came to an end this year, and "Parson Lot" spoke his "last words":

". . . Let us say little and work the more. We shall be the more respected, and the more feared too for it. People will begin to believe that we really know what we want, and really do intend to get it, and really believe in its righteousness. And the spectacle of silent

working faith is one at once so rare and so noble, that it tells more, even on opponents, than ten thousand platform pyrotechnics. In the mean time it will be no bad thing for us if we are beaten sometimes. Success at first is dangerous, and defeat an excellent medicine for testing people's honesty — for setting them earnestly to work to see what they want, and what are the best methods of attaining it. Our sound thrashings as a nation in the first French war were the making of our armies; and it is good for an idea, as well as for a man, to 'bear the yoke in his youth.' The return match will come off, and many, who are now our foes, will then be our friends; and in the mean time,

'The proper impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer.'

"PARSON LOT."

"If you want an Epicedium," he writes to the editor, "I send one. It is written in a hurry.

"So die, thou child of stormy dawn,
Thou winter flower, forlorn of nurse;
Chilled early by the bigot's curse,
The pedant's frown, the worldling's yawn.

Fair death, to fall in teeming June,
When every seed which drops to earth
Takes root, and wins a second birth
From steaming shower and gleaming moon;

Fall warm, fall fast, thou mellow rain;
Thou rain of God, make fat the land;
That roots, which parch in burning sand,
May bud to flower and fruit again,

To grace, perchance, a fairer morn
In mighty lands beyond the sea,
While honor falls to such as we
From hearts of heroes yet unborn,

Who in the light of fuller day,
Of loving science, holier laws,
Bless us, faint heralds of their cause,
Dim beacons of their glorious way.

Failure? while tide-floods rise, and boil
Round cape and isle, in port and cove,
Resistless, star-led from above:
What though our tiny wave recoil?

"CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"*June* 9, 1852."

In the summer of 1852, Judge Erskine, with his family, settled in Eversley to be a blessing to the parish for fifteen years. He was friend and counsellor to the rector in all matters, besides relieving him of a heavy load of expense and anxiety in the matter of the local charities. With this fresh help he worked on cheerfully, and had the heart to turn his thoughts to poetry once more.

His youngest daughter was born in June, and the day following he resumes his letters to Mr. Ludlow, from which the following extracts are made:

"Too tired, confused, and happy to work, I sit down for a chat with you. 1. About the last number of 'Hypatia.' I dare say you are right. I wanted, for artistic purposes, to keep those two chapters cool and calm till just the very end of each; and it is very difficult to be quiet without also being dull. But this, you know, is only, after all, rough copy; and such running criticisms are of the very greatest help to me. About the 'Saga': I sent it to Max Müller, who did not like it at all, he said; because, though he highly approved of the form (and gave me a good deal of learned advice *in re*), it was too rational and moral and rounded, he said, and

not irrational and vast, and dreamy, and hyperbolic — like a true saga.

"As for the monks: 'pon honor they are slow fellows — but then they *were* so horribly slow in reality. And I can't see but that Pambo's palaver in my tale is just what I find in Rosweyde's 'Vitæ Patrum,' and Athanases' 'Life of Anthony.' Almost every expression of Pambo's is a crib from some one, word for word. And his instances are historic ones. Moreover, you must recollect that Arsenius was no mere monk, but a finished gentleman and court intriguer — taken ill with superstition. . . . As for the Sermons,[1] I am very glad you like any of them. About what you don't like, I will tell you honestly, I think that I have not said anything too strong. People must be cured of their horrible notions of God's arbitrary power — His 'satisfaction' in taking vengeance — His inflicting a permanent arbitrary curse as a penalty — His being the author of suffering or evil in any way. I have been driven to it by this. It is easy enough in the case of a holy person to use the stock phrase of its having 'pleased God to afflict them,' because one sees that the affliction is of use; but you can't and dare n't say that God is pleased, *i. e.*, satisfied, or rejoiced to afflict poor wretched heathens in St. Giles's, to whom, as far as we can see, the affliction is of no use, but the very reverse. . . .

"If, however, I found it in Scripture, I should believe it: what I want is — plain inductive proof from texts. The 'it has pleased the Lord to bruise Him,' is just the very opposite. The pith and marrow of the 53rd of Isaiah being, that He of whom it speaks is afflicted, not for the good of His own soul, but for others — that He is ennobled by being sacrificed. It seems to me, that the only way to escape the dilemma really, is, to believe that God is what He has revealed Himself to be — 'A

[1] National Sermons, First Series.

Father.' If a child said, 'I was naughty, and it pleased my father to whip me for it,' should we not feel that the words were hollow and absurd? And if F. died to-morrow, God forbid that I should say of my Father in heaven, it *pleased* Him to take her from me. If the Lord Jesus is the express image of His Father's glory, then His Father cannot be like that. For could I dare believe that it would not pain the Blessed Lord infinitely more than it would pain me, if He was compelled by my sins, or by any other necessity of His government of this rebellious world, to inflict on me, not to mention on the poor little children, that bitter agony? In the face of such real thoughts, school terms vanish, and one has to rest on realities; on the belief in a human-hearted, loving, sorrowing Lord, and of a Father whose image He, in some inexplicable way, is —— or one would go mad. And I have always found, in talking to my people in private, that all second-hand talk out of books about the benefits of affliction, was rain against a window-pane, blinding the view — but never entering. But I *can* make a poor wretch believe — 'the Lord Jesus is just as sorry as you that you have compelled Him for a while to deliver you over to Satan for the punishment of the flesh, that your soul may be saved thereby.' Till you can make them believe that God is not pleased, but *dis*pleased to afflict them, I never found them any the better for their affliction. They take either a mere hypocritically fatalist view of their sorrow, or else they are terrified and despairing, and fancy themselves under a curse, and God angry with them, and are ready to cry, 'Let us curse God and die! If God be against me, what matter who is for me?' And so with * * * * . . .

"I have been trying to tell him, as I do every one — 'If God be for you, what matter who is against you?' . . . If I can make him feel that first, then, and then only, I

can go on to say, 'But He will not lift you out of it till it has taught you the lesson which He intends you to learn;' because then (instead of canting generalities, which, God forgive me, I too often use, and feel ready to vomit my own dirty soul out the next minute) I can tell him *what* lesson God intends him to learn by affliction, namely, the very lesson which I have been trying to teach him, — the very lesson which I preached in the three sermons on the cholera — that God is the foe of all misery and affliction; that He yearns to raise us out of it, and to show us that in His presence is the fulness of life and joy, and that nothing but our own wilfulness and imperfection keep us in it for an instant. I dare not say this of A. or B. I leave them to impute sin to themselves: but I will impute to myself, and not to God's will, the cause of every finger-ache I have, because I know that I never had a sorrow which I did not cause myself, or make necessary for myself by some sin of my own; and I will stand by the service of the 'Visitation of the Sick,' which represents the man's sins as the reason of the sickness, and his recovery as God's will and desire. 'He doth not afflict willingly or grieve the children of men,' is a plain Scripture, and I will not explain it away to suit any theory whatsoever about the origin of evil; but believe that the first chapter of Job, and the two accounts of David's numbering the people, tell us all we can know about it. Thus, so far from allowing that what I say of God's absolute love of our happiness and hatred of our misery is the half-truth, which must be limited by anything else, I say it is the whole truth, the root truth, which must limit all theories about the benefit of suffering, or any other theories, and must be preached absolutely, nakedly, unreservedly first, as the Lord Jesus preached it, to be of any real benefit to men. I know all this is incoherent; but I don't pretend to have solved

this or any other problem. If you prove to me seven large self-contradictions[1] in my own harangue, it won't matter. All you will do, will be to drive me to a Socratic dialogue, which is the only way I can argue."

. . . . . .

. . . "Thank God that there is one more man in the world who has found out the great metaphysicotheologic law, that if a man sees me, he sees me, whether he happens to know my name or not!!! How has the 'religious world' fallen into the notion that no one believes in Christ, who does not call Him by the same appellation as themselves? 1. From the dogma-olatry of the last two centuries (Popish and Protestant), Christ has not seemed to them a Living Man, or God either, but a black formula on white paper. 2. Because, as old Fox and Naylor told them all, they had been believing in a dead Christ, not in the live one of the 'Revelations'—a historic Christ, absent since A. D. 33. And it seems to me as if The Blessed One was just saying *no* to that,—saying (I speak with reverence, but surely He wishes us to search out His dealings with man)—'The knowledge of Me as a present King and friend is far more important to you than knowledge of the facts of my life eighteen hundred years ago, because that last is only the cause, the root; the former is the effect, the fruit. I was born, crucified, rose, that I might be what I AM.' Then, Christ seems (I speak humbly) to be nowadays trying the Church, as He did the disciples on the road to Emmaus, appearing in disguise and anonymous. Cannot He do what he likes? Is *He* bound by the Thirty-nine Articles, or

[1] "I remember," said a friend, who complained of there being a certain inconsistency about his theology, and asked him how *this* was to go with *that*, "C. K.'s answering—'You logical Scotchmen must construct consistent theories: I have intuitions of individual truths: how they are to be reconciled I know not.'"

Robinson's 'Christian System'? Then those who do not know Him, but only facts about Him, will prove their ignorance by denying His presence; those who nave Him in their hearts, who personally know and love Him, will know Him without a label; whether in * * * * * *'s heart, or in any other verbal heresiarch's. So far I seem to see. But there is more belonging to this — in my eyes the great theological revelation of the day, first stated to me by Maurice in Peterborough Cathedral, which I want to talk over with you."

. . . . . .

"In three weeks' time, we shall be delighted to see thee. My beloved roses will be just in glory, the fish will be just in season; thanks to the late spring. My old hunter [a horse which a friend had lately lent him] will be up from grass, and proud to carry you and me — per gig — to see the best of men, John Paine, saint and hop-grower, of Farnham, Surrey. Also we will talk of all matters in heaven and earth. That is, unless I am so deeply unthankful, as indeed I am, for all my blessings that the Giver finds it necessary, against His will, to send some bitter among my paradise of sweets. . . . What you say about my 'ergon' being poetry is quite true. I could not write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and I can write poetry . . . there is no denying it: I do feel a different being when I get into metre — I feel like an otter in the water, instead of an otter ashore. He can run fast enough ashore, and keep the hounds at a tearing gallop, as my legs found this spring in Snowdonia, but when he takes water, then indeed he becomes beautiful, full of divine grace and freedom, and exuberance of power. Go and look at him in the Zoölogical Gardens, and you'll see what I mean. When I have done 'Hypatia' I will write no more novels. I will write poetry — not as a profession — but I will keep myself for it, and I do think I shall do

something that will live. I feel my strong faculty is that sense of *form*, which, till I took to poetry, always came out in drawing, but poetry is the true sphere, combining painting and music and history all in one."

. . . . . .

". . . I wonder what makes me so chatty this morning — mere idleness, I do believe; never mind. I can't settle again for a few days, and I can't work hard, because I can't play hard, on account of this mighty rain; and unless I get frantic exercise of body, my mind won't work. I should like to have a 'Nicor' to slay every afternoon; would n't I write eight hours a day then! As it is, my only nicor to-day has been a rabbit about as long as this sheet of paper, which I, my man, and my dog valiantly captured half-an-hour ago in the middle of the flower-beds! 'But slew him not; awe kept our souls from that,' as Andromache remarks in a certain novel.

'Therefore we took him by the silver ears,
And made for him a hutch with iron hoops,
And put him in the tool-house; and around
The children of the baby-nursing dame,
The imps who haunt the garden, danced and yelled.'

"What do you think of that for a parody? F. remains very, very well, and so does the infant."

. . . . . .

"I send you more Andromeda. . . . You will see at once the difference in style between this opening and the latter part — right or wrong, it was instinctive. I felt myself on old mythic, idolatrous ground, and went slowly and artificially, feeling it unreal, and wishing to make readers feel it such. Then when I get into real *human* Greek life, I can burst out and rollick along in the joy of existence. . . .

"You know that Andromeda myth is a very deep one. It happened at Joppa, and she must have been a

Canaanite; and I cannot help fancying that it is some remnant of old human sacrifices to the dark powers of nature, which died out throughout Greece before the higher, sunnier faith in *human* gods; and that I shall thus bring out, or bring in, enough to make it felt without hurting the classicality, by contrasting her tone about the gods with that of Perseus, whom she is ready to worship as a being of a higher race, with his golden hair and blue eyes. Oh, my dear man, the beauty of that whole myth is unfathomable; I love it, and revel in it more and more the longer I look at it. If I have made one drawing of Perseus and Andromeda I have made fifty, and burnt them all in disgust. If I conceive a thought (objective, that is, of course), I almost always begin by drawing it again and again, and then the incompleteness of the pencil (for paint I can't) drives me to words to give it color and chiaroscuro.[1] . . .

"When you come to me I have a poem (Santa Maura) to show you. I can hardly bear to read it myself; but it is the deepest and clearest thing I have yet done. I send a scrap more rough copy. Perseus rushing on the Orc —

'As when an osprey, aloft, dark eyebrowed, royally crested . . .
. . . . . .
Stunning with terrible heel the life of the brain in the hind head.'
. . . . . .

Mind the 'terrible *heel*.' That is right, a hawk strikes with his heel, and after grips with his whole foot. A fish or duck killed by a hawk is always scored up the neck and hind head; sometimes ripped up right along the back. If you 'll consider; striking his prey at im-

[1] The first edition of "The Heroes" — a Christian book of Greek fairy tales for his children, published in 1855, was illustrated by himself, and contains an exquisite sketch of Perseus and Andromeda. (M. K.)

mense speed from behind, he could n't drive his front claws in. The dark eyebrowed is Homer's 'melanophrus,' and is the thing which struck me as most magnificent in a large osprey which I came upon ten yards from me in the Issthal. For the same reason, doubt not, 'the wind rattling in his pinions.' A falcon does not, as the herd think, rush silently down head foremost, but drives himself noisily down heels foremost by a succession of preternatural flaps, the philosophy of which I could never make out. A gull does the same, though he strikes with his beak when he wants to force himself under water; anything atop he takes as an owl does, by sliding down — or not quite — for an owl's silent fall is more mysterious still. He catches with his beak, and then takes the mouse out of his mouth with his hand, like a Christian. But there 's enough natural history for the nonce. There 's a hawk 'stooping' (sketch enclosed). . . .

"I don't agree with you about not polishing too much.[1] If you are a verse maker, you will, of course,

[1] Speaking once of the finish and perfection of Tennyson's poetry, he says: "And how are such effects produced but by labor? Labor severe, self-restraining, patient; labor without which the diamond itself is dark. The Venus or the Apollo might possess the most exact proportion of limb, the most perfect grace of attitude, yet who would have called them beautiful while the surface of the marble was still rough and knotty? It is not the size, but the finish of the picture which proves the painter's art, — proves that he has worked, to use Mr. Ruskin's phrase, by the light of 'The Lamps of Sacrifice and of Obedience.' . . . If metre and melody be worth anything at all, let them be polished to perfection: let an author 'keep his piece nine years,' or ninety and nine, till he has made it as musical as he can. . . . The thought must be struck off in the passion of the moment; the sword-blade must go red-hot to the anvil, and be forged in a few seconds; true: but after the forging, long and weary polishing and grinding must follow, before your sword-blade will cut And melody is what makes poetry cut, what gives it its life, its power, its magic influence, on the hearts of men. It must ring in their ears; it must have music in itself; it must appeal to the senses,

rub off the edges and the silvering; but if you are a poet, and have an idea and one key-note running through the whole, which you can't for the life define to yourself, but which is there out of the abysses, defining you, — then every polishing is a bringing the thing nearer to that idea, and there is no more reason in not polishing than there is for walking about with a hole or a spot on your trousers, a thing which drives me mad. If I have a spot on my clothes, I am conscious of nothing else the whole day long, and just as conscious of it in the heart of Bramshill Common, as if I were going down Piccadilly. . . . Dear man, did you ever ride a lame horse, and wish that the earth would open, and swallow you, though there was n't a soul within miles? Or did you ever sit and look at a handsome or well-made man, and thank God from your heart for having allowed you such a privilege and lesson? Oh, there was a butcher's nephew playing cricket in Bramshill last week, whom I would have walked ten miles to see, in spite of the hideous English dress. One looked forward with delight to what he would be 'in the resurrection. . . .'

". . . I want to aim at the clearest and sharpest objectivity, and even in the speeches of Perseus and Andromeda, the subjective element must come out in sententiousness, not in sentiment. I shall read up the Œdipus Coloneus, and the Antigone, before I do them, to catch the sententiosity. But I never had dreamed of daring to write hexameters.[1] I should write them merely by ear, as I firmly believe Homer wrote his, and

as well as to the feelings, the imagination, the intellect: then, when it seizes at once on the whole man, on body, soul, and spirit, will it 'swell in the heart, and kindle in the eyes, and constrain him, he knows not why, to believe and to obey.'"

[1] In "Westward Ho!" is introduced a supposed conversation between Sir Walter Raleigh and the poet Edmund Spenser, on the subject of Hexameter verse. (M. K.)

make a word scan two different ways, as he does, whenever I chose, minding always to make accent and metre coincide. As for hexameters being foreign to our language, if you will mind the cæsura, and split your sense at that as often as convenient, you can talk prose in hexameters just as easily as in blank verse. Look (it is Coleridge's hint) at the great quantity of the Bible and Prayer-book which is actually unconscious hexameter already. . . . I enclose my last: —

"I and my gardener George, and my little whelp Maurice and Dandy,
Went out this afternoon fishing; a better night nobody could wish,
Wind blowing fresh from the west, and a jolly long roll on the water,
After a burning day and the last batch of May-flies just rising —
Well, I fished two or three shallows and never a fish would look at me.
Then I fished two or three pools, and with no more success, I assure you.
'I'll tell you what, G.,' said I, 'some rascal's been "studdling" the water;
Look at the tail of that weed there, all turned up and tangled — Tim Goddard 's
Been up the stream before us, or else Bonny Over, and sold us!'
'Well, sir,' says he, 'I'll be sworn, some chap 's gone up here with a shove-net!
Pack up our traps and go home, is the word!' and by jingo we did it.
As I sit here, word for word, that was mine and G.'s conversation."

". . . I wish you would show this Prologue to Maurice. It is as deep a thing — though not very smooth — as I have said yet, and I mean what I say.

'Linger no more, my beloved, by abbey and cell and cathedral;
Mourn not for holy ones mourning of old — them who knew not the Father,

Weeping with fast and scourge, when the bridegroom was taken from them.
Drop back awhile through the years, to the warm rich youth of the nations,
Childlike in virtue and faith, though childlike in passion and pleasure,
Childlike still, and still near to their God, while the day-spring of Eden
Lingered in rose-red rays on the peaks of Ionian mountains.
Down to the mothers, as Faust went, I go, to the roots of our manhood.
Mothers of us in our cradles; of us once more in our glory.
Newborn, body and soul, in the great pure world which shall be
In the renewing of all things, when man shall return to his Eden
Conquering evil, and death, and shame, and the slander of conscience,
Free in the sunshine of Godhead, and fearlessly smile on his Father.
Down to the mothers I go — yet with thee still! — be with me, thou purest!
Lead me, thy hand in my hand; and the dayspring of God go before us.'

"P. S. — What I have said of ballads is this: that they must be objective, dealing with facts and not feelings — or with feelings as manifested in actions. The union of the objective ballad or epic (for they only differ in size) with the subjective ode, elegiac and satire, makes the drama. The present age writes subjective ballads, and fails of course.

"Your best specimens are 'Johnnie of Breadislee;' 'Sir Patrick Spens:' Lady Maistry, perfectly awful —

'She carried the peats in her apron lap
To burn herself withal.'

One or two Danish ballads: Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad;' 'Wee Croodledoo;' 'Auld Robin Gray;' Lord Wil-

loughby in Percy's 'Reliques;' 'Hosier's Ghost;' 'When in Porto-bello lying,' a noble speech; 'Would you hear a Spanish Lady?' Campbell's 'Hohenlinden;' Uhland's 'Drei Burschen;' Goethe's 'Beggarman and Erl-King.' But the Germans have hundreds."

To T. HUGHES, ESQ. — ". . . I had just done my work, and dinner was coming on the table yesterday — just four o'clock — when the bow-wows appeared on the top of the Mount, trying my patch of gorse; so I jumped up, left the cook shrieking, and off. He was n't there, but I knew where he was, for I keep a pretty good register of foxes (ain't they my parishioners, and parts of my flock?); and, as the poor fellows had had a blank day, they were very thankful to find themselves in five minutes going like mad. We had an hour and a half of it — scent breast-high as the dew began to rise (bleak north-easter — always good weather), and if we had not crossed a second fox, should have killed him in the open; as it was, we lost him after sunset, after the fiercest grind I have had this nine years, and I went back to my dinner. The old horse behaved beautifully; he is not fast, but in the enclosed woodlands he can live up to any one, and earned great honor by leaping in and out of the Loddon; only four more doing it, and one receiving a mucker. I feel three years younger to-day. . . . The whip tells me there were three in the river together, rolling over horse and man! What a sight to have lost even by being a-head. . . . Have you seen the story of the run, when Mr. Woodburne's hounds found at Blackholme, at the bottom of Windermere, and ended beyond Helvellyn, more than fifty miles of mountain. After Applethwaite Crag (where the field lost them) they had a ring on High Street (2700 feet) of an hour unseen by mortal eye; and after that were seen by shepherds in Batterdale, Brotker Water, top of Fairfield

(2900) Dunnaird Gap; and then over the top of Helvellyn (3050); and then to ground on Birkside Screes — I cannot find it on the maps. But what a poetic thing! Helvellyn was deep in frost and snow. Oh, that I could write a ballad thereanent. The thing has taken possession of me; but I can't find words. There was never such a run since *we* were born; and think of hounds doing the last thirty miles *alone!*"

One of his many correspondents at this time was Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, who, in the previous autumn, had paid a visit to Eversley Rectory. She had come to England to see the Great Exhibition, but she expressed one still stronger desire, which was to see Charles Kingsley, whose writings had struck a deep chord in her heart. It would be needless to say that he thought her one of the most highly cultivated women he had ever conversed with, and her sweet gentleness and womanliness attracted him still more than her intellect. After she left Eversley, she sent him a copy of Esaia Tegner's "Frithiof's Saga," with this inscription: "To the Viking of the New Age, Charles Kingsley, this story of the Vikings of the Old, from a daughter of the Vikings, his friend and admirer, Frederika Bremer;" and writes:

"My Young Friend, — Will you allow me to call you in writing, in plain words, what I have called and do call you in my mind and heart? You must think then it is a baptismal of the spirit, and you must understand it. I have received your books. They shall go with me over the sea to my fatherland, and there in my silent home, I shall read them, live in them, enjoy them deeply, intensely. I know it, know it all the better

since I have been with you. I have had a dream sometimes of a young brother like that one that was snatched away from me in his youth; like him, but more ardent, a young mind that I could like, love, sympathize with, quarrel with, live with, influence, be influenced by, follow, through the thorny path, through tropical islands, through storm and sunshine, higher and higher ascending in the metamorphosis of existence. I had that dream, that vision again, when I saw you, that made me so sad at parting. But let that pass. With much we must part. Much must pass. More will remain. The communion of related souls will remain to be revived again and again. I shall hear from you, and I will write to you. Meantime my soul will hover about you with the wings of blessing thoughts. I send a copy of my last book, the 'Midnight Sun.' As you are fond of Natural History, the sketch of the people and provinces of Sweden in the introduction may interest you; this much belongs to the natural history of a country. The voyage up to the mountains of the midnight sun, the scenery there is perfectly true to nature; I have seen and lived it through myself. Frithiof's Saga I take peculiar pleasure in asking you to accept, as a true follower of Scandinavian mind and life, and as the story of a spirit to whom your own is nearly related. The universal, the tropical mind seems more embodied in man in the rigid zones of the north, than in those of tropical nature. It is strange, but it seems to me to be so, the old Viking's greatness was that he wanted to conquer the whole world and make it his own. The mission of the spiritual Viking seems to me the higher one to conquer the world to God. So is yours. God speed you! and He will! God bless you and yours, your lovely wife first among those, and lastly — me as one of yours in sisterly love."

A proposal was made this year to open the Crystal Palace on Sundays — a step towards stem-

ming the tide of Sunday drunkenness, and he wrote to Mr. George Grove, who had asked him to help: —

October 28. — "I am in sad perplexity about your letter. I have been talking it over with Maurice. He says he shall take the matter in hand in his Lincoln's Inn sermons, and that it is a more fit thing for a London than for a country parson, being altogether against my meddling. . . . I use freely a pamphlet, by the Rev. Baldwin Brown,[1] which I think the wisest speech, save Maurice's, which I have seen on the matter. . . . The Church of England knows nothing of that definition of the Sabbath as a fast, which the Puritans borrowed from the Pharisees and Rabbins of the most fallen and hideous period of Judaism, and which the Lord denounced again and again as contrary to, and destructive of, the very idea and meaning of the Sabbath. The Church of England calls Sunday a feast-day, and not a fast; and it is neither contrary to her ritual letter, nor to her spirit, to invite on that day every Englishman to refresh himself with the sight of the wonders of God's earth, or with the wonders of men's art, which she considers as the results of God's teaching and inspiration.

"The letter, moreover, as well as the spirit of the Bible, is directly in favor of the arguments brought forward by the Crystal Palace Company's advocates. The Sabbath, it declares, was made for man. And man, it declares to be, not a mere 'soul to be saved' (an expression nowhere used in Scripture, in its modern sense of a spirit, to be got safely through to some future state of bliss), but as consisting of body, soul, and spirit — meaning by soul what we call intellect and feelings. And therefore any institution, which, like the Crystal Palace, tends to give healthy and innocent rest

[1] Author of "The Higher Life," "The Home Life," and "The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love."

and refreshment to body, mind, and tastes, is in accordance, — a lower sphere certainly, but still directly in accordance with the letter of the Sabbatical institution, as a day of rest made for man as man. . . ."

In 1856 he writes on this topic to Mr. Maurice:

"I have read through your pamphlet forthwith, and with very great delight. I agree with every word. I feel with you that *the only ground on which Sunday amusements can be really defended, is as a carrying out of the divineness of the Sabbath, and not as a relaxation of it.* . . . I do not see how to lay down the ground of the Sabbath better than you have done, so I do not see how to dogmatize about practical applications any farther than the hints you have given. I have often fancied I should like to see the great useless naves and aisles of our cathedrals turned into museums and winter gardens, where people might take their Sunday walks, and yet attend service; but such a plan could only grow up of itself, round a different service than ours, or at least round a service interpreted and commented on by very different preaching; and till the Tartarus and Elysium superstition, which lies as really at the bottom of this question as at the bottom of all, is settled, I see no hope for that. . . . You have made me see more than I ever did, the dignity of work and rest, and their analogy with God's — so justifying all that Parker, Emerson, or Carlyle have said about it, by putting it on a ground which they deny. Yet if the problem of human existence be to escape the impending torture — *cui bono?* Who need care for rest, or work either, save to keep the body alive till the soul is saved? Till that doctrine vanishes, no one will feel any real analogy between his life and God's life, and will be as selfish and covetous in his work, and as epicurean in his rest, as men are now. It was their ignorance of this

superstition, I suppose, which enabled the *old* Jews to keep their Sabbath (as they seem to have done from the few hints we have) as a day of 'rejoicing before the Lord,' in attempts more or less successful to consecrate to Him the simple enjoyments of life — in feasting, singing, and dancing. 'In the midst go the damsels playing with the timbrels.' But this would be absurd *here*, and therefore I suppose it is, that the all-wise Book keeps the practical details so in the background, leaving each future nation to actualize the Sabbath according to its own genius. I think what you have said on that quite admirable. Nevertheless, we (after we are dead and alive for evermore) shall see *that* conception carried out on earth.

> "'In mighty lands beyond the sea,
> While honor falls to such as *thee*,
> From hearts of heroes yet unborn.'
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> . . . . . .

"Men drink, and women too, remember," he says elsewhere, "not merely to supply exhaustion; not merely to drive away care; but often simply to drive away dulness. . . . The publican knows too well where thousands of the lower classes, simply for want of any other place to be in, save their own sordid dwellings, spend as much as they are permitted of the Sabbath day. . . . Let us put down 'Sunday drinking, by all means. And let us see — in the name of Him who said He had made the Sabbath for man, and not man for the Sabbath — if we cannot do something to prevent the townsman's Sabbath being, not a day of rest, but a day of mere idleness; the day of most temptation, because of most dulness in the whole seven." — ("Health and Education," p. 64.)

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"Have you any objection" (he asks the Dean of Westminster, before preaching in the Abbey for the

Temperance Society in 1873) "to my speaking in favor of opening the British Museum and National Gallery to the public on Sunday afternoons? . . . I have held very strong and deliberate opinions on this matter for many years; and think that the opening of these institutions would stop not only a good deal of Sunday and therefore of Monday drunkenness — but would, if advocated by the clergy, enable the Church to take the wind out of the sails of the well-meaning but ignorant Sunday league, and prove herself — what she can prove herself in other matters if she has courage, — the most liberal religious body in these isles. . . . "

TO ADOLPH SAPHIR, ESQ.

(Then a student in Edinburgh)

November 1, 1852. — "If I am surprised at your writing to me, it is the surprise of delight at finding that my writings have been of use to any man, and above all to a Jew. For your nation I have a very deep love, first because so many intimate friends of mine — and in one case a near connection — are Jews, and next, because I believe as firmly as any modern interpreter of prophecy, that you are still '*The Nation*,' and that you have a glorious, as I think a culminating, part to play in the history of the race. Moreover, I owe all I have ever said or thought about Christianity as the idea which is to redeem and leaven all human life, 'secular' as well as 'religious,' to the study of the Old Testament, without which the New is to me unintelligible; and I cannot love the Hebrew books without loving the men who wrote them. My reason and heart revolt at that magical theory of inspiration which we have borrowed from the Latin Rabbis (the very men whom we call fools on every other subject), which sinks the personality of the inspired writer, and makes him a mere

puppet and mouthpiece; and therefore I love your David, and Jeremiah, and Isaiah, as men of like passions with myself — men who struggled, and doubted, and suffered, that I might learn from them; and loving them, how can I but love their children, and yearn over them with unspeakable pity?

"You seem to be about to become a Christian minister. In that capacity your double education, both as a German and as a Hebrew, ought to enable you to do for us what we sadly need having done, almost as much as those Jews among whom your brother so heroically labored — I mean to teach us the real meaning of the Old Testament and its absolute unity with the New. For this we want not mere 'Hebrew scholars,' but Hebrew spirits — Hebrew men; and this must be done, and done soon, if we are to retain our Old Testament, and therefore our New. For if we once lose our faith in the Old Testament, our faith in the New will soon dwindle to the impersonal 'spiritualism' of Frank Newman, and the German philosophasters. Now the founder of German unbelief in the Old Testament was a Jew. Benedict Spinoza wrote a little book which convulsed the spiritual world, and will go on convulsing it for centuries, unless a Jew undoes what a Jew has done. Spinoza beat down the whole method of rabbinical interpretation — the whole theory of rabbinical inspiration; but he had nothing, as I believe, to put in their place. The true method of interpretation — the true theory of inspiration is yet sadly to seek. At least such a method and such a theory as shall coincide with history and with science. It is my belief that the Christian Jew is the man who can give us the key to both — who can interpret the New and the Old Testaments both, because he alone can place himself in the position of the men who wrote them, as far as national sympathies, sorrows, and hopes are concerned — not to mention the

amount of merely antiquarian light which he can throw on dark passages for us, if he chooses to read as a Jew and not as a Rabbinist.

"I would therefore intreat you, and every other converted Jew, not to sink your nationality, because you have become a member of the Universal Church, but to believe with the old converts of Jerusalem, that you are a true Jew because you are a Christian; that as a Jew you have your special office in the perfecting of the faith and practice of the church, which no Englishman or other Gentile can perform for you: neither to Germanize or Scotticize, but try to see all heaven and earth with the eyes of Abraham, David, and St. Paul."

CHAPTER XI

1853

AGED 34

THE RECTOR IN HIS CHURCH — "HYPATIA" LETTERS FROM CHEVALIER BUNSEN — MR. MAURICE'S THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS — CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS COOPER.

"My heart and hope is with thee — Thou wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier priest,
To scare church-harpies from the Master's feet;
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:
Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily;
But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy,
To embattail and to wall about thy cause
With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
The humming oi the drowsy pulpit-drone,
Half God's good Sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from a throne,
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightning. I will stand and mark."

TENNYSON (Early Sonnets).

THE books which entailed so many letters, now also attracted strangers to Eversley Church on Sunday. Officers from Sandhurst would constantly walk over, and occasionally a stray clergyman would be seen in the free sittings. "Twenty-five Village Sermons" had been published in 1849, and had been reviewed in the "Times," and "Sermons on National Subjects," perhaps the most remarkable of all his volumes of sermons, had just been brought out. His preach-

ing was becoming a great power. It was the speech of a live man to living beings.

"Yes, my friends," he would say, "these are real thoughts. They are what come into people's minds every day; and I am here to talk to you about what is really going on in your soul and mine; not to repeat to you doctrines at second hand out of a book, and say, 'There, that is what you have to believe and do, and if you do not, you will go to hell;' but to speak to you as men of like passions with myself; as sinning, sorrowing, doubting, struggling human beings; to talk to you of what is in my own heart, and will be in your hearts too, some day, if it has not been already. . . ."

After he gave out his text, the poor men in the free sittings under the pulpit would turn towards him, and settle themselves into an attitude of fixed attention. In preaching he would try to keep still and calm, and free from all gesticulation; but as he went on, he had to grip and clasp the cushion on which his sermon rested, in order to restrain the intensity of his own emotion; and when, in spite of himself, his hands would escape, they would be lifted up, the fingers of the right hand working with a peculiar hovering movement, of which he was quite unconscious; his eyes seemed on fire, his whole frame worked and vibrated. It was riveting to see as well as hear him, as his eagle glance penetrated every corner of the church, and whether there were few or many there, it was enough for him that those who were present were human beings standing between two worlds, and that it was his terrible responsibility as well as high privilege, to deliver a message to each and all. The great festivals of the

Church seemed to inspire him, and his words would rise into melody. At Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the Holy Trinity especially, his sermon became a song of triumph; during Advent, a note of solemn warning. On Good Friday, and through the Passion week evening services, it would be a low and mournful chant, uttered in a deep, plaintive, and at moments almost agonized tone, which hushed his congregation into a silence that might be felt. These Passion services were given at an hour to suit the laboring men on their way home from work, when a few would drop into church, to whom he preached a fifteen minutes' sermon, which a London congregation would have gone miles to hear. His hearers, sometimes only fifteen to twenty besides his own family, will never forget the dimly-lighted church in the spring evening's twilight, with its little sprinkling of worshippers, and the silence as of death and the grave, when with a look which he never seemed to have at any other season, he followed Christ through the events of the Holy Week, from the First Communion to the foot of the Cross. And when "the worst was over," with what a gasp of relief was Easter Even, with its rest and quietness, reached, and with significant words about that Intermediate state, in which he so deeply believed, he would lead our thoughts from the peaceful sepulchre in the garden to the mysterious gate of Paradise.

His Good Friday sermons were flashes of inspiration. He thus closes one, perhaps the finest he ever preached [National Sermons, 1st Series], in 1848, when his heart was full of the People's cause:

"Oh! sad hearts and suffering! Anxious and weary ones! Look to the Cross this day! There hung your King. The King of sorrowing souls, and more the King of Sorrow. Ay, pain and grief, tyranny and desertion, death and hell. He has faced them one and all, and tried their strength, and taught them His, and conquered them right royally! And since He hung upon that torturing cross, sorrow is divine, godlike, as joy itself. All that man's fallen nature dreads and despises, God honored on the cross, and took unto Himself, and blest and consecrated for ever. And now, blessed are the poor, if they are poor in heart as well as purse, and theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the hungry, if they hunger for righteousness as well as food: for Jesus hungered, and they shall be filled. Blessed are those who mourn, if they mourn not only for their afflictions, but for their sins, and the sins of those they see around them: for on this day, Jesus mourned for our sins: on this day He was made sin for us who knew no sin; and they shall be comforted. Blessed are those who are ashamed of themselves and humble themselves before God this day; for on this day Jesus humbled Himself for us, and they shall be exalted. Blessed are the forsaken and despised. Did not all men forsake Jesus this day, in His hour of need? And why not thee, too, thou poor deserted one? Shall the disciple be above his master? No, every one that is perfect, must be like his master. The deeper, the bitterer your loneliness, the more you are like Him who cried upon the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' . . . All things are blessed now, but sin; for all things, excepting sin, are redeemed by the life and death of the Son of God. Blessed are wisdom and courage, joy and health, and beauty, love and marriage, childhood and manhood, corn and wine, fruits and flowers, for Christ redeemed them by His life.

And blessed, too, are tears and shame, blessed are weakness and ugliness, blessed are agony and sickness, blessed the sad remembrance of our sins, and a broken heart, and a repentant spirit. Blessed is death, and blessed the unknown realms, where souls await the resurrection day, for Christ redeemed them by His death. Blessed are all things, weak as well as strong. Blessed are all days, dark as well as bright, for all are His, and He is ours; and all are ours, and we are His, for ever. Therefore sigh on, ye sad ones, and rejoice in your own sadness; ache on, ye suffering ones, and rejoice in your own sorrows. Rejoice that you are made free of the holy brotherhood of mourners, that you may claim your place too, if you will, among the noble army of martyrs. Rejoice that you are counted worthy of a fellowship in the sufferings of the Son of God. Rejoice and trust on, for after sorrow shall come joy. Trust on; for in man's weakness God's strength shall be made perfect. Trust on, for death is the gate of life. Endure on to the end, and possess your souls in patience for a little while, and that perhaps a very little while. Death comes swiftly, and more swiftly still, perhaps, the day of the Lord. The deeper the sorrow, the nearer the salvation.

> The night is darkest before the dawn;
> When the pain is sorest, the child is born,
> And the day of the Lord at hand!"

On Easter day he would burst forth into a song of praise once more, for the Blessed Resurrection not only of Christ the Lord, but of man, and of the dear earth he loved so well — spring after winter, birth after death. Every gnat that danced in the sunshine on the blessed Easter morn, every blade of grass in the old churchyard spoke of hope and joy and a living God. And the

flowers in the church, and the graves decked with bright wreaths would add to his gladness, as he paced up and down the narrow gravel path before service. Many a testimony has come to the blessing of those village sermons. "Twenty-five Village Sermons," said a clergyman working in a great city parish, "like a plank to a drowning man kept me from sinking in the 'blackness of darkness' which surrounds the unbeliever. Leaning upon these, while carried about by every wind of doctrine I drifted hither and thither, at last, thanks be to God, I found standing ground." In a preface written for the Village Sermons in 1849, but subsequently suppressed for fear of misconception, he explained why he had adopted the peculiar method of preaching, both in matter and style, which offended some, while it arrested many:

"At the solicitation of several friends," he says, "I put these sermons into print, with extreme diffidence as to their value — a diffidence much increased by the high standard which I have most unsuccessfully proposed to myself. These sermons refer chiefly to those subjects which are less commonly than others expounded in the pulpit, and must therefore be in no wise taken as a complete confession of faith. The great doctrines of the Gospel will be found rather implicit and diffused through them, and underlying them everywhere as their primary ground, than formally and articulately stated in them.

"(1) To such a method of teaching I have been more or less compelled by circumstances. I have found that, in my own parish at least, the minds of working men have been inundated by a dogmatic technology which is, by their own confession, utterly beyond the comprehension of the great majority, while repeated use

has made the ears of too many of the rest callous to the thread of vague meaning which they may have once attached to it. The same objections I found to hold good also against a peculiar phraseology, which, though it calls itself scriptural, is yet utterly deficient in the lively and dramatic terseness of the Bible, being for the most part a mere patchwork — I had almost said parody — of the archaisms, not of the Scriptures themselves, but of *our English translation of them.* I have therefore boldly thrown off as much as possible conventional forms and technicalities of speech, and I believe that all who do the same will be rewarded by the delight with which youths and men of the laboring classes will welcome the Gospel in the intelligible form of their own mother-tongue.

"(2) I must also say that I cannot see without astonishment men who profess unbounded reverence for Scripture, utterly and intentionally avoiding every method of teaching which Scripture employs. In the sermons of the Prophets, of our Lord, of the Apostles, all is indicative, personal, pointed, concrete; with most sermon writers of this day, all is studiously hypothetic, impersonal, rounded, and abstract. Scripture deals in dialogue and apostrophe; in allusions to time and place and detail, and almost invariably makes passing events the ground from which to evolve eternal and spiritual lessons; most modern sermons, on the contrary, avoid carefully all which can connect their subject with the events of the day, with the peculiar circumstances or actual every-day life and business of their hearers. The honest old 'You' and 'I,' for instance, are ousted by a certain dreamy book-compiled abstraction 'The Christian,' or else for 'My brethren,' a phrase whose antiquated form alone, if we will consider, proves the unreality of our own use of it. If we believe that our hearers are our *brothers*, let us call them so. It is a

poor trick to soften down the rebuke which that word conveys to ourselves, by watering it down into a vapid '*brethren.*' These sermons have been written in the belief, that true reverence for Scripture will copy its manner, as well as its matter, and that as every teacher in Scripture expresses God's truth in the language and style peculiar to his own time, we shall best follow the leading of God's Spirit, by expressing His truth in the style and language peculiar neither to the first, nor to the sixteenth, but to the nineteenth century.

"(3) We have, I think, again much injured the usefulness of our preaching, by a squeamish regard for that miserable fiction, 'the dignity of the pulpit,' by a horror of our words and thoughts which are homely and 'colloquial,' and anything less than sesquipedalian. How much of this may have proceeded from honest bad taste, how much from a subtle temptation to excuse ourselves for our ignorance of the speech and thought of the very peasants to whom we are commissioned to minister, God alone can judge; but this pedantry must be thoroughly and at once amended, if we do not wish to be called, as I believe, to most fearful and speedy account for our remiss use of that tremendous power — the undisturbed possession of the pulpits of England.

"(4) I must now, even at the risk of being misunderstood, say boldly that I believe our preaching has been of late years sadly chilled and tongue-tied by a certain rigid idolatry of formulæ, and a consequent scrupulous terror of mere verbal and accidental heterodoxy: while most seem quite unconscious that it is easy to preach sermons, in whose words the most scrupulous theologian could detect no flaw, the total outcome of which may nevertheless be utterly heretical — Manichæan, for instance, or Apollinarian — errors which are at this very day fearfully rife, among nominally orthodox preachers of every shade of opinion.

"I may have erred in the opposite direction; but I have been less solicitous about the outward and treacherous orthodoxy of the understanding than about the far deeper orthodoxy of the spirit; not so much to prove my correctness to my hearers as to excite correct notions in them. My hearers were ploughmen, not schoolmen — my grammar is that of the farm, not of the university. If therefore any expressions be discovered in my sermons, which, when separated from their context, and from the gist of the whole discourse (as is the manner of critics), do not exactly fit into any of the current systems of doctrine, I answer with all humility that — I do not care. I am perfectly assured of the orthodox result of the *whole*, and equally perfectly assured that any one who wishes really to touch the souls of men, must apply to oratory Augustine's glorious maxim, '*Ama — et fac quicquid vis*,' and say boldly,

"'*Crede — et dic quicquid vis*.'"

His sermons owed much to the time he gave himself for preparation. The Sunday services, while they exhausted him physically, yet seemed to have the effect of winding his spirit up to higher flights. And often late on Sunday evening he would talk over with his wife the subject and text for the next week. He seldom put off his sermon till Saturday. On Monday, he would, if possible, take a rest, but on Tuesday it was sketched, and the first half carefully thought out before it was dictated or written: then put by for a day or two, that it might simmer in his brain, and be finished on Friday. But none who read them now can tell what it was to hear them, and to see him, and the look of inspiration on his face, as he preached. While to those his nearest

and dearest, who looked forward with an ever-fresh intensity of interest to the Eversley Church services week after week, year after year, each sermon came with double emphasis from the fact that his week-day life was no contradiction, but a noble carrying out of his Sunday teaching.

"The Eversley Sunday," said his friend and curate, Mr. Harrison, "was very characteristic of Mr. Kingsley. It was not to him far above the level of every other day, but then his every other day was far above the ordinarily accepted level. One thing was specially observable about it, the absence of all artificial solemnity of manner, and exceptional restraints of speech and conduct. Whatever the day might be he was emphatically always the same. He would chat with his people in the churchyard before service as freely and as humorously as he would have done in field or cottage. The same vivid untiring interest in nature which has made his rambles by the chalk streams of England, and through the high woods of Trinidad, a source of perpetual enjoyment to his readers, would flash out from him the very moment he left church, if anything unusual or beautiful attracted his attention. Yet during service his manner was always impressive; and at times, as during the celebration of the Holy Communion — until the recent judgment he always consecrated in the eastward position — it rose into a reverence that was most striking and remarkable. It was not the reverence of a school. It was evidently the impulse of the moment, and being so, was not precise and systematic. Indeed, his individuality came out involuntarily at unexpected moments, in a way that occasionally was startling to those who did not know him, and amusing to those who did. One Sunday morning, for instance, in passing from the altar to the pulpit he disappeared, and we discovered that he was

searching for something on the ground, which when found was carried to the vestry. Subsequently it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which by its beauty had attracted his attention, and which was in great danger of being trodden on. There was nothing incongruous, nothing of the nature of an effort to him, in turning from the gravest thoughts and duties to the simplest acts of kindness, and observation of everything around him. 'He prayeth best who loveth best all creatures great and small.'

"Many a heart will cherish through life dear memories of the Eversley sermons. It was well that Chester and Westminster should grow familiar with the tones of his voice before they were silenced forever. It was well that men and women, among whom his name had been a household word, should be able, Sunday after Sunday, to come in crowds to listen to his burning words, in a place befitting his genius, and his message to them. But to my mind he was never heard to greater advantage than in his own village pulpit. I have sometimes been so moved by what he then said, that I could scarcely restrain myself from calling out, as he poured forth words now exquisitely sad and tender, now grand and heroic; with an insight into character, a knowledge of the world, and a sustained eloquence which, each in its own way, was matchless."

"I never did," said the Bishop of Truro, "and I believe I never shall, see anything that spoke so loud for the Church of England as never to be put away, as did the morning service in Eversley Church, whether he read or whether he preached. . . ."

This year, begun at Eversley and ended at Torquay, was one of much anxiety and incessant labor. Unable to get a pupil, he was therefore unable to keep a curate. The Sunday services,

night schools, and cottage lectures were done single-handed; and if he seemed to withdraw from his old associates in the cause of co-operation, and of the working men in London, it was not from want of interest, but of time and strength. He went only once up to Town, to lecture for the Needlewomen's Association. Constant sickness in the parish and serious illness in his own household gave him great anxiety; while the proceedings of the King's College Council against Mr. Maurice, on the ground of his views on eternal punishment, depressed him deeply. But the year had its lights as well as shadows; he had the comfort of seeing the first good national school built and opened in his parish; friends, new and old, came and went — Mr. Maurice frequently — Bishop McDougall of Labuan, and Mr. Alfred Tennyson. His intimacy with Bishop Wilberforce, Chevalier Bunsen, and Miss Mitford deepened; he made the personal acquaintance of Mr. Robert Browning and his wife, and of several of his hitherto unknown correspondents.

"Hypatia," perhaps his highest work of art, this year came out as a whole. It cost him more labor than any of his books, and a friend, who was with him during the summer in which part of it was written, says:

"I was struck not only with his power of work, but with the extraordinary pains he took to be accurate in detail. We spent one whole day in searching the four folio volumes of Synesius for a fact he thought was there, and which was found there at last. The hard reading he had undergone for that book alone would furnish an answer to some who thought him superficial."

"Hypatia" has been translated into German, into Dutch, and into Modern Greek. In one section of the English Church it made him bitter enemies, more bitter, perhaps, than were stirred up by either "Yeast" or the "Saint's Tragedy." It certainly lost him his D.C.L. degree at Oxford in 1863. And why? but because, as Dean Stanley remarked, of

"... his moral enthusiasm, which, in the pages of 'Hypatia,' has scathed with an everlasting brand the name of the Alexandrian Cyril and his followers, for their outrages on humanity and morality in the name of a hollow Christianity and a spurious orthodoxy. Read," the Dean adds, "if you would learn some of the most impressive lessons of Ecclesiastical history, — read and inwardly digest those pages, perhaps the most powerful he ever wrote which close that wonderful story discriminating the destinies which awaited each of its characters as they passed, one after another, 'each to his own place.'"

"I want," wrote Chevalier Bunsen, "to wish you joy for the wonderful picture of the inward and outward life of Hypatia's age, and of the creation of such characters as hers and Raphael's, and the other protagonists. ... You have succeeded in epicizing, poetically and philosophically, one of the most interesting and eventful epochs of the world, clothing the spirits of that age in the most attractive fable; you resuscitate the real history of the time and its leading characters so poetically that we forget that instruction is conferred upon us in every page. ...

"You have performed a great and lasting work, but it is a bold undertaking. You fire over the heads of the public, οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι, as Nestor says, the pygmies of the circulating library. Besides you have (pardon me)

wronged your own child most cruelly. Are you aware that many people object to reading or allowing it to be read, because, the author says in the preface, it is not written for those of pure mind?[1] My daughters exclaimed when they read that in the preface, after having read to their mamma the whole in numbers to general edification, as they do Bible and Shakespeare every day. I should wish you to have said that, in describing and picturing an age like that, there must here and there be nudities as in nature and as in the Bible. Nudities there are because there is truth. For God's sake, let that preface not come before Germany without some modified expression. Impure must be the minds who can be offended or hurt by your picture! What offends and hurts is the modern *Lüsternheit*, that veiling over indecency, exciting imagination to draw off the veil in order to see not God's naked nature, but corrupted man's indecency. Forgive that I take the child's part against the father. But, indeed, that expression is not the right, and unjust to yourself, and besides highly detrimental to the book. . . .

[1] The passage referred to is the opening paragraph of the preface where the author says, "A picture of life in the fifth century must needs contain much which will be painful to any reader, and which the young and innocent will do well to leave altogether unread. It has to represent a very hideous, though a very great, age; one of those critical and cardinal eras in the history of the human race, in which virtues and vices manifest themselves side by side — even, at times, in the same person — with the most startling openness and power. One who writes of such an era labors under a troublesome disadvantage. He dare not tell how evil people were; he will not be believed if he tell how good they were. In the present case that disadvantage is doubled; for while the sins of the Church, however heinous, were still such as admit of being expressed in words, the sins of the heathen world against which she fought, were utterly indescribable; and the Christian apologist is thus compelled, for the sake of decency, to state the Church's case far more weakly than the facts deserve." — Preface to "Hypatia."

"The times before us are brimful of destruction, — therefore of regeneration. The Nemesis is coming, as Ate. Ever yours faithfully,

"BUNSEN."

TO MRS. GASKELL

July 25, 1853. — "I am sure that you will excuse my writing to you thus abruptly when you read the cause of my writing. I am told, to my great astonishment, that you have heard painful speeches on account of 'Ruth;' what was told me raised all my indignation and disgust. Now I have read only a little (though, of course, I know the story) of the book; for the same reason that I cannot read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' or 'Othello,' or 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' It is too painfully good, as I found before I had read half a volume. But this I can tell you, that among all my large acquaintance I never heard, or have heard, but one unanimous opinion of the beauty and righteousness of the book, and that, above all, from real *ladies*, and really good women. If you could have heard the things which I heard spoken of it this evening by a thorough High Church fine lady of the world, and by her daughter, too, as pure and pious a soul as one need see, you would have no more doubt than I have, that whatsoever the 'snobs' and the bigots may think, English people, in general, have but one opinion of 'Ruth,' and that is, one of utter satisfaction. I doubt not you have had this said to you already often. Believe me, you may have it said to you as often as you will by the purest and most refined of English women. May God bless you, and help you to write many more such books as you have already written, is the fervent wish of your very faithful servant.

"C. KINGSLEY."

Mr. Maurice's volume of "Theological Essays" appeared this year containing one on Eternal Life

and Death, which was the cause of his dismissal from King's College. The subject had occupied Mr. Kingsley's own mind for years; and the persecution of his friend and teacher roused all his chivalry. "The book seemed to him," he said, "to mark a new era in English Ecclesiastical History." He at once took counsel with friends at Oxford and Cambridge, before getting up a protest against the proceedings of the council of King's College.

"'The Time and Eternity Question,'" he says, in writing to a friend, "is coming before the public just now in a way which may seriously affect our friend Maurice, unless all who love him make good fight. Maurice's essays, as you say, will constitute an epoch. If the Church of England rejects them, her doom is fixed. She will rot and die, as the Alexandrian did before her. If she accepts them — not as 'a code complete,' but as hints towards a new method of thought, she may save herself still. . . ."

". . . Well, dearest master," he writes to Mr. Maurice, "I shall not condole with you. You are above that: but only remind you of this day's Psalms, 30th, which have been to me, strangely enough, the Psalms for the day in all great crises of my life. . . . You know what I feel for you. But your cause is mine. We swim in the same boat, and stand or fall henceforth together. I am the mouse helping the lion — with this difference, that the mouse was *out*-side the net when she gnawed it, while I *am inside*. For if you are condemned for these 'opinions' I shall and must *therefore* avow them. . . . I was utterly astonished at finding in page after page things which I had thought, and hardly dared to confess to myself, much less to preach. However, you have said them now; and I, gaining courage,

have begun to speak more and more boldly, thanks to your blessed example, in a set of sermons on the Catechism, accompanying your angel's trump on my private penny-whistle. . . . I was struck the other day by the pleasure which a sermon of mine gave not only to my clods, but to the best of my high church gentry, in which sermon I had just copied word for word your Essay on Eternal Life and Death — of course stating the thing more coarsely, and therefore more dangerously than your wisdom would have let you do. . . . I am too unhappy about you to say much. I always expected it; but yet, when it comes one cannot face it a bit the better. Nevertheless, it is but a passing storm of dust."

The following are extracts given without regard to dates, from letters to Mr. Thomas Cooper, Chartist, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides." When Mr. Kingsley first knew Thomas Cooper, he was lecturing on Strauss, to working men; but after a long struggle his doubts were solved. He is now, at the age of 70, a preacher of Christianity.[1]

February 15, 1850. — "Many thanks for your paper. On Theological points I will say nothing. We must have a good long stand-up fight some day, when we have wind and time. In the mean time, I will just say, that I believe as devoutly as you, Goethe, or Strauss, that God never does — if one dare use the word, never *can* — break the Laws of Nature, which are His Laws, manifestations of the eternal ideas of His Spirit and Word — but that Christ's Miracles seem to me the highest realizations of those very laws. How? you will ask — to which I answer, you must let me tell

[1] Thomas Cooper's autobiography, published by Hodder and Stoughton in 1872, is a book well worth reading for its own sake and for the pictures of working-class life and thought, which it reveals.

you by and by. Your thinkings from Carlyle are well chosen. There is much in Carlyle's 'Chartism' and the 'French Revolution,' and also in a paper called 'Characteristics,' among the miscellanies, which is 'good doctrine and profitable for this age.' I cannot say what *I* personally owe to that man's writings.

"But you are right, a thousand times right, in saying that the [co-operative] movement is a more important move than any Parliamentary one. It is to get room and power for such works, and not merely for any abstract notions of political right that I fight for the suffrage. I am hard at work — harder, the doctors say, than is wise. But 'the days are evil, and we must redeem the time,' — Our one chance for all the Eternities, to do a little work in for God and the people, for whom, as I believe, He gave His well-beloved Son. That is the spring of my work, Thomas Cooper; it will be yours; consciously or unconsciously it is now, for aught I know, if you be the man I take you for. . . ."

EVERSLEY: *November* 2, 1853. — ". . . Your friend is a very noble fellow.[1] As for converting either you or

[1] This refers to a letter in which Thomas Cooper says, "My friend, a noble young fellow, says, you are trying to convert him to orthodoxy, and expresses great admiration for you. I wish you success with him, and I had almost said I wish you could next succeed with me; but I think I am likely to stick where I have stuck for some years — never lessening, but I think increasing, in my love for the truly divine Jesus — but retaining the Strauss view of the Gospel." "Ah! that grim Strauss," he says in a later letter, "how he makes the iron agony go through my bones and marrow, when I am yearning to get hold of Christ! But you understand me? Can you help me? I wish I could be near you, so as to have a long talk with you often. I wish you could show me that Strauss's preface is illogical, and that it is grounded on a *petitio principii*. I wish you could bring me into a full and hearty reception of this doctrine of the Incarnation. I wish you could lift off the dead weight from my head and heart, that blasting, brutifying thought, that the grave must be my 'end all.'"

him, — what I want to do, is to make people believe in the Incarnation, as the one solution of all one's doubts and fears for all heaven and earth; wherefore I should say boldly, that, even if Strauss were right, the thing must either have happened somewhere else, or will happen somewhere some day, so utterly does both my reason and conscience, and, as I think, judging from history, the reason and conscience of the many in *all* ages and climes, demand an Incarnation. As for Strauss, I have read a great deal of him, and his preface carefully. Of the latter, I must say that it is utterly illogical, founded on a gross *petitio principii*; as for the mass of the book, I would undertake, by the same fallacious process, to disprove the existence of Strauss himself, or any other phenomenon in heaven or earth. But all this is a long story. As long as you do see in Jesus the perfect ideal of man, you are in the right *path*, you are going *toward* the light, whether or not you may yet be allowed to see certain consequences which, as I believe, logically follow from the fact of His being the ideal. Poor ****'s denial (for so I am told) of Jesus being the ideal of a good man, is a more serious evil far. And yet Jesus Himself said, that, if any one spoke a word against the Son of Man (*i. e.* against Him as the perfect man) it should be forgiven him; but the man who could not be forgiven either in this world or that to come, was the man who spoke against the Holy Spirit, *i. e.* who had lost his moral sense and did not know what was righteous when he saw it — a sin into which we parsons are as likely to fall as any men, much more likely than the publicans and sinners. As long as your friend or any other man loves the good and does it, and hates the evil and flees from it, my Catholic creeds tell me that the Spirit of Jesus, 'the Word,' is teaching that man; and gives me hope that either here or hereafter, if he be faithful over a few things, he shall

be taught much. You see, this is quite a different view from either the Dissenters or Evangelicals, or even the High-Church parsons. But it *is* the view of those old 'Fathers' whom they think they honor, and whom they will find one day, in spite of many errors and superstitions, to be far more liberal, humane, and philosophical than our modern religionists. . . ."

TORQUAY: 1854. — "I am now very busy at two things. Working at the sea-animals of Torbay for Mr. Gosse, the naturalist, and thundering in behalf of sanitary reform. Those who fancy me a 'sentimentalist' and a 'fanatic' little know how thoroughly my own bent is for physical science; how I have been trained in it from earliest boyhood; how I am happier now in classifying a new polype, or solving a geognostic problem of strata, or any other bit of hard Baconian induction, than in writing all the novels in the world; or how, again, my theological creed has grown slowly and naturally out of my physical one, till I have seen, and do believe more and more utterly, that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity (as they are in the Bible, not as some preachers represent them from the pulpit) coincide with the loftiest and severest science. This blessed belief did not come to me at once, and therefore I complain of no man who arrives at it slowly, either from the scientific or religious side; nor have I yet spoken out all that is in me, much less all that I see coming; but I feel that I am on a right path, and please God, I will hold it to the end. I see by the by that you have given out two 'Orations against taking away human life.' I should be curious to hear what a man like you says on the point, for I am sure you are free from any effeminate sentimentalism, and by your countenance, would make a terrible and good fighter, in a good cause. It is a painful and difficult subject. After much thought, I have come to the conclusion that you cannot take away

human life. That *animal* life is all you take away; and that very often the best thing you can do for a poor creature is to put him out of this world, saying, 'You are evidently unable to get on here. We render you back into God's hands that He may judge you, and set you to work again somewhere else, giving you a fresh chance as you have spoilt this one.' But I speak really in doubt and awe. . . . When I have read your opinions I will tell you why I think the judicial taking away *animal* life to be the strongest assertion of the dignity and divineness of *human* life;[1] and the taking away life in wars the strongest assertion of the dignity and divineness of national life."

1855. — "* * * * * sent me some time ago a letter of yours, in which you express dissatisfaction with the 'soft indulgence' which I and Maurice attribute to God. . . .

"My belief is, that God will punish (and has punished already somewhat) every wrong thing I ever did, unless I *repent* — that is, change my behavior therein; and that His lightest blow is hard enough to break bone and marrow. But as for saying of any human being whom I ever saw on earth that there is no hope for them; that even if, under the bitter smart of just punishment, they opened their eyes to their folly, and altered their minds, even then God would not forgive them; as for saying that, I will not for all the world, and the rulers thereof. I never saw a man in whom there was not some good, and I believe that God sees that good far more clearly, and loves it far more deeply, than I can, because He Himself put it there, and, therefore, it is reasonable to believe that He will educate and strengthen that good, and chastise and scourge the holder of it till he obeys it, and loves it, and gives up himself to it; and that the said holder will find such chastisement terrible enough,

[1] See Sermon on Capital Punishment, preached in 1870, by Rev. C. Kingsley. (All Saints' Day and other Sermons.)

if he is unruly and stubborn, I doubt not, and so much the better for him. Beyond this I cannot say; but I like your revulsion into stern puritan vengeance — it is a lunge too far the opposite way, like Carlyle's; but anything better than the belief that our Lord Jesus Christ was sent into the world to enable any man to be infinitely rewarded without doing anything worth rewarding — anything, oh! God of mercy as well as justice, than a creed which strengthens the heart of the wicked, by promising him life, and makes * * * * * * * * believe (as I doubt not he does believe) that though a man is damned here his soul is saved hereafter. Write to me. Your letters do me good."

1856. — "You have an awful and glorious work before you,[1] and you do seem to be going about it in the right spirit — namely, in a spirit of self-humiliation. Don't be downhearted if outward humiliation, failure, insult, apparent loss of influence, come out of it at first. If God be indeed our Father in any real sense, then, whom He loveth, He chasteneth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth. And 'Till thou art emptied of thyself, God cannot fill thee,' though it be a saw of the old mystics, is true and practical common sense. God bless you and prosper you. . . .

" . . . Your letter this morning delighted me, for *I* see that you see. If you are an old hand at the Socratic method, you will be saved much trouble. I can quite understand young fellows kicking at it. Plato always takes care to let us see how all but the really earnest kicked at it, and flounced off in a rage, having their own notions torn to rags, and scattered, but nothing new put in the place thereof. It seems to me (I speak really humbly here) that the danger of the Socratic method, which issued, two or three generations after, in making

[1] Thomas Cooper had now re-commenced lecturing at the Hall of Science on Sunday evenings, simply teaching theism, for he had not advanced farther yet in positive conviction.

his so-called pupils the academics mere destroying skeptics, priding themselves on picking holes in everything positive, is this — to use it without Socrates' great *Idea*, which he expressed by 'all knowledge being memory,' which the later Platonists, both Greek and Jew, *e. g.*, Philo and St. John, and after them the good among the Roman Stoics and our early Quakers, and German mystics, expressed by saying that God, or Christ, or the Word, was more or less in every man, the Light which lightened him. Letting alone formal phraseology, what I mean, and what Socrates meant, was this, to confound people's notions and theories, only to bring them to look their own reason in the face, and to tell them boldly: you know these things at heart already, if you will only look at what you know, and clear from your own spirit the mists which your mere brain and 'organization' has wrapt round them. Men may be at first more angry than ever at this; they will think you accuse them of hypocrisy when you tell them 'you know that I am right, and you wrong;' but it will do them good at last. It will bring them to the one great truth, that they too have a Teacher, a Guide, an Inspirer, a Father: that you are not asserting for yourself any new position, which they have not attained, but have at last found out the position which has been all along equally true of them and you, that you are all God's children, and that your Father's Love is going out to seek and to save them and you, by the only possible method, viz., teaching them that He is their Father.

"I am very anxious to hear your definition of a *person*. I have not been able yet to get one, or a proof of personal existence which does not spring from *à priori* subjective consciousness, and which is, in fact, Fichte's. 'I am I.' I know it. Take away my 'organization,' cast my body to the crows or the devil, logically or physically, strip me of all which makes me

palpable to you and to the universe, still I have the unconquerable knowledge that 'I am I,' and must and shall be so for ever. How I get this idea I know not: but it is the most precious of all convictions, as it is the first; and I can only suppose it is a revelation from God, whose image it is in me, and the first proof of my being His child. My spirit is a person; and the child of the Absolute Person, the Absolute Spirit. And so is yours, and yours, and yours. In saying that, I go on 'Analogy,' which is Butler's word for fair Baconian Induction. I find that I am absolutely I, an individual and indissoluble person; therefore I am bound to believe at first sight that you, and you, and you are such also. . . . This is all I seem to know about it as yet.

"But how utterly right you are in beginning to teach the real meaning of words, which people now (parsons as well as atheists) use in the loosest way. Take even 'organization,' paltry word as it is, and make them analyze it, and try if they can give any definition of it (drawn from its real etymology) which does not imply a person distinct from the organs, or tools, and organizing or arranging those tools with a mental view to a result. I should advise you to stick stoutly by old Paley. He is right at root, and I should advise you, too, to make your boast of Baconian Induction being on your side, and not on theirs; for 'many a man talks of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow,' and the 'Reasoner' party, while they prate about the triumphs of science, never, it seems to me, employ intentionally in a single sentence the very inductive method whereby that science has triumphed. . . . Be of good cheer. WHEN the wicked man turneth from his wickedness (then, there and then), he shall save his soul *alive* — as you seem to be consciously doing, and all his sin and his iniquity shall not be mentioned unto him. What your

'measure' of guilt (if there can be a measure of the incommensurable spiritual) I know not. But this I know, that as long as you keep the sense of guilt alive in your own mind, you will remain justified in God's mind; as long as you set your sins before your face, He will set them behind his back. Do you ask how I know that? I will not quote 'texts,' though there are dozens. I will not quote my own spiritual experience, though I could honestly: I will only say, that such a moral law is implied in the very idea of 'Our Father in heaven.' . . ."

". . . You must come and see me, and talk over many things. That is what I want. An evening's smoke and chat in my den, and a morning's walk on our heather moors, would bring our hearts miles nearer each other, and our heads too. As for the political move, I can give you no advice save, say little, and do less. I am ready for all extensions of the franchise, *if we have a government system of education therewith:* till then I am merely stupidly acquiescent. More poor and ignorant voters? Very well — more bribees; more bribers; more pettifogging attorneys in parliament; more local interests preferred to national ones; more substitution of the delegate system for the representative one. . . ."

June 14, 1856. — "It is, I know it, a low aim (I don't mean morally) for a man who has had the aspirations which you have; but may not our Heavenly Father just be bringing you through this seemingly degrading work,[1] to give you what I should think you never had, — what it cost me bitter sorrow to learn, — the power of working in harness, and so actually drawing something, and being

[1] Thomas Cooper had been given copying work at the Board of Health; and his hearers at the Hall of Science, already made bitter by his deserting the atheist camp, made the fact of his doing government work and taking government pay a fresh ground of opposition to his teaching.

of real use. Be sure, if you can once learn that lesson, in addition to the rest you have learnt, you will rise to something worthy of you yet. . . . It has seemed to me, in watching you and your books, and your life, that just what you wanted was self-control. I don't mean that you could not starve, die piece-meal, for what you thought right; for you are a brave man, and if you had not been, you would not have been alive now. But it did seem to me, that what you wanted was the quiet, stern cheerfulness, which sees that things are wrong, and sets to to right them, but does it trying to make the best of them all the while, and to see the bright side; and even if, as often happens, there be no bright side to see, still 'possesses his soul in patience,' and sits whistling and working till 'the pit be digged for the ungodly.'

"Don't be angry with me and turn round and say, 'You, sir, who never knew what it was to want a meal in your life, who belong to the successful class who *have*, — what do you mean by preaching these cold platitudes to me?' For, Thomas Cooper, I have known what it was to want things more precious to you, as well as to me, than a full stomach; and I learnt — or rather I am learning a little — to wait for them till God sees good. And the man who wrote 'Alton Locke' must know a little of what a man like you *could* feel to a man like me, if the devil entered into him. And yet I tell you, Thomas Cooper, that there was a period in my life — and one not of months, but for years, in which I would have gladly exchanged your circumstantia, yea, yourself, as it is now, for my circumstantia, and myself, as they were then. And yet I had the best of parents and a home, if not luxurious, still as good as any man's need be. You are a far happier man, now, I firmly believe, than I was for years of my life. The dark cloud has passed with me now. Be but brave and patient, and (I *will* swear now), by God, sir! it will pass with you."

June, 1856.— "You are in the right way yet. I can put you in no more right way. Your sense of sin is not fanaticism; it is, I suppose, simple consciousness of fact. As for helping you to Christ, I do not believe I can one inch. I see no hope but in prayer, in going to Him yourself, and saying: 'Lord, if Thou art there, if Thou art at all, if this all be not a lie, fulfil Thy reputed promises, and give me peace and the sense of forgiveness, and the feeling that, bad as I may be, Thou lovest me still, seeing all, understanding all, and therefore making allowances for all!' I have had to do that in past days; to challenge Him through outer darkness and the silence of night, till I almost expected that He would vindicate His own honor by appearing visibly as He did to St. Paul and St. John; but He answered in the still small voice only; yet that was enough.

"Read the book by all means; but the book will not reveal Him. He is not in the book; He is in the Heaven which is as near you and me as the air we breathe, and out of that He must reveal Himself; — neither priests nor books can conjure Him up, Cooper. Your Wesleyan teachers taught you, perhaps, to look for Him in the book, as Papists would have in the bread; and when you found He was not in the book, you thought Him nowhere; but He is bringing you out of your first mistaken idolatry, ay, *through* it, and through all wild wanderings since, to know Him Himself, and speak face to face with Him as a man speaks with his friend. Have patience with Him. Has He not had patience with you? And therefore have patience with all men and things; and then you will rise again in His good time the stouter for your long battle. . . .

". . . For yourself, my dear friend, the secret of life for you and for me, is to lay our purposes and characters continually before Him who made them, and cry, 'Do *Thou* purge me, and so alone I shall be clean. Thou

requirest truth in the inward parts. Thou wilt make me to understand wisdom secretly.' What more rational belief? For surely if there be any God, and He made us at first, He who makes can also mend His own work if it get out of gear. What more miraculous in the doctrines of regeneration and renewal, than in the mere fact of creation at all?

"I am glad to hear you are regularly at work at the Board. It will lead to something better, doubt not; and if it be dry drudgery, after all, some of the greatest men who have ever lived (perhaps almost all) have had their dull collar-work of this kind, which after all was useful in keeping mind and temper in order. I have a good deal of it, and find it most blessed and useful."

April 3, 1857.— "Go on and prosper.[1] Let me entreat you, in broaching Christianity, to consider carefully the one great Missionary sermon on record, viz., St. Paul's at Athens. There the Atonement, in its sense of a death to avert God's anger, is never mentioned. Christ's Kingship is his theme; the Resurrection, not the death, the great fact. Oh, begin by insisting, as I have done in the end of 'Hypatia,' on the Incarnation as morally necessary, to prove the goodness of the Supreme Being. Insist on its being the Incarnation of Him who had been in the world all along. . . . Do bear in mind that you have to tell them of The Father — *Their* Father — of Christ, as manifesting that Father; and all will go well. On the question of future punishment, I should have a good deal to say to you. I believe that it is *the crux* to most hearts."

May 9, 1857. — "About *endless torment*. . . . You may say, — 1. Historically, that, *a*. The doctrine occurs nowhere in the Old Testament, or any hint of it.

[1] T. Cooper had written to say that he had now begun the "grand contest." "God has been so good to me that I must confess Christ, and we shall have greater rage now that I have come to Christianity."

The expression, in the end of Isaiah, about the fire unquenched, and the worm not dying, is plainly of the dead corpses of men upon the physical earth, in the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, where the offal of Jerusalem was burned perpetually. Enlarge on this, as it is the passage which our Lord quotes, and by it the meaning of His words must be primarily determined. — *b*. The doctrine of endless torment was, as a historical fact, brought back from Babylon by the Rabbis. It was a very ancient primary doctrine of the Magi, an appendage of their fire-kingdom of Ahriman, and may be found in the old Zends, long prior to Christianity. — *c*. St. Paul accepts nothing of it as far as we can tell, never making the least allusion to the doctrine. — *d*. The Apocalypse simply repeats the imagery of Isaiah, and of our Lord; but asserts, distinctly, the non-endlessness of torture, declaring that in the consummation, not only death, but Hell, shall be cast into the Lake of Fire. — *e*. The Christian Church has never really held it exclusively, till now. It remained quite an open question till the age of Justinian, 530, and significantly enough, as soon as 200 years before that, endless torment for the heathen became a popular theory, purgatory sprang up synchronously by the side of it, as a relief for the conscience and reason of the Church. —*f*. Since the Reformation, it has been an open question in the English Church, and the philosophical Platonists, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, always considered it as such. — *g*. The Church of England, by the deliberate expunging of the 42nd Article which affirmed endless punishment, has declared it authoritatively to be open. — *h*. It is so, in fact. Neither Mr. Maurice, I, or any others, who have denied it, can be dispossessed or proceeded against legally in any way whatsoever. Exegetically, you may say, I think, That the meanings of the word αἰών and αἰώνιος have little or nothing to do with it, even if αἰών

be derived from ἀεί always, which I greatly doubt. The word never is used in Scripture anywhere else, in the sense of endlessness (vulgarly called eternity). It always meant, both in Scripture and out, a period of time. Else, how could it have a plural — how could you talk of *the* æons, and æons of æons, as the Scripture does? Nay, more, how talk of οὗτος ὁ αἰών, which the translators, with laudable inconsistency, have translated 'this world,' *i. e.*, this present state of things, 'Age,' 'dispensation,' or epoch — αἰώνιος, therefore, means, and must mean, belonging to an epoch, or the epoch, αἰώνιος κόλασις is the punishment allotted to that epoch. Always bear in mind, what Maurice insists on, — and what is so plain to honest readers, — that our Lord and the Apostles always speak of being in the end of an age or æon, not as ushering in a new one. Come to judge and punish the old world, and to create a new one out of its ruins, or rather as the S. S. better expresses it, to burn up the chaff and keep the wheat, *i. e.*, all the elements of food as seed for the new world.

"I think you may say, that our Lord took the popular doctrine because He found it, and tried to correct and purify it, and put it on a really moral ground. You may quote the parable of Dives and Lazarus (which was the emancipation from the Tartarus theory) as the one instance in which our Lord professedly opens the secrets of the next world, that He there represents Dives as still Abraham's child, under no despair, not cut off from Abraham's sympathy, and under a direct moral training, of which you see the fruit. He is gradually weaned from the selfish desire of indulgence for himself, to love and care for his brethren, a divine step forward in his life, which of itself proves him not to be lost. The impossibility of Lazarus getting to him, or *vice versâ*, expresses plainly the great truth, that each being where he ought to be at that time, interchange of

place (*i. e.*, of spiritual state) is impossible. But it says nothing against Dives rising out of his torment, when he has learnt the lesson of it, and going where he ought to go. The common interpretation is merely arguing in a circle, assuming that there are but two states of the dead, 'Heaven' and 'Hell,' and then trying at once to interpret the parable by the assumption, and to prove the assumption from the parable. Next, you may say that the English 'damnation,' like the Greek κατάκρισις, is perhaps κρίσις simple, simply means condemnation, and is (thank God) retained in that sense in various of our formularies, where I always read it, *e. g.*, 'eateth to himself damnation,' with sincere pleasure, as protests in favor of the true and rational meaning of the word, against the modern and narrower meaning.

"You may say that Fire and Worms, whether physical or spiritual, must in all logical fairness be supposed to do what fire and worms do do, viz., destroy decayed and dead matter, and set free its elements to enter into new organisms; that, as they are beneficent and purifying agents in this life, they must be supposed such in the future life, and that the conception of fire as an engine of torture, is an unnatural use of that agent, and not to be attributed to God without blasphemy, unless you suppose that the suffering (like all which He inflicts) is intended to teach man something which he cannot learn elsewhere.

"You may say that the catch, 'All sin deserves infinite punishment, because it is against an Infinite Being,' is a worthless amphiboly, using the word infinite in two utterly different senses, and being a mere play on sound. That it is directly contradicted by Scripture, especially by our Lord's own words, which declare that every man (not merely the wicked) shall receive the due reward of his deeds, that he who, &c., shall be beaten with few stripes, and so forth. That the words 'He shall not go

out till he has paid the uttermost farthing,' evidently imply (unless spoken in cruel mockery) that he may go out then. . . .

"Finally, you may call on them to rejoice that there is a fire of God the Father whose name is Love, burning for ever unquenchably, to destroy out of every man's heart and out of the hearts of all nations, and off the physical and moral world, all which offends and makes a lie. That into that fire the Lord will surely cast all shams, lies, hypocrisies, tyrannies, pedantries, false doctrines, yea, and the men who love them too well to give them up, that the smoke of their Βασανισμός (*i. e.*, the torture which makes men confess the truth, for *that* is the real meaning of it; Βασανισμός means the *touch*-stone by which gold was tested) may ascend perpetually, for a warning and a beacon to all nations, as the smoke of the torment of French aristocracies, and Bourbon dynasties, is ascending up to Heaven and has been ever since 1793. Oh, Cooper — is it not good news that *that* fire is unquenchable; that *that* worm will not die. . . . The *parti prêtre* tried to kill the worm which was gnawing at their hearts, making them dimly aware that they were wrong, and liars, and that God and His universe were against them, and that they and their system were rotting and must die. They cannot kill God's worm, Thomas Cooper. You cannot look in the face of many a working continental priest without seeing that the worm is at his heart. You cannot watch their conduct without seeing that it is at the heart of their system. God grant that we here in England — we parsons (dissenting and church) may take warning by them. The fire may be kindled for us. The worm may seize our hearts. God grant that in that day we may have courage to let the fire and the worm do their work — to say to Christ, These too are Thine, and out of Thine infinite love they have come. Thou requirest

truth in the inward parts, and I will thank Thee for any means, however bitter, which Thou usest to make me true. I want to be an honest man, and a right man! And, oh joy, *Thou* wantest me to be so also. Oh joy, that though I long cowardly to quench Thy fire, I cannot do it. Purge us, therefore, O Lord, though it be with fire. Burn up the chaff of vanity and self-indulgence, of hasty prejudices, second-hand dogmas, — husks which do not feed my soul, with which I cannot be content, of which I feel ashamed daily — and if there be any grains of wheat in me, any word or thought or power of action which may be of use as seed for my nation after me, gather it, O Lord, into Thy garner.

"Yes, Thomas Cooper. Because I believe in a God of Absolute and Unbounded Love, therefore I believe in a Loving Anger of His, which will and must devour and destroy all which is decayed, monstrous, abortive in His universe, till all enemies shall be put under His feet, to be pardoned surely, if they confess themselves in the wrong, and open their eyes to the truth. And God shall be All in All. Those last are wide words. It is he who limits them, not I who accept them in their fulness, who denies the verbal inspiration of Scripture.

"P. S. When you talk to them on the Trinity, don't be afraid of saying two things.

"They will say 'Three in One' is contrary to sense and experience. Answer, that is your ignorance. Every comparative anatomist will tell you the exact contrary; that among the most common, though the most puzzling phenomena is multiplicity in unity — divided life in the same individual of every extraordinary variety of case. That distinction of persons with unity of individuality (what the old schoolmen properly called *substance*) is to be met with in some thousand species of animals, *e. g.*, all the compound polypes, and that the soundest physiologists, like Huxley, are compelled to talk of these

animals in metaphysic terms just as paradoxical as, and almost identical with, those of the theologian. Ask them then, whether, granting one primordial Being who has conceived and made all other beings, it is absurd to suppose in Him some law of multiplicity in unity, analogous to that on which He has constructed so many millions of His creatures. . . .

"I have said my say on the Trinity in the end of 'Yeast,' and in the end of 'Hypatia.' . . ."

. . . . . .

"But my heart demands the Trinity, as much as my reason. I want to be sure that *God* cares for us, that *God* is our Father, that *God* has interfered, stooped, sacrificed Himself for us. I do not merely want to love Christ — *a* Christ, some creation or emanation of God's — whose will and character, for aught I know, may be different from God's. I want to love and honor the absolute, abysmal God Himself, and none other will satisfy me — and in the doctrine of Christ being co-equal and co-eternal, sent by, sacrificed by, His Father, that He might do His Father's will, I find it — and no puzzling texts, like those you quote, shall rob me of that rest for my heart, that Christ is the exact counterpart of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. The texts are few, only two after all; on them I wait for light, as I do on many more: meanwhile, I say boldly, if the doctrine be not in the Bible, it ought to be, for the whole spiritual nature of man cries out for it. Have you read Maurice's essay on the Trinity in his theological essays? addressed to Unitarians? If not, you must read it. About the word Trinity, I feel much as you do. It seems unfortunate that the name of God should be one which expresses a mere numerical abstraction, and not a moral property. It has, I think, helped to make men forget that God is a spirit — that is, a *moral* being, and that moral spiritual, and that

morality (in the absolute) is God, as St. John saith God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him — words which, were they not happily in the Bible, would be now called rank and rampant Pantheism. But, Cooper, I have that faith in Christ's right government of the human race, that I have good hope that He is keeping the word Trinity, only because it has not yet done its work; when it has, He will inspire men with some better one."

CHAPTER XII

1854

AGED 35

TORQUAY — SEASIDE STUDIES — SANITARY WORK — LECTURES IN EDINBURGH — DEUTSCHE THEOLOGIE — ABOUT SISTERHOODS — CRIMEAN WAR — SETTLES IN NORTH DEVON — WRITES "WESTWARD HO!"

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes;
They moved n tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.
. . . . . .
Oh happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware."

COLERIDGE'S "Ancient Mariner."

"Happy truly is the naturalist. He has no time for melancholy dreams. The earth becomes to him transparent; everywhere he sees significance, harmonies, laws, chains of cause and effect endlessly interlinked, which draw him out of the narrow sphere of self . . . into a pure and wholesome region of joy and wonder."

C. K.

THE winter and spring of 1854 were passed at Torquay, his Bishop having given him leave of absence on account of his wife's health. The place had its own peculiar charm for him, not only from its rich fauna and flora, but from its historical associations. Torbay gave him his first inspiration for "Westward Ho!"

"We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water," he said, "and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south without a glow passing through our hearts, as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by it in the bright days of July, 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains (for the London fleet had not yet joined), following fast in its wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; and the stone on the pier-head, which marks his first footprints on British ground, is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death. . . ."

This was the first rest he had enjoyed for many years, and the temporary cessation from sermon writing and parish work, and the quiet peaceful Sundays with his wife and children were most welcome. For at this time, and for some years to come, the clergy of all parties in the Church stood aloof from him as a suspected person; and the attacks of the religious press, perhaps happily for him, had so alarmed the clergy of Torquay, High Church and Evangelical, that all pulpit doors were closed against the author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia." Once only he was asked to preach in the parish church for a charity, and once at St. John's, in a Lenten week-day service, when he surprised the congregation, a

High Church one, by his reverent and orthodox views on the Holy Eucharist. Settled at Livermead, the father and children spent bright hours together daily on the shore, of which he speaks:

"Wanderings among rock and pool, mixed up with holiest passages of friendship and of love, and the intercommunion of equal minds and sympathetic hearts, and of the laugh of children drinking in health from every breeze and instruction in every step, running ever and anon with proud delight to add their little treasure to their father's stock; and of happy evenings spent over the microscope and the vase, in examining, arranging, preserving, and noting down in the diary the wonders and the labors of the happy busy day."

This seaside life led to a voluminous correspondence, each letter illustrated by his own beautiful sketches, and to an article in the "North British Review," on "The Wonders of the Shore," which was afterwards developed into "Glaucus," and contained not only studies in natural history, but some of his deepest thoughts on theology as connected with the transmutation theory, and the lately published "Vestiges of Creation." A daily journal of natural history was kept, and hampers of sea beasts, live shells, and growing seaweed sent off to Mr. Gosse, in London. After each low tide, some fresh treasure was discovered, and drawings and a minute description made. In a cave, near Goodrington, he found washed ashore, after a succession of southeasterly gales, a rare zoophyte, Montagu's Chirodata (*Synapta digitata*), which had not been seen for years; Cardium Tuberculatum, the red-legged cockle, a shell quite new to him, lay on the

sands in countless numbers. In the well-stocked vivarium at home he could study the ways of the lovely little Eolis papillosa, the bright lemon-colored Doris, the Cucumaria Hyndmanii, with their wondrous gills and feathers — to common eyes mere sea-slugs, — and varieties of Serpulæ, with their fairy fringes only visible at happy moments to those who have the patience to watch and wait for the sight; while the more minute forms of the exquisite Campanularia Syringa and Volubilis, the various Sertularii, and that "pale pink flower of stone," the Carophyllia Smithii, with numberless others, were examined under the microscope. The manners and customs too of the soldier crab were not only a source of inexhaustible merriment, but led him to some of the deep strange speculations so reverently hinted at in the pages of "Glaucus;" while the habits of the spider crab suggested lessons of sanitary science. At Torquay, he fulfilled before his children's eyes his own ideal of the

" . . . perfect naturalist, — one who should combine in himself the very essence of true chivalry, namely, self-devotion, whose moral character, like the true knight of old, must be gentle and courteous, brave and enterprising and withal patient and undaunted in investigation, knowing (as Lord Bacon would have put it), that the kingdom of nature, like the kingdom of heaven, must be taken by violence, and that only to those who knock earnestly and long, does the Great Mother open the doors of her sanctuary, . . . always reverent, yet never superstitious, wondering at the commonest, yet not surprised by the most strange; free from the idols of size and sensuous loveliness, . . . holding every phenomenon worth the noting down; believing that every pebble

holds a treasure, every bud a revelation; making it a point of conscience to pass over nothing through laziness or hastiness, lest the vision once offered and despised should be withdrawn, and looking at every object as if he were never to behold it more. . . . "

Before leaving Torquay he made a rough list of about sixty species of Mollusks, Annelids, Crustacea, and Polypes found on the shore, nearly all new to him, and revealing a new world of wonders to his wife and children. The attitude of his mind during those rare hours of rest and liberty at Torquay, is well described by Dean Stanley:

"Such was the wakefulness, such the devouring curiosity, of him whose life and conversation, as he walked amongst ordinary men, was often as of a waker among drowsy sleepers, as a watchful sentinel in advance of the slumbering host. . . . Perhaps even more than to the glories and the wonders of man, he was far beyond what falls to the lot of most, alive and awake in every pore to the beauty, the marvels of nature. That contrast in the old story of 'eyes and no eyes,' was the contrast between him and common men. That eagle eye seemed to discern every shade and form of animal and vegetable life. That listening ear, like that of the hero in the fairy tale, seemed almost to catch the growing of the grass and the opening of the shell. Nature to him was a companion speaking with a thousand voices. And Nature was to him also the voice of God, the face of the Eternal and Invisible, as it can only be to those who study and love and know it. For his was no idle dreamer's pleasure; it was a wakefulness not only to the force and beauty of the outward world, but to the causes of its mysterious operations, to the explanations

given by its patient students and explorers." (Funeral Sermon, 1875.)

But these pursuits, however enchanting, did not engross him to the forgetfulness of the great social questions of the day. Early in the year we find him busy about sanitary matters, and, in a preface to his Three Cholera Sermons, which he now republished as a tract, entitled, "Who Causes Pestilence?" urging the clergy to turn their minds to the subject.

"These sermons," he says, "were preached during the last appearance of the cholera in Great Britain. Since then, both Scripture, reason, and medical experience have corroborated the views which were put forth in them; and as a clergyman, I feel bound to express my gratitude to Lord Palmerston for having refused to allow a National Fast-day on the occasion of the present re-appearance of pestilence, and so having prevented fresh scandal to Christianity, fresh excuses for the selfishness, laziness, and ignorance which produce pestilence, fresh turning men's minds away from the real causes of this present judgment, to fanciful and superstitious ones. It was to be hoped, that after the late discoveries of sanitary science, the clergy of all denominations would have felt it a sacred duty to go forth on a crusade against filth, and so to save the lives of thousands, not merely during the presence of cholera, but every year. . . .

"Some fancy that the business of clergymen is exclusively what they choose to call 'spiritual,' and that sanitary reform, being what they choose to call a 'secular' question, is beyond their province. This unscriptural distinction still lingers in the minds of a few, both lay and clerical, especially of those who attach a superstitious importance to the mere act of almsgiving as

something which will increase their chance of future happiness, while they seem, in many cases, to make that duty an excuse for leaving their tenants and parishioners to live the life of swine; 'paying tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and truth.' . . . But I can say, proudly and joyfully, as a clergyman of the Church of England, that this notion is dying out daily under the influence of those creeds which tell men that the Son of God has redeemed all mankind, body, soul, and spirit, and therefore teaches clergymen to look on the physical and intellectual improvement of every human being as a duty no less sacred than his spiritual welfare. . . . Some, again, dislike the notion of its being possible to abolish pestilence by sanitary reform, because it seems to interfere with their own religious theories and doctrines. . . . But that man is to be pitied who can shut his eyes to facts, and deny the evidence of his own senses and reason, for the sake of preserving his own dark and superstitious calumnies against the God of order, justice, and love.

"Some again — and perhaps the larger class — do in their hearts believe the truths of sanitary science; but they are afraid, especially if they get their subsistence on 'the voluntary principle,' of urging them too plainly and boldly, lest they should attack the vested interests, and thereby excite the displeasure of wealthy and influential members of their congregations . . . and put aside sanitary reform, lest it should compel them to say something which might be 'personal' and 'offensive' to those of their respectable hearers whose incomes are derived from the filth, disease, and brutality of the lower classes. Let all these three classes of ministers, of whatever denomination they may be — let them but read a little, a very little, on the subject . . . and see the actual practical results which have been obtained by

sanitary reform, and the providing of fit dwellings for the lower classes, not merely in extirpating disease, but in extirpating drunkenness, ferocity, and those coarser vices of which too many preachers speak as if they were the only sins worth rebuking. Let them consider the enormous power which they can still employ — each man in his pulpit, his congregation, his parish — to deliver those from death whom the covetousness and neglect of man have appointed to die; and then let them solemnly ask themselves whether, unless they bestir themselves very differently from what they yet have done, their brother's blood will not cry against them from the ground. . . . As surely as there is a merciful God who answers prayer, He has answered the prayers of those two first Cholera Fasts in the best way in which rational beings could wish a Heavenly Father to answer prayer, namely, by showing us how to extirpate the evil against which we prayed. And if the Bible be true, then as long as ministers are careless about doing that, the only answer they can expect to fasts or prayers is that ancient one, — 'When ye come to appear before Me, who hath required this at your hands, to tread My courts? Bring no more vain offerings; your . . . Sabbaths and your calling of assemblies I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even your solemn meeting. Your appointed feasts My soul hateth; they are a trouble to me; I am weary to bear them. And when you spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine eyes from you; yea, when you make many prayers, I will not hear: *your hands are full of blood.* Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before My eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.'"

In February he went to Edinburgh to deliver four lectures on the "Schools of Alexandria," at

the Philosophical Institute. It was his first visit to Scotland, where he was warmly welcomed. On his return he remained alone at Eversley during a change of curates, working the parish, getting up an anti-cholera fund, writing a sanitary pamphlet, and preparing statistics for a sanitary deputation, of which he was a member, to Lord Palmerston.

In the spring he went up again to London to give evidence before the House of Commons on sanitary matters, and on the insufficient pay of parish medical officers. The experience of eleven years had convinced him that the pay of the parish doctor was insufficient; and he was glad to give evidence on the subject, and to point out the fact that under the present salaries no medical man could afford, or be expected, to give two of the most important but most expensive medicines — quinine and cod-liver oil — to their poor patients. The following are extracts from his daily letters to his wife:

EDINBURGH: *February.* — ". . . Edinburgh itself deserves all the praises which have been lavished upon it. The esplanade where I sit now is certainly the finest in Great Britain. The public buildings very splendid, and so are the spires and churches, all of gray stone. The Castle in the center of the city, and Arthur's Seat, with its basalt crags, 800 feet high, ready to topple into the town. This afternoon I walked with F. Russell to the Corstorphine Hills, and got a noble view of the city, which there looked very like Oxford, with a huge Windsor Castle in the middle of it, and the Firth of Forth, with its islands and the Fifeshire Hills. Most beautiful, God knows, it was. The people very kindly. Russell put me in rather better heart about my lectures,

over which I have felt more nervous than I have ever done in my life, and would give anything to run right away home. . . . "

". . . Lecture went off well. I was dreadfully nervous, and actually cried with fear up in my own room beforehand; but after praying I recovered myself, and got through it very well, being much cheered and clapped. . . . All the notabilities came, and were introduced to me; and I had some pleasant talk with Sir John Maxwell. Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, is a charming old man. . . ."

". . . My second lecture went off better than the first, in spite of the delicate points on which it touched. Nothing can exceed the cordiality of people. . . . I drove with Mrs. B. round the Queen's drive to Arthur's Seat. It is perfectly magnificent — a great wild volcano peak hanging over the city, with Holyrood at the foot. Just starting for Linlathen. . . ."

LINLATHEN: *Feb.* 20. — "This place is very pleasant, and Mr. Erkskine delightful. He gave us a long exposition last night, about the indwelling Word, and I am delighted to find that his views and mine seem to agree thoroughly; but I long so painfully for you and the children too, that I have no pleasure or peace in anything, and am counting the days till I get back. Tell Rose and Maurice I have got a strange sponge for each of them, which I picked up upon the shore of the Firth of Tay."

WARRISTON: *Feb.* 22. — "Lecture last night went off well. Smith, the translator of 'Fichte,' came up to me and begged me to publish them. People seem surprised at my power of condensing. To me they seem dreadfully trashy. God knows. Erskine and others think they will do much good, but will infuriate the Free Kirk."

February 26. — "It is at last over, and I start for England to-morrow. The last lecture was more crowded

than ever. . . . Altogether it has been (if you had but been with me, and alas! that poisons everything) one of the most pleasant and successful episodes in my life. I have been heaped with kindness. I have got my say said without giving offence, and made friendships which I hope will last for life. I cannot be thankful enough to God for having sent me here, and carried me through. Sir John Maxwell, a perfect fine gentleman of the old school, who was twenty-five years in Parliament, approves highly of 'Alton Locke' and 'Yeast'; as also does his wife, Lady Matilda, who told me I had a glorious career before me, and bade God speed me in it. . . ."

February 27. — "The Guards march to-morrow! How it makes one's blood boil! We send 10,000 picked men to Malta, *en route* for Constantinople, and the French 60,000. . . ."

EVERSLEY. — "The working men in London, including many of the old Chartists of 1848, are going to present a grand address to Maurice in St. Martin's Hall, at which, I believe, I am to be a chairman. Kiss the babes for me, and tell them I long to be with them on Tor sands. . . ."

"Did I ever tell you of my delightful chat with Bunsen? I have promised him to write a couple of pages preface to Miss Winkworth's translation of the 'Deutsche Theologia.' Oh! how you will revel in that book! . . ."

". . . I have a very heavy evening's work before going to Lord Palmerston. Helps is coming out as a hero. What a thought that we may by one great and wise effort save from ten to twenty thousand *lives* in London alone! . . . I am quite content to stay here and do my duty (till the curate comes), though I long more than ever I did in my life for you and for those dear dear children. . . . To-day has been lovely — bright sun — crocuses in full bloom. The dear old treacherous place looking as if it were really healthy.

Nothing sanitary done in the parish. . . . I work on and on . . . but am very sad. How can I help being sad in this place? It is like a grave, empty of you and the children. 'Deutsche Theologia' is doing me much good. Curious it is, that *that*, much as I differ from its view of man, is the only kind of religious reading which I love, or which has even any real meaning for my heart. . . . God knows best whether or not I ought to be here just now. Still I can't help beating against the wires a little. . . ."

"I had an opportunity of telling Lord Palmerston a great deal which I trust may save many lives. Remember, it is now a question of blood-guiltiness — that is all. But I am not going to London any more about sanitary matters. The utter inability of the Health of Towns Act to cleanse this or any other neighboring parish, made me consider what I have done as a parochial duty. . . ."

". . . The Reform Bill is shelved: excellent as it is, it does not much matter at this minute. Two days after our deputation, that bane of London, the Sewers Commission, awoke in the morning, and behold they were all dead men! Lord Palmerston having abolished them by one sentence the night before, and I have not heard that anyone has gone into mourning. The Board of Health are now triumphant and omnipotent. God grant that they may use their victory well, and not spoil it by pedantry and idealism! Baines brings in three clauses, which will re-form the whole poor-law, and strike at the root of cottage destruction. God knows it is base of one to sit here fretting about little private evils, while the country is doing so well and the ministers so nobly. The 'Times' has taken up the cause of soldiers' wives and families; and a great cause it is. I feel that after all England's heart is sound: and if it be, what matter whether I am at Eversley or Torquay? And yet I long

to be there. . . . I have got Hawley's secretary dining here with a lot of blue-books, he and I being about a joint pamphlet, 'The Cholera *versus* the Present Slavery of Union Medical Officers.'"

While at Torquay he wrote at Baron Bunsen's request an invaluable preface to the translation of the "Deutsche Theologia," in which he plainly states where he does and does not agree with its theology, and says that, in order to see its clear meaning, the reader

". . . must forget all popular modern dogmas and systems, all popular philosophies, and be true to the letter of his Bible, and to the instincts which the indwelling Word of God was wont to awaken in his heart, while he was yet a little unsophisticated child: and he will find germs of wider and deeper wisdom than its good author ever dreamed of; and that those great spiritual laws which he only applies, and that often inconsistently, to an ascetic and passively contemplative life, will hold just as good in the family, in the market, in the senate, in the study, ay, in the battle-field itself, and teach him to lead in whatsoever station of life he may be placed, a truly manlike, because a truly Christlike and Godlike life. . . ."

"To those who really hunger and thirst after righteousness, and who therefore long to know what righteousness is, that they may copy it: To those who long to be freed, not merely from the punishment of sin after they die, but from sin itself while they live on earth; and who, therefore, wish to know what sin is that they may avoid it: To those who wish to be really justified by faith, by being made just persons by faith; and who cannot satisfy either their consciences or reasons by fancying that God looks on them as right when they know themselves to be wrong, or that the God of Truth

will stoop to fictions (mis-called forensic) which would be considered false and unjust in any human court of law: To those who cannot help trusting that union with Christ must be something real and substantial, and not merely a metaphor and a flower of rhetoric: To those, lastly, who cannot help seeing that the doctrine of Christ in every man, as the indwelling Word of God, the Light who lights everyone who comes into the world, is no peculiar tenet of the Quakers, but one which runs through the whole of the Old and New Testaments, and without which they would both be unintelligible, just as the same doctrine runs through the whole of the early Church for the first two centuries, and is the only explanation of them: To all these this noble little book will recommend itself. . . . Not that I agree," he says, "with all its contents. It is for its noble views of righteousness and of sin that I honor it. . . ."

In June, on his wife's account, he took a house at Bideford for a year, where he wrote "Westward Ho!" The anxieties and expenses of illness were very heavy just now, but he always met them by a brave heart, and by cheering words to her who grieved over the labor they entailed on him, and the absence from Eversley.

"I cannot help looking forward," he writes, "to our twelve months at Northdown (Bideford) as a blessed time. . . . We never have really wanted yet; all we have had to do has been — best of all trainings — to live by faith, and to exert ourselves. Oh! let us be content. We do not know what is good for us, and God does. . . ."

"And — these very money difficulties against which you rebel. Has it not been fulfilled in them, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be?' Have we ever been in

any debt by our own sin? Have we ever really *wanted* anything we needed? Have we not had friends, credit, windfalls — in all things, with the temptation, a way to escape? Have they not been God's sending? God's way of preventing the cup of bliss being over-sweet (and I thank Him heartily it has *not* been); and, consider, have they not been blessed lessons? But do not think that I am content to endure them any more than the race horse, because he loves running, is content to stop in the middle of the course. To pay them, I have thought, I have written, I have won for us a name which, please God, may last among the names of English writers. Would you give up the books I have written that we might never have been in difficulties? So out of evil God brings good; or rather, out of necessity He brings strength — and, believe me, the highest spiritual training is contained in the most paltry physical accidents; and the meanest actual want may be the means of calling into actual life the possible but sleeping embryo of the very noblest faculties. This is a great mystery: but we are animals, in time and space; and by time and space and our animal natures are we educated. Therefore let us be only patient, patient; and let God our Father teach His own lesson, His own way. Let us try to learn it well, and learn it quickly; but do not let us fancy that He will ring the school-bell, and send us to play before our lesson is learnt.

"Therefore 'rejoice in your youth, ere the days come when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' But make to yourself no ghosts. And remember he who says, 'I will be happy some day,' never will be happy at all. If we cannot be happy now with ten times the blessings which nine-tenths of God's creatures have, we shall never be happy though we lived a thousand years. Let us lay this solemnly to heart, and take no thought for the morrow."

To a lady who consulted him about Sisterhoods

BIDEFORD: *July* 24, 1854. — "MADAM, — Though I make a rule of never answering any letter from a lady whom I have not the honor of knowing, yet I dare not refuse to answer yours. First, because you, as it were, challenge me on the ground of my books: and next, because you tell me that if I cannot satisfy you, you will do that, to prevent which, above all things, my books are written, namely, flee from the world, instead of staying in it and trying to mend it.

"Be sure that I can sympathize with you most deeply in your dissatisfaction with all things as they are. That feeling grows on me, as I trust in God (strange to say) it may grow on you, day by day. I, too, have had my dreams of New Societies, brotherhoods, and so forth, which were to regenerate the world. I, too, have had my admirations for Old Societies and brotherhoods like those of Loyola and Wesley, which intended to do the same thing. But I have discovered, Madam, that we can never really see how much evil there is around us, till we see how much good there is around us, just as it is light which makes us, by contrast, most aware of darkness. And I have discovered also, that the world is already regenerated by the Lord Jesus Christ, and that all efforts of our own to regenerate it are denials of Him and of the perfect regeneration which He accomplished when He sat down on the right hand of God having all power given to Him in heaven and in earth, that He might rule the earth in righteousness for ever. And I have discovered also, that all societies and brotherhoods which may form, and which ever have been formed, are denials of the One Catholic Church of faithful and righteous men (whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, matters not to me) which He has established on earth, and said that hell shall not prevail against it. And when I look back upon history, as I have done pretty carefully, I find that all such attempts

have been total failures, just because, with the purest and best intentions, they were doing this, and thereby interfering with the Lord Jesus Christ's way of governing the world, and trying to introduce some new nostrum and panacea of their own, narrow and paltry, compared with His great ways in the deep.

"Therefore, though Fox (to take your own example) was a most holy man, Quakerism in general, as a means of regenerating the world, has been a disastrous failure. And so (I speak from years of intimate experience) has good John Wesley's Methodist attempt. Both were trying to lay a new foundation for human society, and forgetting that one which was already laid, which is Christ, who surely has not been managing the earth altogether wrongly, Madam, for 1800 years, or even before that?

"So, again, with that truly holy and angelic man, St. Vincent de Paul — has he succeeded? What has become of education, and of the poor, in the very land where he labored? . . . The moment the personal influence of his virtue was withdrawn, down tumbled all that he had done. *He* (may God bless him all the same) had no panacea for the world's ills. He was not a husband or a father — how could he teach men to be good husbands and fathers? You point to what he and his did. I know what they did in South America, and beautiful it was; but, alas! I know, too, that they could give no life to their converts; they could not regenerate society among the savages of Paraguay; and the moment the Jesuit's gentle despotism was withdrawn, down fell the reductions again into savagery, having lost even the one savage virtue of courage. The Jesuits were shut out, by their vows, from political and family life. How could they teach their pupils the virtues which belong to those states? But all Europe knows what the Jesuits did in a country where they had every chance; where for a century they were the real rulers, in court and

camp, as well as in schools and cloisters, I mean in France. They tried their very best (and tried, I am bound to believe, earnestly and with good intent) to regenerate France. And they caused the Revolution. Madam, the horrors of 1793 were the natural fruit of the teaching of the very men who not only would have died sooner than bring about these horrors, but died too many of them, alas! by them. And how was this? By trying to set up a system of society and morals of their own, they uprooted in the French every element of faith in, and reverence for, the daily duties and relations of human life, without knowing it — without meaning it. May God keep you from the same snare, of fancying, as all 'Orders,' Societies, and Sects do, that they invent a better system of society than the old one, wherein God created man in His own image, viz., of father, and son, husband and wife, brother and sister, master and servant, king and subject. Madam, these are more divine and godlike words than all the brotherhoods, 'Societies of Friends,' 'Associations of the Sacred Heart,' or whatsoever bonds good and loving men and women have from time to time invented to keep themselves in that sacred unity from which they felt they were falling. I can well believe that you feel it difficult to keep in it now. God knows that I do: but never will I (and I trust you never will) yield to that temptation which the devil put before our Lord, 'Cast thyself down from hence, for it is written He shall give His angels charge over Thee,' &c. Madam, whenever we leave the station where God has placed us, be it for never so seemingly self-sacrificing and chivalrous and saintly an end, we are tempting the Lord our God; we are yielding most utterly to that very self-will which we are pretending to abjure. As long as you have a parent, a sister, a servant, to whom you can do good in those simple every-day relations and duties of life,

which are most divine, because they are most human, so long will the entering a cloister be tempting the Lord your God. And so long, Madam, will it be the doing all in your power to counteract every word which I have ever written. My object has been and is, and I trust in God ever will be, to make people see that they need not, as St. Paul says, go up into heaven, or go down to the deep, to find Christ, because He, the Word whom we preach, is very near them, in their hearts and on their lips, if they would but believe it; and ready, not to set them afloat on new untried oceans of schemes and projects, but ready to inspire them to do their duty humbly and simply where He has put them — and believe me, Madam, the only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain *chose* where it should fall, God's showers would not fall, as they do now, on the evil and on the good alike. I know from the experience of my own heart — how galling this doctrine is — how, like Naaman, one goes away in a rage, because the Prophet has not bid us do some great thing, but only to go and wash in the nearest brook, and be clean. But, Madam, be sure that he who is not faithful in a little will never be fit to be ruler over much. He who cannot rule his own household will never (as St. Paul says) rule the Church of God; and he who cannot keep his temper, or be self-sacrificing, cheerful, tender, attentive at home, will never be of any *real* and permanent use to God's poor abroad.

"Wherefore, Madam, if, as you say, you feel what St. Francis de Sales calls 'a dryness of soul' about good works and charity, consider well within yourself, whether the simple reason, and (no shame on you!) be not only because God does not wish you just yet to labor among the poor; because He has not yet finished educating you for that good work, and therefore will not let you

handle tools before you know how to use them. Begin with small things, Madam — you cannot enter the presence of another human being without finding there more to do than you or I, or any soul, will ever learn to do perfectly before we die. Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will which says, 'give me something huge to fight, — and I should enjoy that — but why make me sweep the dust?' Finally, Madam, be sure of one thing, that the Lord Jesus Christ is King of this earth, and all therein; and that if you will do faithfully what He has set you to already, and thereby using the order of a Deaconess well, gain to yourself a good foundation in your soul's training, he will give you more to do in His good time, and of His good kind.

"If you are inclined to answer this letter, let me ask you not to answer it for at least three months to come. It may be good for you to have read it over a second time.

"I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

"C. KINGSLEY."

To REV. F. MAURICE: *Oct.* 19. — "We think of nothing but the war. . . . But all will go well, please God; and 'the ancient spirit is not dead,' as the heights of the Alma prove. As to your people's college, it is a noble plan. I wish I could help in it; but I am shut up like any Jeremiah here, living on the newspapers and my own Elizabethan books. The novel is more than half done, and a most ruthless, bloodthirsty book it is (just what the times want, I think). I am afraid I have a little of the wolf-vein in me, in spite of fifteen centuries of civilization; and so, I sometimes suspect, have you, and if you had not you would not be as tender and loving as you are. Sooner one caress from a mastiff than twenty from a spaniel. I wish you were here, I want to ask you a thousand things. I am some-

times very sad; always very puzzled. . . . This war would have made me half mad, if I had let it. It seemed so dreadful to hear of those Alma heights being taken and not be there; but God knows best, and I suppose I am not fit for such brave work; but only like Camille Desmoulins, '*une pauvre créature, née pour faire des vers.*' But I can fight with my pen still (I don't mean in controversy — I am sick of that . . . but in writing books which will make others fight). This one is to be called 'Westward Ho!' . . . The writing of it has done me much good. I have been living in those Elizabethan books, among such grand, beautiful, silent men, that I am learning to be sure of what I all along suspected, that I am a poor, queasy, hysterical, half-baked sort of a fellow, and so am inclined to sing small, and am by no means hopeful about my book, which seems to me only half as good as I could have written, and only one-hundredth as good as ought to be written on the matter; but at least God bless you."

Dec. 31. — "I see my way through politics, as through everything else, less and less, and believe more and more that the present ministry see as far as anyone else, and are doing their best. Who ever saw far in a storm? which, by the very nature of it, clouds and narrows the whole horizon with boundless ugly possibilities."

To T. Hughes, Esq. Bideford: *December* 18, 1854. — ". . . As to the war, I am getting more of a Government man every day. As for a ballad — oh! my dear lad, there is no use fiddling while Rome is burning. I have nothing to sing about those glorious fellows, except 'God save the Queen and them.' I tell you the whole thing stuns me, so I cannot sit down to make fiddle rhyme with diddle about it — or blundered with hundred, like Alfred Tennyson. . . . Every man has his calling, and my novel is mine, because I am fit for noth-

ing better. The book ('Westward Ho!') will be out the middle or end of January. It is a sanguinary book, but perhaps containing doctrine profitable for these times.

"Tummas! Have you read the story of Abou Zennab, his horse, in Stanley's 'Sinai,' p. 67? What a myth! What a poem old Wordsworth would have writ thereon! If I did n't cry like a baby over it. What a brick of a horse he must have been, and what a brick of an old head-splitter Abou Zennab must have been, to have his commandments keeped unto this day concerning of his horse; and no one to know who he was, nor when, nor how, nor nothing. I wonder if anybody 'll keep *our* commandments after we be gone, much less say, 'Eat, eat, oh horse of Abou Kingsley!'"

To J. SIMON, ESQ., M.D. *December* 28. — "I have just read, with intense pleasure, your City Cholera Report, in the columns of the 'Times.' Verily the days are coming (they have not been of late years) when, as the Prophet says, 'a man shall be more precious than fine gold;' when the lives and manhood of the citizens will be found more valuable to a nation, after all, than the wealth of a few, or even than the mere brute physical employment of vast numbers. And if we are to furnish many more levies of men who will equal the heroes of Inkerman, we must open our eyes, and first keep them alive when they are infants, and next, give them such an atmosphere to grow up in, that they shall become men and not rickety monkeys: and your labors are helping towards this good end. It is a sad thing that 'food for powder' requires to be of the best quality; but so it is, and unless the physical deterioration of the lower classes is stopt by bold sanatory reform, such as you have been working out, we shall soon have rifles, but no men to shoulder them; at least to use the butts of them when required."

CHAPTER XIII

1855

AGED 36

BIDEFORD — CRIMEAN WAR — DEATH OF HIS FRIEND CHARLES BLACHFORD MANSFIELD — "WESTWARD HO!" — LETTERS FROM MR. HENRY DRUMMOND AND RAJAH BROOKE — ON BIGOTS — DRAWING CLASS FOR MECHANICS AT BIDEFORD — LEAVES DEVONSHIRE — LECTURE TO LADIES IN LONDON — ON BEING AN ARTIST — THE "HEROES" — LETTER ON FAME.

"Then in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine.
Beacon of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van; at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the out-worn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.
Order, courage, return.
Eyes re-kindling and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the city of God."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE Crimean winter, bitter alike to the brave men before Sebastopol and to the hearts of all Englishmen and women at home, weighed heavily on Charles Kingsley, to whom the war

was like a dreadful nightmare, which haunted him day and night. "I can think of nothing but the war," he said; and on the receipt of a letter from a friend telling him of the numbers of tracts sent out to the soldiers which they never read, but looked upon as so much waste paper, and urging him to write something which would go home to them in their misery, he sat down, wrote off, and despatched the same day to London a tract known probably to few in England — "Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Sailors."[1] Several thousand copies were sent out and distributed in the Crimea, and the stirring words touched many a noble soul. It was published anonymously to avoid the prejudice which was attached to the name of its author in all sections of the religious world and press at that period.

To T. HUGHES, ESQ. BIDEFORD: 1855. — "You may have fancied me a bit of a renegade and a hanger-back of late.

'Still in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

And if I have held back from the Social Movement, it has been because I have seen that the world was not going to be set right in any such rose-pink way, excellent as it is, and that there are heavy arrears of *destruction* to be made up, before *construction* can even begin; and I wanted to see what those arrears were. And I do see a little. At least I see that the old phœnix must *burn*, before the new one can rise out of its ashes. Next, as to our army. I quite agree with you about that — if it existed to agree about. But the remnant that comes home, like gold tried in the fire, may be the seed

[1] Now reprinted in "True Words," a volume for Soldiers' and Sailors' Libraries.

of such an army as the world never saw. Perhaps we may help it to germinate. But please don't compare the dear fellows to Cromwell's Ironsides. There is a great deal of 'personal' religion in the army, no doubt: and personal religion may help men to endure, and complete the bull-dog form of *courage:* but the soldier wants more. He wants a faith that he is fighting on God's side; he wants military and corporate and national religion, and that is what I fear he has yet to get, and what I tried to give in my tract. That is what Cromwell's Ironsides had, and by it they conquered. That is what the Elizabethans had up to the Armada, and by it they conquered."

On the death of Captain Hedley Vicars, who was killed in a sortie, he writes to Miss Marsh:

BIDEFORD: *May* 9, 1855. — ". . . These things are most bitter, and the only comfort which I can see in them is, that they are bringing us all face to face with the realities of human life, as it has been in all ages, and giving us sterner and yet more loving, more human, and more divine thoughts about ourselves, and our business here, and the fate of those who are gone, and awakening us out of the luxurious, frivolous, unreal dream (full nevertheless of harsh judgments, and dealings forth of damnation), in which we have been living so long — to trust in a Living Father who is really and practically governing this world and all worlds, and who willeth that none should perish — and therefore has not forgotten, or suddenly begun to hate or torment, one single poor soul which is past out of this life into some other, on that accursed Crimean soil. All are in our Father's hands; and as David says, Though they go down into hell, *He is there.* Oh! blessed thought — more blessed to me at this moment (who think more of the many than of the few) than the other thought, that though they ascend

into heaven with your poor lost hero, He is there also. . . ."

During this winter a personal sorrow came, and God took from him, for a time, one who had been his beloved friend for seventeen years, Charles Blachford Mansfield [1] — the Will Willow-wren of "Politics for the People," and one of the Council of Promoters of Association. No record of Charles Kingsley would be complete unless it included a sketch of one who was so entwined with the memory of his Cambridge days, with the rectory life at Eversley, and with the winter of 1848–9 in Devonshire. He died, at Middlesex Hospital, a martyr to Science.

"I knew Charles Mansfield first when he was at Clare Hall in 1838–9, sometime in my freshman's winter. He was born in the year 1819, at a Hampshire parsonage, and in due time went to school at Winchester, in the old days of that iron rule among masters, and that brutal tyranny among the boys themselves, which are now fast disappearing before the example and influence of the great Arnold. Crushed at the outset, he gave little evidence of talent beyond his extraordinary fondness for mechanical science. But the *régime* of Winchester told on his mind in after life for good and for evil; first, by arousing in him a stern horror of injustice (and in that alone he was stern), and next, by arousing in him a doubt of all precedents, a chafing against all constituted authority, of which he was not cured till after long and sad experience. What first drew me to him was the combination of body and mind. He was so wonderfully graceful, active, and daring. He was more like an ante-

[1] Author of a "Treatise on Benzole," a "Theory of Salts," "Aërial Navigation," and "Letters from Paraguay."

lope than a man. . . . I believe him to have been physically incapable of fear. . . . The next thing which drew me to him was his intellect, not merely that he talked of the highest things, but he did it in such a wonderful way. He cared for nothing but truth. He would argue by the hour, but never for arguing's sake. None can forget the brilliance of his conversation, the eloquence with which he could assert, the fancy with which he could illustrate, the earnestness with which he could enforce, the sweetness with which he could differ, the generosity with which he could yield. Perhaps the secret of that fascination, which he quite unconsciously exercised over all who really knew him, was the virtue of earnestness. . . . He was just waiting for the kingdom of God. . . . When the truth was shown to him, he leapt up and embraced it. There was the most intense faith in him from the first that Right was right, and Wrong wrong; that Right must conquer; that there was a kingdom of God Eternal in the heavens, an ideal righteous polity, to which the world ought to be, and some day would be, conformed. That was his central idea. . . . Added to this unconquerable faith in good, was an unconquerable faith in truth. He first taught me not to be afraid of truth. 'If a thing is so, you can't be the worse for knowing it is so,' was his motto, and well he carried it out. This was connected, it seems to me, with his intense conscientiousness. Of his conscientiousness I could write pages. . . . All knight-errant honor which I ever heard of, that man might have, perhaps has, actually outdone. From the time of his leaving Cambridge he devoted himself to science. . . . The history of his next ten years is fantastic enough, were it written, to form material for any romance. Long periods of voluntary penury, when (though a man of fair worldly fortune) he would subsist on the scantiest fare — a few dates and some brown bread, or a few lentils — at the

cost of a few pence a day, bestowing his savings on the poor; bitter private sorrows, which were schooling his heart and temper into a tone more purely angelic than I have ever seen in man; magnificent projects, worked out as far as they would go, not wildly and superficially, but on the most deliberate and accurate grounds of science, then thrown away in disappointment, for some fresh noble dream; an intense interest in the social and political condition of the poor, which sprang up in him, to his great moral benefit, during the last five years of his life. . . . He left a trail of light wherever he went. . . .

"He would *flash* down over the glebe at Eversley, with his knapsack at his back, like a shining star appearing with peace on earth and good-will to men, and bringing an involuntary smile into the faces of everyone who met him — the compelled reflection of his own smile. His voice was like the singing of a bird in its wonderful cheerfulness, tenderness, and gaiety.

"At last, when he was six-and-thirty years of age, his victory in the battle of life seemed complete. His enormous and increasing labor seemed rather to have quickened and steadied than tired his brain. The clouds which had beset his path had all but cleared, and left sunshine and hope for the future. . . . He was already recognized as one of the most promising young chemists in England, for whose future fame no hope could be too high-pitched; and a patent for a chemical discovery which he had obtained, seemed, after years of delay and disappointment, to promise him what he of all men coveted least, renown and wealth. One day he was at work on some experiments connected with his patent. By a mistake of the lad who assisted him, the apparatus got out of order, the naphtha boiled over and was already on fire. To save the premises from the effect of an explosion, Mr. Mansfield caught up the still in his arms, and attempted to carry it out; the door was

fast; he tried to hurl it through the window, but too late. The still dropped from his hands, half flayed with liquid fire. He scrambled out, rolled in the snow, and so extinguished the flame. Fearfully burnt and bruised, he was taken to Middlesex Hospital, where, after nine days of agony, he died like a Christian man.

"Oh, fairest of souls! Happy are those who knew thee in this life! Happier those who will know thee in the life to come! C. K."

They are together now! Two true and perfect knights of God, perchance on some fresh noble quest!

. . . . . .

"Westward Ho!" came out this winter. It was dedicated to Rajah Brooke and Bishop Selwyn, two of his heroes, and, in course of time, produced the following letters from Mr. Henry Drummond, of Albury, and from the Rajah.

ALBEMARLE STREET, *May* 13, 1855.

"DEAR SIR, — I have just seen your noble dedication of 'Westward Ho!' to Sir J. Brooke, and have taken the liberty to desire a copy of the shameful trial to which he has been subjected to be sent you, as I am sure it will gratify you. I heard from him last week: he is quite well, and all his work prospering. A remarkable thing is about to take place in Sarawak. The people finding themselves dealt with in a manner so superior to that in which they are dealt with by their own rulers, have considered that the religion of their present governor must be the true religion, and accordingly are about to apply *en masse* to become members of Brooke's religion. In my opinion the only means which should be used towards heathen is the manifestation of mercy, justice, and truth. The poor bishop's trouble will begin after he has got his converts.

"Begging pardon for this intrusion from a stranger,
"I am, Sir, with great admiration of your writings,
"Your obedient Servant,
"HENRY DRUMMOND."

"MY DEAR SIR, — I have long delayed to thank you in person for a very welcome dedication to 'Westward Ho!' but business, with many cares, prevented me. I cannot, however, now that I hear of your kind interest in my cause, and the exertions you are making to advance it, forbear from assuring you of my sense of your good opinion, and the good it does me mentally. My life is pretty well at its dregs, and I shall be glad indeed to pass the few remaining months or years in quiet and free from the anxieties which must beset the post I have occupied, but which of late years have been increased tenfold, owing to the course or rather no course pursued by the Government. It is a sad but true experience, that everything has succeeded with the natives, and everything has failed with the English in Borneo. I am anxious to retire, for Sarawak should not be ruled by a failing man, and I would not cling to power when unable to discharge its duties. In due time I would fain hand over my staff to my successor if permitted; but if forced to return to Sarawak, to bear its anxieties and share its trials, I shall know it is a duty though a trying one, and shall not begrudge the exertion for the short time I can make it. Let me thank you, then, for your kindness, and let me have the satisfaction of knowing you before I leave this country. . . .

"Believe me, my dear Sir,
"Yours very sincerely,
"J. BROOKE."

For years past Mr. Kingsley had bitterly resented the attacks made upon Rajah Brooke by the press during his government of Borneo, and

had expressed his own views on the subject to Mr. Ludlow.

"I have an old 'crow to pick with you' about my hero, Rajah Brooke; and my spirit is stirred within me this morning by seeing that the press are keeping up the attack on him for the Borneo business. I say at once that I think he was utterly right and righteous. If I had been in his place I would have done the same. If it is to do again, I trust he will have courage to do it again. But, thank God, just because it is done it will not have to be done again. The truest benevolence is occasional severity. It *is* expedient that one man die for the people. One tribe exterminated, if need be, to save a whole continent. 'Sacrifice of human life?' Prove that it is *human* life. It is beast-life. These Dyaks have put on the image of the beast, and they must take the consequence. 'Value of life?' Oh, Ludlow, read history; look at the world, and see whether God values mere physical existence. Look at the millions who fall in war; the mere fact that savage races, though they breed like rabbits, never increase in number; and then, beware lest you reproach your Maker. Christ died for them? Yes, and He died for the whole creation as well — the whole world, Ludlow — for the sheep you eat, the million animalcules which the whale swallows at every gape. They shall all be hereafter delivered into the glorious liberty of the children of God; but, as yet, just consider the mere fact of beasts of prey, the countless destruction which has been going on for ages and ages, long before Adam's fall, and then consider. Physical death is no evil. It may be a blessing to the survivors. Else, why pestilence, famine, Cromwell and Perrot in Ireland, Charlemagne hanging 4000 Saxons over the Weser Bridge; did not God bless those terrible righteous judgments? Do you believe in the Old Testament? Surely, then, say, what does that destruction of

the Canaanites mean? If *it* was right, Rajah Brooke was right. If he be wrong, then Moses, Joshua, David, were wrong. No! I say. Because Christ's kingdom is a kingdom of peace; because the meek alone shall inherit the earth, therefore, you Malays and Dyaks of Sarawak, you also are enemies to peace. 'Your feet swift to shed blood, the poison of asps under your lips;' you who have been warned, reasoned with; who have seen, in the case of the surrounding nations, the strength and happiness which peace gives, and will not repent, but remain still murderers and beasts of prey — You are the enemies of Christ, the Prince of Peace; you are beasts, all the more dangerous, because you have a semi-human cunning. I will, like David, 'hate you with a perfect hatred, even as though you were *my* enemies.' I will blast you out with grape and rockets, 'I will beat you as small as the dust before the wind.' You, 'the strange children that dissemble with me, shall fail,' and be exterminated, and be afraid out of your infernal river-forts, as the old Canaanites were out of their hill-castles. I say, honor to a man, who, amid all the floods of sentimental coward cant, which by some sudden revulsion may, and I fear will, become coward cruelty, dares act manfully on the broad sense of right, as Rajah Brooke is doing. Oh, Ludlow, Ludlow, recollect how before the '89 men were maundering about universal peace and philanthropy, too loving to hate God's enemies, too indulgent to punish sin. Recollect how Robespierre began by refusing, on conscientious principles, to assist at the punishment of death! Just read, read the last three chapters of the Revelations, and then say, whether these same organs of destructiveness and combativeness, which we now-a-days, in our Manichæism, consider as the devil's creation, may not be part of the image of God, and Christ the Son of God, to be used in His service and to His glory, just as much as our benevolence or

our veneration. Consider — and the Lord give thee grace to judge what I say. I may be wrong. But He will teach us both; and show this to Maurice, and ask him if I am altogether a fiend therein. . . .

"I have been seeing lately an intimate friend of Rajah Brooke, and hearing things which make me love the man more and more. I think the preserving that great line of coast from horrible outrage, by destroying the pirate fleet, *was* loving his neighbor as himself. . . ."

TO A WESLEYAN MINISTER

April, 1855. — "Most truly pleasant it is to me to find that my words have gone home to the heart of any man, and much more to that of one employed in preaching Christ's Gospel. Churchman as I am, I can bid any man God-speed who really wishes to preach 'deliverance to captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, and an acceptable year of the Lord.' Do you do so? and is the year of the Lord which you preach acceptable, or awful, horrible, a slander to Him who hateth nothing that He hath made, who hath made all men, and all things, save sin, and desires to deliver men from sin, and therefore will assuredly, unless evil be stronger than good, and God's creation a failure, see His desire fulfilled? I only ask you this question first that by your answer to it we may know how deep our sympathy extends. And now I thank you heartily for the manner of your letter, and God heartily for the matter of it. Write to me again. I am not a man of many compliments, and you need not be to me a man of many excuses; for who am I, and who are you, if we both are in earnest, but mortal souls too weak to dispense with any help, any love which can lighten for us the burden of life's stormy and dark road?"

TO —— ——, ESQ.

BIDEFORD, *May*, 1855. — "I was pained enough at the receipt of your letter this morning; but I can only entreat you not to despair where there is no need to do so. And as for the 'sin against the Holy Ghost,' let neither man nor devil torment you with that old worn-out lie, and slander of God's eternal love and long-suffering. In the first place, all sins whatsoever are sins against the Holy Spirit, whether conscious or unconscious; but who is mad enough to say that therefore they are without forgiveness? But the passage which seems to torment you, and has tormented many, has (if you will read it carefully) a special meaning on the very face of it. Our Lord says, when the Pharisees said that He cast out devils by Beelzebub, that they were committing an utterly unpardonable sin — blaspheming (*i.e.* speaking evil of) the Holy Spirit; that is, they were attributing good and god-like deeds, because merciful and beneficent deeds, to an evil principle, instead of recognizing in them the sure mark of a Divine principle. In plain English, they were *bigots*. This was their sin. And it is one which one often enough sees (shuddering) committed, or something fearfully like it, now-a-days in our religious wars and hatred; but what has that to do with these struggles between your flesh and God's spirit, while *your own* spirit (as every line of your letter shows) is arrayed on the side of God's spirit against your flesh, and will therefore most assuredly conquer in the end? Besides, see why this sin of the Pharisees is unpardonable. Because they cannot repent of it. If they could repent they would be forgiven *ipso facto*. To that primary eternal moral law God has sworn again and again in the Bible, and nothing whatsoever can countervail it. But the bigot (I mean, of course, the complete one) cannot

repent, simply because he thinks himself right, even though he make out God wrong; himself true, though God be a liar; and his insane self-satisfaction forms an eternal bar to any *metanoia*, or change of mind. Moreover, to repent is to turn from sin, to God; and how can he, who says he has no sin, and who has forgotten where God is, and what God is, that He is mercy and love, and His Spirit the spirit whose mercy is over all His works? Thus the bigot's moral sense is gone and dead, or rather *inverted*, and he says to himself, more or less, 'Evil be thou my good.' And such a state of mind must breed fresh sins, misery and ruin to all time and eternity, as long as it lasts. That is the meaning of the matter; but what in heaven or earth has it to do with you, and your sins, though they be red as blood? The other passages in Hebrews about 'impossible to renew them to repentance,' should not trouble you either. Neither vi. 4, and *sqq.*, nor xii. 16–17. They are both distinct warnings addressed to the Jews of that day, that if they did fall back from the Christian development of their national covenant and life, into their old Jewish superstition and brutal worldliness, they would perish with their nation; that a great historic crisis, a one last opportunity for the Jewish nation, was at hand, and if they lost that, the destruction was hopeless. As the event proved, the city and religion being destroyed by Titus, and the Jews remaining spiritually dead to this day.

"Remark, too, that Esau, the very man who 'found no place for repentance,' was not damned; but blessed in his own way, and in the way which was best for him, as a lower-natured man, and given the 'fatness of the earth, and the dew of heaven,' and a warrior-kingdom!

"So much for the plain fact of texts which the devil and his best emissaries, bigots who make a God in their

own image, dark, cruel, and capricious, use to torment poor souls, and frighten them from arising and going to their Father, and saying, 'Father, I hate myself; but Thou lovest me. I do not understand myself; but Thou dost, and wilt be merciful to the work of Thine own hands. I cannot guide and help myself, but Thou canst, and wilt, too, because Thou art my Father, and nothing can part me from Thy love, or from the love of Thy Son, my King, as often as I come and claim my share in Thee, just because I have nothing, and can bring Thee nothing, but lie at Thy gate as a beggar full of sores, desiring to be fed with the crumbs from Thy table. And if I would feed and nurse in such a case, not my own child merely, but the Russian who might shoot him in battle, how much more wilt Thou, whose name is Love, and whose glory is the likeness of Thy Son Jesus Christ, who said, "Come to me, ALL ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."' If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Having no parish work at Bideford, except during an outburst of cholera, when he took a district for house-to-house visitation; and occasional duty at Northam, Hartland, and Abbotsham; he lectured on the Fine Arts, and got up a drawing-class for young men, which one of the members, Mr. Plucknett, of Warwick, thus recalls:

"I was a youth in Bideford at the time Mr. Kingsley came to reside there, when seeing the young men of the town hanging about wasting their leisure hours in worse than wasting, his heart yearned to do them good. He at first endeavored to establish a Government School of Art — this, however, failed. He then offered to teach

a class drawing — gratuitously. A few of us held a meeting, and hired a room in the house of the Poet Postman, Edward Capern, who, although a married man, much older than the rest of us, was a most hard-working pupil. I look back upon those evenings at Bideford as the pleasantest part of my life, and, with God's blessing, I attribute my success in life to the valuable instruction I received from Mr. Kingsley: his patience, perseverance, and kindness won all our hearts, and not one of his class but would have given his life for the master. He used to bring fresh flowers from his conservatory for us to copy as we became sufficiently advanced to do so; and still further on he gave us lectures on anatomy, illustrating the subject with chalk drawings on a large blackboard. His knowledge of geometry, perspective, and free-hand drawing, was wonderful; and the rapid and beautiful manner in which he drew excited both our admiration and our ambition. I have reason to believe that most of the class received lasting benefit, and have turned out well. Personally, I may say, with truth, I have cause to bless the name of Mr. Kingsley as long as I live; for I left home with little more than the knowledge of my business, and the knowledge of drawing learned in the class. After many years of hard work I am now at the head of a good business, which I am proud to say is well known for the production of art furniture, &c. . . .

"Though dead, he yet influences for good thousands of hearts and minds, and he is now reaping the reward of his noble efforts while on earth to add to the sum of human happiness, and thus leave the world better than he found it. . . ."

The mention of the "blackboard" will remind many of his masterly sketches, in public lectures and at his own school, where he liked always to have a blackboard, with a piece of chalk, to illus-

trate his teaching by figures, which spoke sometimes as eloquently as his words. His sense of form was marvellous, and, when at home, he was never so thoroughly at ease as with a pen or pencil in his hand. In conversation with his children or guests his pencil was out in a moment to illustrate every subject, whether it was natural history, geological strata, geography, maps, or the varieties of race. And even when writing his sermons his mind seemed to find relief in sketching on the blotting paper before him, or on the blank spaces in the sermon book, characteristic heads, and types of face, among the different schools of thought from the mediæval monk to the modern fanatic. He was always "thinking in figures," to use his own words. "A single profile, even a mere mathematical figure, would in his hands become the illustration of a spiritual truth" ("Yeast"). At Bristol, when he was president of the educational section at the Social Science congress, as he sat listening to the various speakers, pen in hand, apparently making notes, he covered the paper with sketches suggested by the audience before him or by his own fancy and when the room was cleared, unknown to him, people would return, and beg to carry off every scrap of paper he had used, as mementos.

In the end of May he left Devonshire and went up to London, before settling at Eversley. He there gave a lecture at the Working Men's College, and one of a series to ladies interested in the cause of the laboring classes on "The work of ladies in the country parish," from which a few extracts are given:

". . . I keep to my own key-note, — I say, Visit whom, when, and where you will; *but let your visits be those of women to women.* Consider to whom you go — to poor souls whose life, compared with yours, is one long *malaise* of body, and soul, and spirit — and do as you would be done by; instead of reproving and fault-finding, encourage. In God's name, encourage. They scramble through life's rocks, bogs, and thorn brakes, clumsily enough, and have many a fall, poor things! But why, in the name of a God of love and justice, is the lady, rolling along the smooth turnpike road in her comfortable carriage, to be calling out all day long to the poor soul who drags on beside her, over hedge and ditch, moss and moor, barefooted and weary hearted, with half a dozen children at her back — 'You ought not to have fallen here; and it was very cowardly to lie down there; and it was your duty as a mother to have helped that child through the puddle; while as for sleeping under that bush, it is most imprudent and inadmissible?' Why not encourage her, praise her, cheer her on her weary way by loving words, and keep your reproofs for yourself — even your advice? for she does get on *her* way after all, where *you* could not travel a step forward; and she knows what she is about perhaps better than you do, and what she has to endure, and what God thinks of her life-journey. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy. But do not you be a stranger to her. Be a sister to her. I do not ask you to take her up in your carriage. You cannot; perhaps it is good for her that you cannot. . . . All I ask is, do to the poor soul as you would have her do to you in her place. Do not interrupt and vex her (for she is busy enough already) with remedies which she does not understand, for troubles which you do not understand. But speak comfortably to her, and say, 'I cannot feel *with* you, but I do feel *for* you: I should enjoy

helping you — but I do not know how — tell me. Tell me where the yoke galls; tell me why that forehead is grown old before its time: I may be able to ease the burden, and put fresh light into the eyes; and if not, still tell me, simply because I am a woman, and know the relief of pouring out my own soul into loving ears, even though in the depths of despair.' Yes, paradoxical as it may seem, I am convinced that the only way to help these poor women humanely and really, is to begin by confessing to them that you do not know how to help them; to humble yourself to them, and to ask their counsel for the good of themselves and of their neighbors, instead of coming proudly to them, with nostrums, ready compounded, a if a doctor should be so confident in his own knowledge of books and medicine as to give physic before asking the patient's symptoms.

. . . . . .

"I entreat you to bear in mind (for without this all visiting of the poor will be utterly void and useless) that you must regulate your conduct to them and in their houses, even to the most minute particulars, by the very same rules which apply to persons of your own class. . . . Piety, earnestness, affectionateness, eloquence — all may be nullified and stultified by simply keeping a poor woman standing in her own cottage while you sit, or entering her house, even at her own request, while she is at meals. She may decline to sit; she may beg you to come in: all the more reason for refusing utterly to obey her, because it shows that that very inward gulf between you and her still exists in her mind, which it is the object of your visit to bridge over. If you know her to be in trouble, touch on that trouble as you would with a lady. Woman's heart is alike in all ranks, and the deepest sorrow is the one of which she speaks the last and least. We should not like anyone — no, not an angel from heaven, to come into our houses without knocking

at the door, to say, 'I hear you are very ill off — I will lend you a hundred pounds. I think you are very careless of money, I will take your accounts into my own hands.' And still less again, 'Your son is a very bad, profligate, disgraceful fellow, who is not fit to be mentioned; I intend to take him out of your hands and reform him myself.' . . .

. . . . . .

"Approach, then, these poor women as sisters — learn lovingly and patiently (aye, and reverently, for there is that in every human being which deserves reverence, and must be reverenced if we wish to understand it); learn, I say, to understand their troubles, and by that time they will have learnt to understand your remedies. For you *have* remedies. I do not undervalue your position. No man on earth is less inclined to undervalue the real power of wealth, rank, accomplishments, manners — even physical beauty. All are talents from God, and I give God thanks when I see them possessed by any human being; for I know that they too can be used in His service, and brought to bear on the true emancipation of woman — her emancipation not from man (as some foolish persons fancy), but from the devil, 'the slanderer and divider,' who divides her from man, and makes her life a life-long tragedy, — a *vie à part*, a *vie incomprise* — a life made up half of ill-usage, half of unnecessary self-willed martyrdom, instead of being, as God intended half of the human universe, a helpmeet for man, and the one bright spot which makes this world endurable. Towards making her that, and so realizing the primeval mission by every cottage hearth, each of you can do something; for each of you have some talent, power, knowledge, attraction between soul and soul, which the cottager's wife has not, and by which you may draw her to you, by human bonds and the cords of love; but she must be drawn by them

alone, or your work is nothing, and though you give the treasures of Ind, they are valueless equally to her and to Christ; for they are not given in His name, which is that boundless tenderness, consideration, patience, self-sacrifice, by which even the cup of cold water is a precious offering — as God grant your labor may be!"

. . . . . .

"Again, there is one thing in school work which I wish to press on you. And that is, that you should not confine your work to the girls; but bestow it as freely on those who need it more, and who (paradoxical as it may be) will respond to it more deeply and freely — *the boys*. I am not going to enter into the reason why. I only intreat you to believe me, that by helping to educate the boys, or even by taking a class, as I have seen done with admirable effect, of grown-up lads, you may influence for ever, not only the happiness of your pupils, but of the girls whom they will hereafter marry. It will be a boon to your own sex, as well as to ours, to teach them courtesy, self-restraint, reverence for physical weakness, admiration of tenderness and gentleness, and it is one which only a lady can bestow. Only by being accustomed in youth to converse with ladies will the boy learn to treat hereafter his sweetheart or his wife like a gentleman. There is a latent chivalry, doubt it not, in the heart of every untutored clod; if it dies out in him, as it too often does, it were better for him, I often think, that he had never been born; but the only talisman which will keep it alive, much more develop it into its fulness, is friendly and revering intercourse with women of higher rank than himself, between whom and him there is a great and yet blessed gulf fixed. . . ." (Practical Lectures to Ladies.)

"Tell these lads and men," he wrote to one who consulted him about ragged-school work, "that they have a Father in heaven — show that *you* believe it, by your

looks, your manner, and common geniality, and brotherly kindness, and general hopefulness of tone; and let them draw their own conclusions. God their Father will take good care that the good seed shall grow."

To HIS WIFE: *July* 16. — ". . . After all, the problem of life is not a difficult one, for it solves itself so very soon at best — by death. Do what is right the best way you can, and wait to the end to *know*. Only we priests confuse it with our formulæ, and bind heavy burdens. How many have I bound in my time, God forgive me! But for that, too, I shall receive my punishment, which is to me the most comforting of thoughts. . . . Yes:

> 'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death for which we pant,
> More life, and fuller, that I want.'

You are right — that longing to get rid of walls and roofs and all the chrysalis case of humanity is the earnest of a higher, richer state of existence. That instinct which the very child has to get rid of clothes, and cuddle to flesh — what is it but the longing for fuller union with those it loves? But see again (I always take the bright side), — If in spite of wars and fevers, and accidents, and the strokes of chance, this world be as rich and fair and green as we have found it, what must the coming world be like? Let us comfort ourselves as St. Paul did (in infinitely worse times), that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. It is not fair either to St. Paul or to God — to quote the one text about the creation groaning and travailing, without the other, which says, that it will not groan or travail long. Would the mother who has groaned and travailed and brought forth children — would she give up those children for the sake of not having had the pain? No. Then believe that

the world and every human being in it who has really groaned and travailed, will not give up its past pangs for the sake of its then present perfection, but will look back on this life, as you do on past pain, with glory and joy. Oh! let the Bible tell its own tale, and be faithful to its plain words, honestly and carefully understood, and all will be well. I come to-morrow, . . . and I shall see my darling children."

To Rev. F. D. Maurice. Eversley: *August* 6. — "Many, many thanks, my dear Master, for your letter. You need never fear lecturing me, as long as I want it as much as I do now. Your fears for me are most just, and if you knew half as much of me as I do of myself, you would have hundreds of fears more. . . . A period of collapse has come to me. . . . Only do not fear that ultimately I shall be content with being 'an artist.' I despise and loathe the notion from the bottom of my heart. I have felt its temptation; but I *will*, by God's help, fight against that. Indeed, if I write another novel, one of my principal characters is to be a man who wants to be an 'artist,' like old Goethe (of whom I think less, if not worse, the longer I live), and finds that he becomes, 'artist' or none, a very confused fellow, going rapidly to hell. No. I am going to settle quietly here again, and write my sermons, and books for my children, and leave fame to take care of itself, and thank God every day of my life for this paralytic *os hyoides* of mine, which has kept me low, and makes me refrain my tongue and my soul too, whenever I try to be witty or eloquent, under the penalty of stuttering dumbness. The mere fact of my stammering (if you knew behind the scenes of my character and life) would be proof enough that I have a Father in Heaven.

"No; my [temptation] lies in a somewhat different direction from what you fancy. . . . Of course I am

ready to worship Nature all day long, and in the merest anacreontic Tommy-Moore style too, to lie among the roses and sing . . . that is more to my taste than any gnostic or Vestiges-of-Creation nature-worship, or even than the scientific bug-hunting which I recommend to idlers who can't or won't go and die like men or dogs before Sebastopol. I am losing a zest for work. Everything seems to me not worth working at, except the simple business of telling poor people, 'Don't fret, God cares for you, and Christ understands you.' . . . I cannot escape that wretched fear of a national catastrophe. . . . I live in dark, nameless dissatisfaction and dread, which has certainly not diminished during the last few months. . . . My dear Master, terrible and sad thoughts haunt me — thoughts which I long to put away, which I do and will put away in simple silent home-work. Perhaps I may so concentrate my power as to be able to do the Lord's work thoroughly when the Day comes; and if not — why it will be done upon me, if not by me; for done it will be. But, meanwhile, comfort yourself on one point — that I am humbled; . . . and have had a peep or two down through the sea of glass (thanks for ever for that most true interpretation), and seen the nether fire within half an inch of my feet. . . . Tell me what is wrong in that Raleigh Article,[1] and I will correct it. I tried to be honest, and read up all the authorities: but my failure is a fresh proof that I am even as an ass that eateth thistles. Yet the four-legged ass digests his thistles; which is more, I am sure, than I do.

"Yours ever loving, C. K."

They were now at Eversley; but as winter approached, the damp obliged him to leave the rectory again; though not his people, to his and their great joy; and settle at Farley Court, Swal-

[1] Life and Times of Raleigh, Miscellanies.

lowfield, a high and dry spot adjoining his parish. In the intervals of parish work and lectures at many diocesan institutes, he brought out a volume of "Sermons for the Times," [1] and wrote "The Heroes," a Christmas book of Greek fairy tales, dedicated to his children, Rose, Maurice, and Mary, to whom he says:

"I love these old Hellenes heartily, and should be very ungrateful if I did not, considering all they have taught me. They seem to me like brothers, though they have all been dead and gone many hundred years, so I wish to be the first to introduce you to them, and to say, 'Come hither, children, at this blessed Christmas time, when all God's creatures should rejoice together, and bless Him who redeemed them. Come and see old friends of mine, whom I knew long ere you were born. They are come to visit us at Christmas, out of the world where all live to God; and to tell you some of their old fairy tales which they loved when they were young, like you.' . . . Next to the old romances which were written in the Christian middle age, there are no fairy tales like these old Greek ones for beauty, wisdom, and truth, and for making children love noble deeds, and trust in God to help them through. . . ."

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq. Farley Court: *Dec.* — " . I feel what you say about not Greek and too Greek; but I had laid my account with all that before I wrote. If I tell the story myself as you wish, I *can't* give the children the Greek spirit — either morally or in manner, therefore I have adopted a sort of simple ballad tone, and tried to make my prose as metrical as possible. . . .

[1] Of these sermons a stranger wrote to him from Cambridge to tell him the blessing they had been to many, and how the sermon on "Salvation" had saved one man from suicide.

You must remember as to modernisms, that we Cambridge men are *taught* to translate Greek by its modern equivalent even to *slang*. My own belief is, that by taking the form I have, I shall best do what I want, translate the children back into a new old world, and make them, as long as they are reading, forget the present, which is the true method of *a* — musement, while the half metrical form will fix it in their minds, and give them something to think over. I don't agree with you at all, nor does F., about omitting allusions which the children can't understand. She agrees with me that that is just what they like."

To J. M. L., Esq. — "And for this Fame, &c. I know a little of her worth. And I will tell you what I know. That, in the first place, she is a fact; and as such, it is not wise to ignore her, but at least to walk once round her, and see her back as well as her front.

"The case to me seems to be this. A man feels in himself the love of praise. Every man does who is not a brute. It is a universal human faculty; Carlyle nicknames it the sixth sense. Who made it? God or the devil? Is it flesh or spirit? A difficult question; because tamed animals grow to possess it in a high degree; and our metaphysic does not yet allow them spirit. But, whichever it be, it cannot be for bad: only bad when misdirected, and not controlled by reason, the faculty which judges between good and evil. Else why has God put His love of praise into the heart of every child which is born into the world, and entwined it into the holiest filial and family affections, as the earliest mainspring of good actions? Has God appointed that every child shall be fed first with a necessary lie, and afterwards come to the knowledge of your supposed truth, that the praise of God alone is to be sought? Or are we to believe that the child is intended to be taught

as delicately and gradually as possible the painful fact, that the praise of all men is not equally worth having, and to use his critical faculty to discern the praise of good men from the praise of bad, to seek the former and despise the latter? I should say that the last was the more reasonable. And this I will say, that if you bring up any child to care nothing for the praise of its parents, its elders, its pastors, and masters, you may make a fanatic of it, or a shameless cynic: but you will neither make it a man, an Englishman, nor a Christian.

"But Our Lord's words stand, about 'not seeking the honor which comes from men, but the honor which comes from God only!' True, they do stand, and our Lord's fact stands also, the fact that He has created every child to be educated by an honor which comes from his parents and elders. Both are true. Here, as in most spiritual things, you have an antinomia, an apparent contradiction, which nothing but the Gospel solves. And it does solve it; and your one-sided view of the text resolves itself into just the same fallacy as the old ascetic one — 'We must love God alone, therefore we must love no created thing.' To which St. John answers pertinently, 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' If you love your brethren, you love Christ in them. If you love their praise, you love the praise of Christ in them. For consider this, you cannot deny that if one loves any person, one desires that person's esteem. But we are bound to love all men, and that is our highest state. Therefore, in our highest state, we shall desire all men's esteem. Paradoxical, but true. If we believe in Christmas-day, if we believe in Whitsunday, we shall believe that Christ is in all men, that God's spirit is abroad in the earth, and therefore the dispraise, misunderstanding, and calumny of men will be exquisitely painful to us, and ought to be so; and,

on the other hand, the esteem of men, and renown among men for doing good deeds, will be inexpressibly precious to us. They will be signs and warrants to us that God is pleased with us, that we are sharing in that 'honor and glory' which Paul promises again and again, to those who lead heroic lives. We shall not neglect the voice of God within us; but we shall remember that there is also a voice of God without us, which we must listen to; and that in a Christian land, *vox populi*, patiently and discriminately listened to, is sure to be found not far off from the *vox Dei*. Of course, in listening to the voice of the many outside, there is a danger, as there is in the use of any faculty. You may employ it, according to Divine reason and grace, for ennobling and righteous purposes; or you may degrade it to carnal and selfish ones; so you may degrade the love of praise into vanity, into longing for the honor which comes from men, by pandering to their passions and opinions, by using your powers as they would too often like to use theirs, for mere self-aggrandizement, by saying in your heart — *quam pulchrum digito monstrari et dicere hic est* — 'That is the man who wrote the fine poem, who painted the fine picture,' and so forth, till, by giving way to this, a man may give way to forms of vanity as base as the red Indian who sticks a fox's tail on, and dances about boasting of his brute cunning. I know all about that, as well as any poor son of Adam ever did. But I know, too, that to desire the esteem of as many rational men as possible; in a word, to desire an honorable and true renown for having done good in my generation, has nothing to do with that; and the more I fear and struggle against the former, the more I see the exceeding beauty and divineness, and everlasting glory of the latter as an entrance into the communion of saints.

"Of course, all this depends on whether we do believe

that Christ is in every man, and that God's spirit is abroad in the earth. Of course, again, it will be very difficult to know who speaks by God's spirit, and who sees by Christ's light in him; but surely the wiser, the humbler path, is to give men credit for as much wisdom and rightness as possible, and to believe that when one is found fault with, one is probably in the wrong. For myself, on looking back, I see clearly with shame and sorrow, that the obloquy which I have brought often on myself and on the good cause, has been almost all of it my own fault. . . .

"There has been gradually revealed to me (what my many readings in the lives of fanatics and ascetics ought to have taught me long before), that there is a terrible gulf ahead of that not caring what men say. Of course it is a feeling on which the spirit must fall back in hours of need, and cry, 'Thou God knowest mine integrity. I have believed, and therefore I will speak; Thou art true, though all men be liars!' But I am convinced that that is a frame in which no man can live, or is meant to live; that it is only to be resorted to in fear and trembling, after deepest self-examination, and self-purification, and earnest prayer. For otherwise, a man gets to forget that voice of God without him, in his determination to listen to nothing but the voice of God within him, and so he falls into two dangers. He forgets that there *is* a voice of God without him. He loses trust in, and charity to, and reverence for his fellow-men; he learns to despise, deny, and quench the Spirit . . . and so becomes gradually cynical, sectarian, fanatical.

"And then comes a second and worse danger. Crushed into self, and his own conscience and *schema mundi*, he loses the opportunity of correcting his impression of the voice of God within, by the testimony of the voice of God without; and so he begins to mistake

more and more the voice of that very flesh of his, which he fancies he has conquered, for the voice of God, and to become, without knowing it, an autotheist. And out of that springs eclecticism, absence of tenderness *for* men, for want of sympathy *with* men; as he makes his own conscience his standard for God, so he makes his own character the standard for men; and so he becomes narrow, hard, and if he be a man of strong will and feelings, often very inhuman and cruel. This is the history of thousands — of Jeromes, Lauds, Puritans who scourged Quakers, Quakers who cursed Puritans; Nonjurors who, though they would die rather than offend their own conscience in owning William, would plot with James to murder William, or devastate England with Irish Rapparees and Auvergne dragoons. This, in fact, is the spiritual diagnosis of those many pious persecutors, who, though neither hypocrites nor blackguards themselves, have used both as instruments of their fanaticism.

"Against this I have to guard myself, you little know how much, and to guard my children still more, brought up, as they will be, under a father, who, deeply discontented with the present generation, cannot but express that discontent at times. To make my children *banausoi* insolent and scoffing radicals believing in nobody and nothing but themselves, would be perfectly easy in me if I were to make the watchword of my house, 'Never mind what people say.' On the contrary, I shall teach them that there are plenty of good people in the world, that public opinion has pretty surely an undercurrent of the water of life, below all its froth and garbage, and that in a Christian country like this, where, with all faults, a man (sooner or later) has fair play and a fair hearing, the esteem of good men, and the blessings of the poor, will be a pretty sure sign that they have the blessing of God also; and I shall tell them, when they

grow older, that ere they feel called on to become martyrs, in defending the light within them against all the world, they must first have taken care most patiently, and with all self-distrust and humility, to make full use of the light which is around them, and has been here for ages before them, and would be here still, though they had never been born or thought of. The antinomy between this and their own conscience may be painful enough to them some day. To what thinking man is it not a life-long battle? . . ."

END OF VOL. I

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Eversley Church and Churchyard.

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"I am very sorry for what you say about my not writing anything *startling;* because it shows that . . . you are beginning to judge me in part upon the reports of others. There are some people whom I must *startle*, if I am to do any good. . . . But to startle the majority of good and sensible men, or to startle, so as to disgust at once a majority of any sort, are things which I most earnestly should wish to avoid. At the same time, I do strongly object on principle to the use of that glozing, unnatural, and silly language (for so it is in us now), which men use one after another till it becomes as worn as one of the old shillings."

DR. ARNOLD.

THE winter of 1856, spent at Farley Court, a lovely spot in Swallowfield parish, adjoining to and overlooking Eversley, was a bright and happy one. The long rest in Devonshire had told on him, and now living on high ground, and in a dry house, acted as a tonic to him as well as to his family, and infused fresh life into his preaching and his parish work. The old incubus of the Crimean War, after two years' pressure, was removed, and the new one of the Indian Mutiny, which weighed even more heavily upon him from

the thought of the sufferings of women and children, was as yet in the future, and his heart rebounded again. The formation of the camp at Aldershot created fresh interests for him at this time and during his remaining years, by bringing a new element into his congregation at Eversley, and giving him the friendship of many military men. In July he was at Aldershot on the memorable occasion of the Queen's first inspection of the remnant of her Crimean army, and saw the march-past of the different regiments before her Majesty, a sight never to be forgotten. In his night-schools, which were well attended, he gave lectures on mines, shells, and other subjects connected with Natural History, illustrated with large drawings of his own. His sermons were most powerful — among them one on Ghosts, the appearance of a ghost in the neighborhood (which he stalked down and found, as he expected, to be a white deer escaped from Calverly Park), having greatly alarmed his parishioners.[1] He gave various

[1] Another ghostly visitor puzzled him this winter. On the occasion of a public dinner given to an officer of The Guards on his return from the Crimean War, Mr. Kingsley allowed his son to be present to hear the first of the speeches and then ride back in the dusk to Farley Court on his pony alone. Halfway between the park gate and the house, "*Something*" passed over his head which thoroughly frightened the boy, who galloped to the stables shouting that he had seen a ghost, and bringing the coachman and others rushing out. To all, even to his father, next day, he told the same story: that a great, white, waving sheet had skimmed over his head and that the pony had also seen it and shied. Every one was incredulous, except the father, who, knowing that the boy was not afraid of ghosts and was a quick observer, would not be likely to exaggerate; consequently he bided his time; which came a few weeks later, when on coming back from a cottage lecture at Eversley one evening, he burst into the house radiant — "Boy, I 've seen your ghost! — you were all right! — I watched for him and saw him a week ago but

lectures in the diocese. He wrote a preface to Tauler's Sermons; two articles on Art and Puritanism, and on Mystics and Mysticism,[1] and began his new romance. His spare hours were devoted to the study and classification of the Phryganæ, carried on by the side of trout streams during a holiday in North Wales and in an occasional day's fishing at Wotton and Wild Moor. His private correspondence this year shows the life and vigor and versatility[2] of his own mind, and his power of approaching other minds from different sides.

TO T. HUGHES, ESQ.

"I wish you would make a vow and keep it strong; for F. says, that if you will, I may — to go with me to

could n't make him out, so I did n't tell you: but to-night your sheet flew close over my head, and what do you suppose he was? A flock of white swans flying probably from Bramshill pond to the Loddon at Swallowfield. We are in a direct line between the two." Following this up, Mr. Kingsley found that at certain seasons of the year the swans at Bramshill regularly left the pond after dark to feed in the river at Swallowfield. (M. K.)

[1] Since published in the Miscellanies.

[2] His versatility often puzzled those who knew him and his writings only partially. A reminiscence of this was given by a reviewer: "'What an unintelligible mystic Kingsley is!' said a guest at some festivity, of which perhaps few partakers are now living; 'I wonder if he himself understands his own writings.' His hearer did not see the appropriateness of the description, and the conversation took a line on which the speaker had more to say, — a subject connected with science. 'There is an admirable article on that subject,' he continued, 'in such and such a Review; it throws more light upon it, and gives more practical suggestions concerning it, than anything I have read for years.' 'It was written by Kingsley,' said the other — and the good man took refuge in his dinner. It was a startling transformation to find his religious mystic an authority on the practical applications of science! Here, we think, lies the secret of a large part of Kingsley's power."

Snowdon next summer for a parson's week, *i. e.* twelve days. For why? I have long promised my children a book to be called 'Letters from Snowdon,' and I want to rub up old memories, and to get new ones in parts which I have not seen. An ordnance map, a compass, fishing-tackle, socks, and slippers are all you want. Moreover, I do know where to fish, and one of the crackest fishers of the part has promised to give me as many flies of his own making as I like, while another can lend us boat or coracle, if we want to fish Gwynant Dinas. We could kill an amount of fish perfectly frightful, and *all the big ones*, by the simple expedient of sleeping by day, walking evening and morning, and fishing during the short hot nights. Wales is a cheap place, if you avoid show inns; and, save a night at Capel Curig, we need never enter a show inn. We may stay two or three days at Pen-y-Gwyrrryynnwwdddelld —— there — I can't spell it, but it sounds Pennygoorood, which is the divinest pig-sty beneath the canopy, and at Bedgelert old Jones the clerk, and king of fishermen, will take us in — and do for us — if we let him. The parson of Bedgelert is a friend of mine also, but we must depend on our own legs, and on stomachs which can face braxy mutton, young taters, Welsh porter, which is the identical drainings of Noah's flood turned sour, and brandy of more strength than legality. Bread horrid, Fleas MCCCC *ad infinitum*. Bugs a sprinkling. For baths, the mountain brook; for towel, a wisp of any endogen save Scirpus triqueter, or Juncus squarrosus; and for cure of all ills, and supplement of all defects, baccy. Do come — you have no notion of the grandeur of the scenery, small as it is compared with the Alps."

His brother-in-law, Mr. Froude, who was to go too, proposed Ireland instead of Wales, which led to his writing these lines:

Oh, Mr. Froude, how wise and good,
To point us out this way to glory —
They 're no great shakes, those Snowdon lakes,
And all their pounders myth and story.
Blow Snowdon! What 's Lake Gwynant to Killarney,
Or spluttering Welsh to tender blarney, blarney, blarney?

So, Thomas Hughes, sir, if you choose,
I'll tell you where we think of going,
To 'swate and far o'er cliff and scar,
Hear horns of Elfland faintly blowing;
Blow Snowdon! There 's a hundred lakes to try in,
And fresh caught salmon daily, frying, frying, frying.

Geology and botany
A hundred wonders shall diskiver,
We 'll flog and troll in strid and hole,
And skim the cream of lake and river.
Blow Snowdon! give me Ireland for my pennies
Hurrah! for salmon, grilse, and Dennis, Dennis, Dennis!

To ——, Esq. — *February 27.* — " . . . With regard to * * * I fear neither you nor any man can give him a fresh *back to his head:* enlarge that deficient driving wheel in the cerebellum, so as to keep the thinking and feeling part of the brain at work. It is sad to see how much faults of character *seem* to depend on physiognomic defects; but do they really depend upon it? Is a man's spirit weak because he has a poor jaw, and a small back to his head; or is his jaw poor, and his cerebellum small, because his spirit is weak? I would fain believe the latter; fain believe that the body is the expression of the soul, and is moulded by it, and not, as Combe would have it, the soul by the body: my reason points to that belief; but I shrink from my own reason, because it seems to throw such tremendous moral responsibility on man, to forbid one's saying 'Poor fellow, it is not his fault, it is a constitutional defect;' for if one says that a man is not responsible for the form of his own soul —

where does all virtue and vice go to? And this brings one straight to the question of madness, on which I fully agree with you. I said so in print, long ago, in a sermon on Ahab at Ramoth Gilead, which you will find in my first set of National Sermons. And I have seen cases myself which I could attribute to nothing else. I cannot but believe that a peculiar kind of epilepsy of which I have had two cases among the poor of my parish, and some of the horrible phenomena of puerperal mania, are 'the unclean spirit' of the New Testament. I am perfectly certain that the accesses of mingled pride, rage, suspicion, and hatred of everybody and everything, accompanied by the most unspeakable sense of loneliness and '*darkness*' (St. John's metaphor, for it is the only one), which were common to me in youth, and are now, by God's grace, very rare (though I am just as capable of them as ever, when I am at *unawares* and give place to the devil by harsh judgments or bitter words) were and are nothing less than temporary possession by a devil. I am sure that the way in which those fits pass off in a few minutes, as soon as I get ashamed of myself, is not to be explained by '*habit*,' either physical or moral (though '*moral* habits' I don't believe in), but by the actual intervention of an unseen personage, I believe our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, driving away that devil. I had once a temporary madman here among our cottagers, who in his first fit tore off his clothes and ran away into the woods naked. (I suspect that desire of nakedness to be the blind effort to be merely himself, and to escape from the sense of oppression caused by some thing or being, over and above self, *i.e.* from possession.) In that fit I did not see him, it was before I came here. In his second he turned melancholy mad, walked up and down in silence, and when he spoke, declared that the devil had hold of him, and would not let him sleep. The doctor luckily believed in demoniacal

possession, and came to me, saying, 'I can't cure this man's mind by making his liver act. You must make his liver act by curing his mind.' I went to the patient and agreed with him fully, that the devil *was* in him; and I said, 'I will tell you why he is in you; because, my dear man, you have been a thief, and a cheat, and a liar' (as all the world knew), 'and have sold yourself to the father of lies. But if you will pray to God to forgive you (and then I set forth those precious promises in Christ, which the *Record* thinks I don't believe), 'and will lead a new and honest life, you may snap your fingers at the devil.' And after awhile the man got well, and has had no return for seven years. I did that in the face of the troublesome fact, that his son (and a great rogue too) was subject to melancholy madness also, and that his sister was evidently cracked — her madness being causeless jealousy. That looked like a 'constitutional' defect in the family blood; but I thought the man must know his own business best, and took him at his word, and on the same plan I had very fair success with his son also. But enough."

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

March 12, 1856. — "Your letters are very pleasant; but they weigh me down with the thought of how little one knows — and after all how little man knows. I have craved after knowledge — I have not found it. I have with Solomon given my heart to know madness and folly, yet acquainting myself with wisdom, and can only say with 'the Faust of the Old World,' 'Cast thy bread on the waters and thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven and also to eight, for thou knowest not what evil shall be on the earth. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments, for this *is the whole duty of man*. As

for wisdom, it is vanity, and much study is a weariness to the flesh, and of making many books there is no end.' Knowing? 'Knowest thou how the bones grow in the womb of her that is with child?' or why the little Diatomaceæ split into separate cells when their time is come? Everywhere, skin deep below our boasted science, we are brought up short by mystery impalpable, and by the adamantine gates of transcendental forces and incomprehensible laws — gates of which the Lord, who is both God and Man, alone holds the key, and alone can break the seal: and if He has not broken them for Himself, He has not broken them for us. I, too, have tormented my soul with metaphysics and thought about thinking, and I know no more than at first, and from Locke to Kant and Hegel, I believe nobody knows. What are we each of us but — 'an infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry'?

"Is it likely to be less so, then, with theologies and ecclesiastical systems? It was not so with St. Paul, certainly, even granting him to have been (what he never asserted himself to be) infallible. He has no ecclesiastical system. The *facts* of church arrangement in his time, as far as he mentions them, are utterly different from anything which has been seen in Christendom for more than a thousand years. 'God hath set some in the church, first apostles, prophets, evangelists, workers of miracles, helps, &c.' What does all that mean? Nobody knows, but each tries to squeeze out of it a word or two, which will fit their little theory, Popish or Protestant. Those prophesyings, unknown tongues, interpretations, all that mysterious machinery, which he speaks of in 1 Cor. xiv. as an integral part of assembled worship and as a peculiar proof of God's presence, and the influence of His spirit — what have we like that? What even was it? Nobody knows. In one place he seems to look down on it, almost as a form of hysteria

— in another to exalt it as the very power of God. I can't understand it, and I know nobody who does.

"While as for doctrine — he says himself that he only knows in part, and prophesies in part — sees through a glass darkly — that his knowledge is but as that of a child, speaking and understanding as a child, and that all the knowledge he has shall vanish away, just as the tongues will fail and the prophecies cease, and that all which will endure will be charity, real, active love; that the intellectual element, and its outward manifestations, of system and worship and perhaps dogma, are temporary, and the moral-spiritual one the only permanent eternal thing of which he has hold. And yet I am asked to build up out of St. Paul's writings a complete system of theology and anthropology '*tout rond*' without a flaw, or a point for doubt — And when I turn to St. James I find him contradicting St. Paul so flatly in words, as to exercise all the ingenuity of commentators to make the two agree (*as no doubt they do*) in fundamental doctrine. And when I turn to St. John, I find an entirely new aspect of the truth; and in his first chapter an assertion that it was 'to those *who believed on Him* that He gave power to become the children of God' in the face of St. Paul's appeal to the very heathen poets that *all men* are the offspring of God. And in Galatians iv. that the difference between the heathen and the Christian, or perhaps between the human race before and after Christ, is that the one is God's child under tutors and governors, and the other God's full-grown and conscious son who has received the *υἱοθεσία*, which is *not* adoption *υἱοποίησις*, but the mere putting on the toga virilis. How am I to reconcile them? I know not. And now perhaps you have been thinking me little better than a skeptic, yet I am not. Some things I see clearly, and hold with *desperate* clutch. A Father in Heaven for all, a Son of God incarnate for

all — (That incarnation is the *one* fact which is to me worth all, because it makes all others possible and rational, and without it I should go mad), and a Spirit of the Father *and the Son* — (I attach infinite importance to that double procession — the Holy Spirit of the Greek Church is to me nothing and no-sense), who works to will and to do of His own good pleasure — in whom? In every human being in whom there is one spark of active good, the least desire to do right, or to be of use — the fountain of all good on earth. Beyond that I see little, save that Right is divine and all conquering — Wrong utterly infernal, and yet weak, foolish, a mere bullying phantom, which would flee at each brave blow, had we courage to strike at it in God's name.

"But, as for speculations as to what man's soul or unseen element is, and what happens to it when he dies, theories of Elysium and Tartarus, and of the future of this planet and its inhabitants, I leave them to those who see no miracles in every blade of grass, no unfathomable mysteries in every animalcule, and to whom Scripture is an easy book, of which they have mastered every word, by the convenient process of ignoring three-fourths of it. . . . Yes, Mr. Bullar, you complain that the Church of England is fallen to a low ebb. She is no lower (I think her a great deal higher) than any other Christian denomination. She will be higher as long as she keeps her Articles, which bind men to *none* of the popular superstitions, but are so cautious, wide, and liberal, that I could almost believe them to have come down from heaven. But as soon as a generation of Bishops arises (either High or Low) who persist in demanding of candidates for ordination the popular creed, making those Articles mean that creed, and nothing else, then God help us; for the day of the Lord will be at hand, and will be revealed in flaming

fire, not merely to give new light and a day-spring from on high to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, but to burn up out of sight, and off the universe, the chaff, hay, and stubble, which men have built on the One Living foundation Christ, in that unquenchable fire, of which it is written that DEATH and HELL shall one day be cast into it also; to share the fate of all other unnatural and abominable things; and God's universe be — (what it must be some day, unless it be a failure, the imperfect work of an imperfect workman, and God is to be eternally baffled by evil —) very good. How that will happen, I know not, neither care. But I know how it will *not* happen; not by God having, as some fancy, to destroy this planet as a failure and a blot, nor by the larger part of the human race passing endless time in irremediable torments. One such case ought to be enough to destroy the happiness of all the saved (unless they are grown suddenly cruel), and keep all heaven one everlasting agony of compassion. To believe that God should determine to torments endless one whom He could reform, is an insult to His love and justice, which I will die rather than utter. And it is an equal insult to His wisdom, to say that He is too — (what words shall I use without blasphemy?) to be unable to reform, convince, persuade, and soften the worst and stupidest heart, I mean even merely externally by actual argument, by reformatory discipline, however severe, which should prove to the man by sharp pangs that he was a fool, and that evil-doing would not pay; and by that winning love, returning good for evil, which, as we all know, is the most powerful of all to soften and convert. But much more by the most powerful influence of all, the direct transcendental working of God's spirit, or the man's spirit, which, I suppose, we are to believe in, unless we are Arminians. . . ."

"Till mankind have come to their senses on this point, I see but little hope for Christianity, and between me and the hearts of all good men, whom I long to embrace, that horrible dream yawns as a great gulf fixed. I cannot look them in the face without an effort, because I know that they hold a notion which is to me an immoral superstition, borrowed from the old heathens and rabbis (though our Tartarus is ten times as cruel and immoral as Virgil's), and of which no apostle seems to know anything whatever; and worse, because I know they would regard me with horror, if they knew that I disbelieved it.

"Therefore, my dear Mr. Bullar (as you are one to whom I have been strangely drawn), if you, like the rest, believe in Tartarus, and hold that our Lord came to promulgate that doctrine, and not (as His plain words seem to me to do) to correct those very notions in the rabbis which have descended to us from them, then let us not try to hold any more counsel together concerning the deep things of God. It will be honest on neither side, if both our theology and our anthropology differ by one enormous and all-important postulate. Let us talk of sanitary and social reform, and of birds and flowers, of he little pleasures of the sunshine and the spring, which are still allowed to the human race before it descends into endless flame, agony, and despair, while a few (and, perhaps, I among them) ascend to a 'heaven,' where I should be ashamed to be happy for one moment. Meanwhile, I shall cherish in secret the hope that the night is nigh past, that if not I, yet at least my children, will see a second European reformation, Tartarus follow its more foolish, but far less immoral and infernal child Purgatory, and the whole of Christendom leap up as men freed suddenly from the weight of a hideous nightmare to give thanks and glory to Him who descended into hell, and 'har-

rowed it' as the glorious old words, now long forgotten, say, when He died for us, and all mankind."

Among the anonymous letters of this year, he was deeply touched by one from a naval officer, dated "H.M.S. 'St. George,' off Hong Kong," thanking him for his "noble sermon" of "Westward Ho!"

"Some months ago I read it for the first time, then sailed on a long cruise, and now on returning have read it again with prayer that has been answered, for God's blessing has gone with it. I feel as I never felt before, that Protestantism is the religion of this life especially, and that I have been heeding the future to the neglect of the living present. Many a day of late, thinking of you, I have gone on deck to my duty and seen God, where theoretically only I have been in the habit of looking for Him, on the sea, in the clouds, and in the faces of men; and the Holy Spirit descending, has stirred my pulses with the sense of universal love prevailing, above, around, and beneath. . . . I am able to speak of God and of religion with less of the humiliating hesitation that I am accustomed to, and trust that He will give me that manliness that will enable me so to talk of His workings, which, alas! we are in the habit of practically ignoring."

The writer some years afterwards made himself known to him as Captain Alston; and a strong personal attachment grew up between two men who had so much in common; he consulted Mr. Kingsley on all points connected with his noble work on board 'the Reformatory Training Ships on the Thames and the Clyde, at a later period,

and, in reply to a letter about Workmen's Libraries, Mr. Kingsley writes to him:

"The best periodical for them is certainly Norman McLeod's 'Good Words,' which is quite admirable, and has now a very large circulation — 70,000, I believe. I do not think that I would give them Carlyle yet. If I did, it would be 'Past and Present.' And yet, things have so mended since it was written that that would be unfair. The 'French Revolution' is the book, if they would only understand it.

"I am truly thankful to hear that I have helped to make a churchman of you. The longer I live, the more I find the Church of England the most rational, liberal, and practical form which Christianity has yet assumed; and dread as much seeing it assimilated to dissent, as to Popery. Strange to say, Thomas Carlyle now says that the Church of England is the most rational thing he sees now going, and that it is the duty of every wise man to support it to the uttermost."

To J. Nichols, Esq., of Manchester. — *March* 28, 1856 — "I admire your boldness in lifting up your voice to expose the tyranny of 'Union' Strikes. From my own experience of demagogues, I can well believe every word you say as to the 'humbug' connected with the inner working of them. As for the prospects of 'Association,' my experience goes with yours as to associations for *production*. The failure in those which I have seen fail, has always been their democratic constitution and anarchy. The secret of success, in those which I have seen succeed, has been the presence of some one master-mind; and even he has had hard work, unless backed by benevolent capitalists, who have been able to say to refractory members, 'Well, *we* hold the supplies, and if you kick, we withhold.' Association will be the next form of industrial development, I doubt not, for

production; but it will require two generations of previous training, both in morality and in *drill*, to make the workmen capable of it. Association for distribution is what I look to with far higher hope. I am sure, for example, that if the method of the 'People's Stores and Mills (flour)' at Rochdale, were generally carried out, the saving to wages, to public honesty, and (considering the present adulteration of goods) to public health, would be immense. . . ."

To ——, Esq., of Sheffield. — 1856. — "No one more heartily wishes that such matters as you write to me on could be altered. But, after years of experience, trial, and disappointment, I am convinced that they cannot. The thing must be left alone; and the only advice I can give is, Emigrate, but never *strike*. I look forward to a time in which such things will be righted by a general labor-news and wages-arbitration; but I have no means of starting either; and I don't think the world will have for many a year to come. I am very sad about all these matters; but all I can recommend is, *peace*, and making the best use, and most prudent use, of wages when they are to be got. If one half the hundreds of thousands which have been spent by trades' unions in interfering with the natural accidents of trade, had been spent in insuring (by association for relieving overstocked labor markets) against those accidents, all might have been well; but now I see little before the English workman but to abide as he is, and endure.

. . . . . .

"If these trade unions," he writes in 1862, "are to be allowed to exist they can only exist on the ground of being not only organs for combination, but for keeping the combination men within the law. If they will not disprove that such outrages have been committed by union men; if they will not, in honor to their own class, be the first to

drag such hounds to justice; if they will do nothing to free themselves from the old stigma that from 1820–48 they have themselves notoriously engaged in such outrages and murders — then let them be put down by law as incapable morally as politico-economically. With you I have defended the right of combination among the workmen, in hope that they would become wiser than of yore. But if they continue to murder, I see nothing for them but the just judgment of public opinion which will sweep them away, and I fear inaugurate a reign of tyranny and of capital. I and others have been seeing with dread the growing inclination of the governing classes to put down these trade unions, &c., by strong measures. What am I to say when I see the working men themselves, in the face of this danger, justifying the measures of those who wish to be hard on them? I have seen enough of trade unions to suspect that the biggest rogues and the loudest charlatans are the men who lead or mislead the honest working men; but if the honest working men themselves make no move towards detecting and exposing the authors of such outrages, they must suffer with their blind and base leaders. If they fancy they are too strong for the classes above them, that they can defy the laws of England and the instincts of humanity, then they will find themselves mistaken, even if they have to be taught their folly by a second Bristol riots or a second Peterloo."

His Preface to "The Life and Sermons of Tauler" written at this time came out of the depths of his heart. It concludes with these striking words:

"With Tauler, whether he be right or wrong in any given detail, practical righteousness of the divinest kind and loftiest kind is at once the object, and the means, and the test, of all upward steps. God is the Supreme

Good which man is intended to behold; but only by being inspired by Him, owing all to Him, and copying Him, can he behold Him, and in that sight find his highest reward, and heaven itself. . . . There are those who, opprest by doubts and fears and sorrows, may find in Tauler's genial and sunny pages a light which will stand them in good stead in many an hour of darkness. There are those, heaped beyond desert with every earthly bliss, who have had to ask themselves, in awful earnest, the question which all would so gladly put away — 'Were I stripped to-morrow of all these things, to stand alone and helpless as I see thousands stand, what should I then have left?' . . . Tremblingly they have turned to religion for comfort, under the glaring eye of the dark spectre of bereavement, but have felt about all commonplaces, however true, as Job felt of old: Miserable comforters are ye all! Oh! that I knew where I might find HIM. . . . To such Tauler can tell something of that still waste, where a man, losing all things else, shall find himself face to face with God, and hear from Him that which no man can utter again in words even to the wife of his bosom. . . . And for 'darker struggles and deeper problems,' and 'the abyss of boundless doubt,' — he can tell how he came to find an eternal light shining for ever in that utter darkness, which the darkness could not comprehend; an eternal ground in the midst of that abyss, which belonged not to the abyss, nor to the outward world which had vanished for the moment, nor to space, nor time, nor any category of human thought, or mortal existence; and that its substance was the everlasting personal good, whose love is righteousness. Tauler can point out the path by which he came to see that Light, to find that Rock of Ages; — the simple path of honest self-knowledge, self-renunciation, self-restraint, in which every outward step towards right exposes some fresh depth of

inward sinfulness, till the once proud man, crushed down like Job and Paul, by the sense of his own infinite meanness, becomes like them, a little child once more, and casts himself simply upon the generosity of Him who made him. And then there may come to him the vision, dim, perhaps, and fitting ill into clumsy words, but clearer, surer, nearer to him than the ground on which he treads, or than the foot which treads it, — the vision of an everlasting spiritual substance, most human and yet most divine, Who can endure; and Who, standing beneath all things, can make their spiritual substance endure likewise, though all worlds and stars, birth, and growth, and death, matter, space, and time, should melt in very deed,

> 'And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a rack behind.'"

With spring his thoughts turned to fishing; and one April morning when the southwest wind wafted certain well-known sounds from the Camp at Aldershot, the South-Western Railway, and Heckfield Place, to the little Rectory, these lines were written and put into his wife's hand:

> Oh blessed drums of Aldershot!
> Oh blessed southwest train!
> Oh blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
> All prophesying rain!
>
> Oh blessed yaffil, laughing loud!
> Oh blessed falling glass!
> Oh blessed fan of cold gray cloud!
> Oh blessed smelling grass!
>
> Oh bless'd southwind that toots his horn
> Through every hole and crack!
> I 'm off at eight to-morrow morn,
> To bring *such* fishes back!
>
> *April* 1, 1856.

To H. STAINTON, ESQ. — "As to caddises, I see three years' work at least before getting them at all in order, if (as you say) the thing has not been done; for my belief is, that the species are either very local, or very variable, depending on differences of soil and river-bed, and that they will give a great deal of trouble. My fishing-tackle maker sickened me the other day by — 'you talk of yellow sallies, sir, I 've seen twenty different sorts — a different sort for every stream;' and if this is the case with one fly, local, not common and strongly marked, what must be the case with the herd? I will do what I can this year to arrange the typical species of our Hampshire, Surrey, and Berkshire streams (chalk, or iron gravel), and may get a few Snowdon species in August. My belief is that the generality of Snowdon species are quite distinct from ours, *e. g.*, the all-killing gray Gwynant (Phyancæ), which was to me new when I went to Snowdonia. If you will do me the favor of hints as to what to do, and how to do it, I should enjoy, amid the intervals of country parish labor, to apply myself to them. I have great advantages, being surrounded by rivers and ponds, and finding my sole amusement in fly-fishing, — once a week, but no more. And only a fly-fisher can do the work, for he only watches, and is forced to watch, the works and ways of the family *in situ*. . . ."

". . . I have put into the new edition of 'Glaucus' a hint for a few fly-fishers in various parts to form themselves into a 'Naiad club' to investigate these water-flies. It might do much to science, and still more to the men. I know the value of a little science, as an angler. In Snowdon, three years ago, when no one could catch anything, I found, for the first time in my life, Chloroperla viridis (yellow Sally) running on the burning boulders of a stream; luckily had a good imitation (which I had never used), recognized the natural

fly by my scrap of science, and had good sport on it, while no one else caught anything, never having seen such a fly, though it was swarming under their feet! So much for unscientific observation. And men who had been using the artificial Gwynant (Hydropsyche), had never seen the natural fly till I caught it, and showed them the reality of what they had shown me as fur and feathers. I think if one could stir up sportsmen to think and watch these things one might make them happier men. I have now close to me a splendid angler and deer-stalker, and I have made him set up an aquarium of caddises, and so forth, for his wife this winter, and am sure that it has given him a new interest in life. . . ."

To Lord ——. ". . . But as to 'What is the Good?' I suppose the only answer is 'God himself is the Good.'

"But of Him we can form no intellectual conception; and it is this, in addition to a thousand things, which makes me feel the absolute certainty of a resurrection, and a conviction that this, our present life . . . is merely some sort of chrysalis state.

"What does God require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him?—is nearly all I know—Sin, ἁμαρτία, is literally, as it signifies, the missing of a mark, the falling short of an ideal, and not the transgression of an arbitrary decree; and that each miss brings a penalty, or rather is itself the penalty (for I do not believe in arbitrary rewards and punishments), is to me the best of news, and gives me hope for myself, and every human being, past, present, and future, for it makes me look on them all as children under a paternal education, who are being taught to become aware of, and use their own powers in God's house, the universe, and for God's work in it; and in proportion as they learn and do that, they attain salvation, σωτηρία,

literally *health* and *wholeness* of spirit, 'soul,' which is, like health of body, its own reward — one great part of that reward being *not to know* that they have a soul — as health of body makes one unconscious of one's body."

To Rev. F. Maurice. — ". . . My dear master, though the solution of this and many another problem which you have started, remains for our descendants, yet you must not grow sad, or think that you have not done, and are not still doing, a mighty work, in pointing out the laws by which alone they can be solved. You are like a man surveying a tropic forest, which he can only do by hewing his path yard by yard, unable to see a rood before him; other men will follow him, till, and plant, and build, while he dies in faith, not having received the promises. And you will look down from heaven upon this nation working on under the new spiritual impulse which you have given it, and which will assuredly conquer, just as Captain Sturt will look down on that glorious Australian empire to-be, which he rescued out of the realm of Hades and the blank useless unknown, at the expense of his health, his eyesight, and his life. As Charles Mansfield, perhaps, may look down on that Paraguay which will surely realize some day his highest dreams of its capabilities; for his book (light though it seem) will not be forgotten, and other men will carry out the conception, which he, perhaps, *could not* have done from over-conscientiousness, and worship of too lofty an ideal. I can see, too, more and more, why, as you seem to lament, you are shut out so strangely from sympathy with flowers and beetles that you might have sympathy with men. And are they not of more value than many beetles? Of the evangelical phraseology one word is true, that 'an immortal soul' (if people only knew what an immortal soul meant!) is of more value than all the material universe. And I can understand

why there should be men like you, to whom it is said, 'Thou shalt not be tempted to waste thy time over the visible world, because thy calling is to work out that spiritual moral world, of which man can learn *just nothing* from the visible world — which he can only learn from his own soul, and the souls of other men.'

"My dear master, I have long ago found out how little I can discover about God's absolute love, or absolute righteousness, from a universe in which everything is eternally *eating* everything else. Infinite cunning and shift (in the good sense). Infinite creative fancy it does reveal; but nothing else, unless interpreted by moral laws which are in oneself already, and in which one has often to trust against all appearances, and cry out of the lowest deep (as I have had to do) — Thou art not Siva the destroyer. Thou art not even Ahriman and Ormuzd in one. And yet, if Thou art not, why does Thy universe seem to say that Thou art? Art Thou a '*Deus quidam Deceptor*,' after all? — No. There is something in me — which not my nature, but Thou must have taught me — which cries and will cry: Though Thou slay me, as Thou hast slain world on world already — though I and all this glorious race of men go down to Hades with the ichthyosaurs and the mammoths, yet will I trust in Thee. Though St. Peter's words be fulfilled (as they may to-morrow by the simplest physical laws) and the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all the works therein be burned up — yet I know that my Redeemer, He who will justify me, and make me right, and deliver me out of the grasp of nature, and proclaim my dominion over nature, liveth, and will stand at the latter day upon the earth, and in some flesh or other I shall see God, see Him for myself as a one and accountable moral being for ever. But beetles and zoophytes never whispered *that* to me. . . . The study of Nature can teach no *moral theology*. It may unteach it,

if the roots of moral theology be not already healthy and deep in the mind. I hinted that in 'Glaucus': but I would do no more, because many readers mean by 'moral' and 'theology' something quite different from what you and I do, and would have interpreted it into a mere iteration of the old lie that science is dangerous to orthodoxy. But I won't talk of myself, save to say that I sometimes envy you, who are not distracted from work at the really *human* truths, by the number of joints in a grub's legs. I ought to have written to you, but had nothing to say. My life runs on here in a very simple, easy way, what with the parish and Mrs. Kingsley, and the children, and a little literary work, in which I am trying to express in a new form the ideas which I have got from you, and which I have been trying to translate into all languages, from 'The Saint's Tragedy' to 'Glaucus.' I have no other work on earth, and want none.

"Do not talk of your time being short, for you have much to do yet — all the more, perhaps, because you do not know what it is. The cloud is always thickest when and where the wind is about to shift, and roll it all away out of the blue sky."

To Tom Hughes, Esq. — "My dear old lad, are you willing to go to Snowdon? Killarney is very tempting; only, as I get old, somehow, I don't like new places; I like to thumb over the same book, and trot over the same bog, and feel 'homey' wherever I be. . . . My plan would be this —

There is no inn in Snowdon which is not awful dear,
Excepting Pen-y-gwrydd (you can't pronounce it, dear),
Which standeth in the meeting of noble valleys three.
One is the vale of Gwynant, so well beloved by me,
One goes to Capel-Curig, and I can't mind its name,
And one it is Llanberris Pass, which all men knows the same.
Between which radiations vast mountains does arise,
As full of tarns as sieves of holes, in which big fish will rise,

That is, just one day in the year, if you be there, my boy,
About ten o'clock at night, and then I wish you joy.
Now to this Pen-y-gwrydd inn I purposeth to write,
(Axing the post town out of Froude, for I can't mind it quite),
And to engage a room or two, for let us say a week,
For fear of gents, and Manichees, and reading parties meek,
And there to live like fighting-cocks at almost a bob a day,
And arterwards toward the sea make tracks and cut away,
All for to catch the salmon bold in Aberglaslyn pool,
And work the flats in Traeth Mawr, and will, or I 'm a fool.
And that 's my game, which, if you like, respond to me by post;
But I fear it will not last, my son, a thirteen days at most.
Flies is no object; I can tell some three or four will do,
And John Jones, Clerk, he knows the rest, and ties and sells 'em too.
Besides of which I have no more to say, leastwise just now,
And so, goes to my children's school and umbly makes my bow.

C. K.

. . . . . .

" Of all men on earth I should like to have Tom Taylor for a third. Entreat him to make it possible, and come and be a salvidge man with us; and tell him I can show him views of the big stone work which no mortal cockney knows, because, though the whole earth is given to the children of men, none but we jolly fishers get the plums and raisins of it, by the rivers which run among the hills, and the lakes which sit a-top thereof. Tell him I 'll show him such a view from Craig-y-Rhaidyr of Snowdon from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, as tourist never saw, nor will see, 'case why, he can't find it; and I will show him the original mouth of the pit which is Llyn Dulyn, and the lightning lake, where the white syenite is blasted into shivers, which make you shiver, if you be sentimental — but *I* only think of the trouts — which the last I saw killed in Llyn Melch was 3½ pounds, and we 'll kill his wife and family; and crowberry and desolate Alpine plants grow thereby, and we will sleep among them, like love among the roses,

Thomas. And oh, what won't we do, except break our necks? and I'll make Tom Taylor come down over Craig-y-Rhaidyr, which is 700 feet of syenite, the most glorious climb I know. We can go from Reading, and the Holyhead mail will drop us at Bangor at 5 in the morning. There we can either go on by coach to Pen-y-Wynod, or walk in the cool of the morning, fishing as we go, and send our traps by coach, to be dropped for us. Pray bring a couple of dozen lake-sized hooks, to tie flies on. You'll be pleased to hear that I got a fishing at Lady Mildmay's famous Warnborough preserve last night — the day was B. B. B., burning, baking, and boiling, and as still as glass, so I did not tackle-to till 5.30 — and between that and nine I grassed twenty fish, weighing twenty-two pounds, besides losing a brace more whoppers. Biggest brace killed, three pounds and two pounds — a dead bright calm, and a clear stream — in fifteen minutes I had three fish, two of three pounds and one of two pounds, but lost one of them after a long fight. Not so shady, Tom, for all on *shorm-fly and caperer*. Mind and don't get these flies too small. I don't mind small hooks, if a big fly be tied thereon — see what a difference a wise man and a fool may make. (Here was a sketch of two flies — 'wise man's fly,' and 'cockney maiden's fly.') Let's have lots for our money, say I, in flies, as in all things. Why do fish take your caperer, spite of his ugliness, but because he looks the fattest one they ever saw yet? Think over these things."

At last the happy day in August was fixed, and the following invitation sent before the three friends started for Snowdonia:

Come away with me, Tom,
Term and talk is done;
My poor lads are reaping,
Busy every one.

Curates mind the parish,
Sweepers mind the Court,
We 'll away to Snowdon
For our ten days' sport,
Fish the August evening
Till the eve is past,
Whoop like boys at pounders
Fairly played and grassed.
When they cease to dimple,
Lunge and swerve, and leap,
Then up over Siabod,
Choose our nest and sleep.
Up a thousand feet, Tom,
Round the lion's head,
Find soft stones to leeward
And make up our bed.
Eat our bread and bacon,
Smoke the pipe of peace,
And, ere we be drowsy,
Give our boots a grease.
Homer's heroes did so,
Why not such as we?
What are sheets and servants?
Superfluity.
Pray for wives and children
Safe in slumber curled,
Then to chat till midnight
O'er this babbling world,
Of the workmen's college,
Of the price of grain,
Of the tree of knowledge,
Of the chance of rain;
If Sir A. goes Romeward,
If Miss B. sings true,
If the fleet comes homeward,
If the mare will do, —
Anything and everything —
Up there in the sky
Angels understand us
And no "saints" are by.
Down, and bathe at day-dawn,
Tramp from lake to lake,

Washing brain and heart clean
Every step we take.
Leave to Robert Browning
Beggars, fleas, and vines;
Leave to squeamish Ruskin
Popish Apennines,
Dirty Stones of Venice
And his Gas-lamps Seven;
We 've the stones of Snowdon
And the lamps of heaven.
Where 's the mighty credit
In admiring Alps?
Any goose sees "glory"
In their "snowy scalps."
Leave such signs and wonders
For the dullard brain,
As æsthetic brandy,
Opium and cayenne;
Give me Bramshill common
(St. John's harriers by),
Or the vale of Windsor,
England's golden eye.
Show me life and progress,
Beauty, health, and man;
Houses fair, trim gardens,
Turn where'er I can.
Or, if bored with "High Art,"[1]
And such popish stuff,
One's poor ear need airing,
Snowdon 's high enough.
While we find God's signet
Fresh on English ground,
Why go gallivanting
With the nations round?
Though we try no ventures
Desperate or strange;
Feed on common-places
In a narrow range;
Never sought for Franklin
Round the frozen Capes:
Even, with Macdougall,

[1] Bishop of Labuan.

Bagged our brace of apes;
Never had our chance, Tom,
In that Black redan;
Can't avenge poor Brereton
Out in Sakarran;
Tho' we earn our bread, Tom,
By the dirty pen,
What we can we will be,
Honest Englishmen.
Do the work that 's nearest,
Though it 's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles;
See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet;
Once a year, like school-boys,
Robin-Hooding go,
Leaving fops and fogies
A thousand feet below.

To his wife. — *August* 11. In the train. "A glorious day. Snowdonia magnificent. The sensation of going through the tubular bridge very awful and instructive. The sound of it, the finest bass note I have ever heard. Anglesey, an ugly wild flat place, like Torridge Moors, with great dunes of blown sand along the coast, fit for those weird old Druids. . . ."

Capel Curig, *August* 12. — "We are sleeping here, being too tired to get an inch further. We never slept forty winks last night in the train; started from Bangor at 5, and were on our legs till 5 p. m. We went up Nant Francon, then up to Idwal. Fish would not rise; but the rivers are flooded, and, therefore, we shall have noble sport. But the glory was what I never saw before, all those grand mountains, 'silver-veined with rills,' cataracts of *snow-white cotton threads*, if you will, zigzagging

down every rock-face — sometimes 1000 feet — and the whole air alive with the roar of waters. The greenness and richness of the mountains after our dusty burnt-up plains, is most refreshing. All day we had steaming gleams; but the clouds on Glydyr Vawr only broke to form again, and we had twenty showers, shrouding the cliffs with long gray veils of lace. I wish I could tell you what color the mountains are. Not pink, not purple, not brown, but a sort of pale pink madder, with vast downs of bright green grass interspersed. And oh, as we walked past Colonel Pennant's cyclopean walls at Bangor, and saw that great gap high up in the air ten miles off, and knew that we should be in it ere noon, it was like a dream; and all the more dreamy for the sleeplessness of the past night. We found a noble fountain, which Colonel Pennant has built by the roadside, and there washed ourselves into our senses, and went on. At Bethesda we tried for breakfast, at six A. M., and were refused by all the few houses which were open, till we found a nice little woman, who gave us infinite broiled ham, tea, and porter, to carry up the hills. We tried Ogwen River for salmon peel, amid those exquisite parks and woods; but it was too much flooded. By night I had picked my first Saxifraga stellaris, and knew that I was in the *former world.* The parsley fern is growing between every stone, and the beech fern too, but the latter very poor. I have dried for the children the water-lobelia, and Sparganium natans, to do which I walked up to my knees in Idwal. Snowdon is now looking like a great gray ghost with seven heads, and as soon as one head is cut off a fresh one grows; but more are cut off than grow, and the clouds which stream up from the S.W. fall lower and lower, and have now canopied the whole head of Moel Siabod, who is looking in at our window 2000 feet down, the impudent fellow, though I am 1000 feet high. Wherefore we shall have more

rain. . . . To-morrow up at six; walk to Pen-y-gwryd, and then up to Edno!"

PEN-Y-GWRYD. — "I have had, as far as scenery is concerned, the finest day I ever had. We started for Edno at 10, but did not find it till 2, because we mistook the directions, and walked from 10 till 1.30 over a Steinerer Maar, a sea of syenite and metamorphic slate which baffles all description, 2000 feet above Gywnant, ribs and peaks and walls of rock leaping up and rushing down, average 50 to 100 feet, covered with fir, club moss, crowberry and bearberry, and ling, of course. Over these we had to scramble up and down, beating for Edno lake as you would beat for a partridge, but in vain. All we found was one old cock-grouse, who went off holloaing 'Cock-cock-what-a-shame-cock-cock' till we were fairly beat. In despair we made, not a dash, but a crawl, at Moel Meirch ('Margaret's Peak,' some pathetic story, I suppose), which rises about 100 feet above the stony sea, a smooth pyramid of sandy-pink syenite. Hughes got up first, by a crack, for the walls are like china, and gave a who-whoop; there was Edno half a mile beyond, and only a valley to cross, beside a few climbs of 50 feet. So there we got, and ate our hard-boiled eggs and drank our beer, and then set to, and caught just nothing. The fish, always sulky and capricious, would not stir. But the delight of being there again, 2200 feet up, out of the sound of aught but the rush of wind and water and the whistle of the sheep (which is just like a penny whistle ill-blown), and finding oneself *at home* there! Every rock, even the steps of slate and footholds of grass which * * * and I used to use, just the same. Unchanged for ever. It is an awful thought. Soon we found out why the fish would n't rise. The cloud which had been hanging on Snowdon, lowered. Hebog and Cnicht caught it. It began to roll up from

the sea in great cabbage-headed masses, and grew as dark as twilight. The wind rolled the lake into foam; we staggered back to an old cave, where we shall sleep, please God, ere we come home, and then the cloud lowered, the lake racing along in fantastic flakes and heaps of white steam, hiding everything 50 yards off one minute, then leaving all clear and sharp-cut pink and green. While out of it came a rain of marbles and Minnié bullets — a rain which searches, and drenches, and drills. Luckily I had on a flannel shirt. We waited as long as we dared, and then steered home by compass, for we could not see 50 yards, except great rows of giants in the fog, sitting humped up side by side, like the ghosts of the sons of Anak staring into the bogs. So home we went, floundering through morass, and scrambling up and down the giants, which were crags 50 to 100 feet high, for we dared not pick our road for fear of losing our bearings by compass. And we were wet — oh, were we not wet? but, as a make-weight, we found the 'Grass of Parnassus' in plenty, and as we coasted the vale of Gwynant, 1500 feet up, the sight of Snowdon, sometimes through great gaps of cloud, sometimes altogether hidden, the lights upon that glorious vista of Gwynant and Dinas, right down to Hebog — the flakes of cloud rushing up the vale of Gwynant far below us — no tongue can describe it. I could see Froude's fir-wood, and home-close, quite plain from Moel Meirch. It looked as if you could have sent a stone into it, but it was four miles off. I have got for you grass of Parnassus; Alpine club-moss; ladies' mantle; ivy-leaved campanula; beech fern; A. Oreopteris (sweet fern). The great butterwort is out of flower (as is the globe flower), but it stars every bog with its shiny yellow-green stars of leaves. Goodbye. I am up at half-past three for Gwynant, which is full of salmon. I have just got your dear letter. Tell Rose that I am drying all the plants I can for her. . . .

Tell Maurice I saw a grouse and a water-ouzel — lots of these last. . . ."

When the short holiday came to an end, the three friends were asked by the landlord of the inn, at Pen-y-gwryd, to write their names in his visitors' book. They wrote as follows:

TOM TAYLOR.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd with colors armed and pencils,
But found no use whatever for any such utensils;
So in default of them I took to using knives and forks,
And made successful drawings — of Mrs. Owen's corks.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd in frantic hopes of slaying
Grilse, Salmon, 3 lb. red-fleshed Trout, and what else there 's no saying;
But bitter cold and lashing rain, and black nor'eastern skies, sir,
Drove me from fish to botany, a sadder man and wiser.

TOM HUGHES.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd a larking with my betters,
A mad wag and a mad poet, both of them men of letters;
Which two ungrateful parties, after all the care I 've took
Of them, make me write verses in Henry Owen's book.

T. T.

We 've been mist-soak'd on Snowdon, mist-soaked on Glyder Vawr,
We 've been wet through on an average every day three times an hour;
We've walk'd the upper leathers from the soles of our balmorals;
And as sketchers and as fishers with the weather have had our quarrels.

C. K.

But think just of the plants which stuff'd our box, (old Yarrel's gift,)
And of those which might have stuff'd it if the clouds had given a lift;
Of tramping bogs, and climbing cliffs, and shoving down stone fences
For Spiderwort, Saussurea, and Woodsia ilvensis.

T. H.

Oh my dear namesake's breeches, you never see the like,
He burst them all so shameful a crossing of a dyke.
But Mrs. Owen patch'd them as careful as a mother,
With flannel of three colors — she had n't got no other.

T. T.

But can we say enough of those legs of mountain muttons,
And that onion sauce lies on our souls, for it made of us three gluttons,
And the Dublin stout is genuine, and so 's the Burton beer;
And the apple tarts they 've won our hearts, and think of soufflets here!

C. K.

Resembling that old woman that never could be quiet,
Though victuals (says the child's song) and drink formed all their diet:
My love for plants and scrambling shared empire with my dinner,
And who says it was n't good must be a most fastidious sinner.

T. H.

Now all I 've got to say is, you can't be better treated;
Order pancakes and you 'll find they 're the best you ever eated.
If you scramble o'er the mountains you should bring an ordnance map.
I endorse all as previous gents have said about the tap.

T. T.

Pen-y-gwryd, when wet and worn has kept a warm fireside for us.
Socks, boots, and never mention-ems, Mrs. Owen still has dried for us.
With host and hostess, fare and bill so pleased we are that going,
We feel for all their kindness, 'tis we not they are Owen!

T. H. T. T. C. K.

Nos tres in uno jenati hos fecimus versiculos:
Tomas piscator pisces qui non capi sed piscibulos,
Tomas sciagraphus, sketches qui non fecisi nisi ridiculos,
Herbarius Carolus mosses qui lustravit perpendiculos.

T. H.

There's big trout I hear in Echo. Likewise in Gwynant lake,
And the governor and black alder are the flies that they will take.
Also the cockabendy, but I can only say,
If you think to catch big fishes I only Hope you may.

T. T.

I have come in for more of mountain gloom than mountain glory.
But I've seen old Snowdon rear his head with storm-tossed mist wreaths hoary;
I stood in the fight of mountain winds upon Bwich-Cwm-y-Llan,
And I go back an unsketching but a better minded man.

C. K.

And I too have another debt to pay another way,
For kindness shown by these good souls to one who's far away.
Even to this old collie dog who tracked the mountains o'er,
For one who seeks strange birds and flowers on far Australia's shore.

In the course of the autumn several American friends, including Mrs. Beecher Stowe, made pilgrimages to Eversley; among them one from the Southern States thus recalls the Rectory life in 1856:

". . . It is your own fault if Eversley does no more seem to me a name. When I think of Mrs. Kingsley and of you I seem to myself to be sitting with you still in those quaint old rooms. Still Maurice comes by with an insect or a flower, or just a general wonder and life in his eyes — still I hear the merry laugh of the little Princess, and see Dandy lying lazy, smiling and winking in the sun; and I fill my olive-wood pipe, and saunter in and out of the aromatic old study, and lounge, a new man and a happier one, on the sloping green lawn, under the good old fir-trees. And so I talk on as if I were with friends long known, and known long to be cherished much. All of which is wholly your fault and Mrs. Kingsley's. . . . If you are not too busy, I am sure you will write and tell me how the novel advances (Two Years Ago!), and how Eversley in all its regions is. . . ."

CHAPTER XV

THE FATHER IN HIS HOME — AN ATMOSPHERE OF JOY — THE OUTDOOR NURSERY — LIFE ON THE MOUNT — HAPPY SUNDAYS — FEAR AND FALSEHOOD — THE TRAINING OF LOVE — FAVORITES AND FRIENDS IN THE HOUSE, IN THE STABLE, AND ON THE LAWN.

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions which have vexed me
Have vanished quite away.

. . . . . .

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

. . . . . .

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the wind are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead!"

LONGFELLOW.

WE must pause a moment in the midst of work and letters: we have seen the rector in his church and parish, and now must see

the father in his home. "Cheerfulness or joyousness," said Jean Paul Richter, "is the atmosphere under which all things thrive — especially the young" — and with this atmosphere the parents tried to surround the children at the Rectory — not only as a means of present enjoyment, but as a tonic to brace the young creatures to meet the inevitable trials of life. They had the best of everything; the sunniest and largest rooms indoors; and because the house was on low ground, — the grass sloping down from the churchyard, their father built them on the "Mount," — the highest and loveliest point of moorland in the glebe, a real bit of primeval forest — as an outdoor nursery, a hut, where they kept books, toys, and tea-things, and spent long happy days; and there he would join them when his parish work was done, bringing them some fresh treasure picked up in his walk, a choice wild flower or fern, or rare beetle, sometimes a lizard or a field-mouse; ever waking up their sense of wonder, calling out their powers of observation, and teaching them lessons out of God's great green book, without their knowing how much they were learning.

And then the Sundays, the hardest day of the week to him, were bright to the children, who began the day with decking the graves in the dear churchyard, an example which the poor people learnt to follow, so that before morning service it looked like a flower garden; and when his day's work was done, however weary he might be, there was always the Sunday walk, a stroll on the moor, and some fresh object of natural beauty pointed out at every step. Indoors, the Sunday picture books were brought out. Each child had

its own, and chose its subject for the father to draw, either some Bible story, or bird, or beast, or flower mentioned in Scripture. Happy Sundays! never associated with gloom or restrictions, but with God's works as well as His word, and with sermons that never wearied.

Punishment was a thing little known in his house. Corporal punishment was never allowed. His own childish experience of the sense of degradation and unhealthy fear it produced, of the antagonism it called out between a child and its parents, a pupil and his teachers, gave him a horror of it. It had other evils, too, he considered, besides degrading both parties concerned. "More than half the lying of children," he said, "is, I believe, the result of fear, and the fear of punishment." On these grounds he made it a rule (from which he never departed) not to take a child suspected of a fault, at unawares, by sudden question or hasty accusation, the stronger thus taking an unfair advantage of the weaker and defenceless creature, who, in the mere confusion of the moment, might be tempted to deny or equivocate. "Do we not," he asked, "pray daily, 'Lord, confound me not,' and shall we dare to confound our own children by sudden accusation, or angry suspicion, making them give evidence against themselves, when we don't allow a criminal to do that in a court of law? The finer the nature the more easily is it confounded, whether it be of child, dog, or horse. Suspicion destroys confidence between parent and child." "Do not train a child," he once said to a friend, "as men train a horse, by letting anger and punishment be the *first* announcement of his having sinned.

If you do, you induce two bad habits: first, the boy regards his parent with a kind of blind dread, as a being who may be offended by actions which to *him* are innocent, and whose wrath he expects to fall upon him any moment in his most pure and unselfish happiness. Alas! for such a childhood! Εἰδὼς λέγω! Next, and worse still, the boy learns not to fear sin, but the *punishment* of it, and thus he learns to lie. At every first fault, and offence too, teach him the principle which makes it sinful — illustrate it by a familiar parable — and then, if he sins again it will be with his eyes open!"

He was careful, too, not to confuse or "confound" his children by a multiplicity of small rules. Certain broad, distinct laws of conduct were laid down. "It is difficult enough to keep the Ten Commandments," he would say "without making an eleventh in every direction." This, combined with his equable rule, gave them a sense of utter confidence and perfect freedom with him. They knew what they were about and where to find him, for he had no "moods" with them, while with theirs he could yet sympathize and be patient. "Where others so often fail" — as a friend remarked of him, "in the family, there he shone." To see him at his best and highest was to see him in his home — to see "the tender, adoring husband, so gentle and so strong" — the father "who treated his daughters like princesses," his sons as trusted companions, his servants as friends, those faithful servants who thought no labor heavy to give him ease and comfort, and who, when they followed their beloved master to the grave, had lived half a lifetime in his service. It was truly said of him, that in "that inner circle

all men knew that he was to his children and servants a yet 'finer gentleman,' to use the grand old English word he loved to use, than he was in the finest circles." "Pitiful and courteous" — he carried out this apostolic precept in his home; and however difficult life might be to himself, his daily care was to make it easy to those around him. Like a brave man as he was, he kept his feelings of depression, and those dark hours of wrestling with doubt and disappointment and anxiety, which must come to every thinking, feeling human being, within the sanctuary of his own heart, unveiled only to one on earth, and to his Father in Heaven. And when he came out of his study in the morning, and met his children and guests at breakfast, he would greet them with bright courtesy and that cheerful disengaged temper acquired by strict self-discipline, which enabled him to enter into all their interests, and the joy and playfulness of the moment. The family gatherings were the brightest hours in the day, lit up as they were with his marvellous humor. Bright — not only because of the joy his great heart took in his nearest and dearest — but bright on the Bible principle — that "a merry heart is a continual feast," and sunshine necessary to the development and actual health and growth of all things, especially the young. "I wonder," he would say, "if there is so much laughing in any other home in England as in ours." He became a light-hearted boy once more in the presence of his children, and still more remarkably so in that of his aged mother, when he saw her face clouded with depression during her later years, which were spent under his roof. He brought sunshine

into her room whenever he entered it, as well as the strong spiritual consolation which she needed, and received in his daily ministrations by her bedside morning and evening.

The griefs of children were to him most piteous. "A child over a broken toy is a sight I cannot bear;" and when nursery griefs and broken toys were taken to the study, he was never too busy to mend the toy and dry the tears. He held with Jean Paul Richter again, that children have their "days and hours of rain," days when "the child's quicksilver" falls rapidly before the storms and cold weather of circumstances, and "parents should not consider or take much notice, either for anxiety or sermons,"[1] but lightly pass over these variations of temperature, except where they are symptoms of coming illness. And here his knowledge of physiology and that delicate organization of brain, which had given him many a sad experience in his own childhood, made him keen to watch and detect such symptoms. Weariness at lessons, and sudden fits of temper, he would say, often spring from purely physical causes, and must not be treated hastily as moral, far less spiritual delinquencies, being, possibly, mere phases of depression, which disappear with change of occupation, air and scene, and the temporary cessation of all brain work.

Justice and mercy, and that rigid self-control, which kept him from speaking a hasty word or harboring a mean suspicion, combined with a divine tenderness, were his governing principles in all his home relationships. "This tenderness," as once was said of a great man, "was

[1] "Levana," chap. 8

never so marked as when he was looking at or talking with little children. At such times the expression which came over his face was wonderfully beautiful and touching. Towards these little creatures he had an eager way of stretching out his hands, as if to touch them, but with a hesitation arising from the evident dread of handling them too roughly. The same sort of feeling, too, he manifested in a minor degree, towards small animals, little dogs, kittens and birds."[1]

It has been observed with truth that there was an "element of fierceness," about him, which would flash out in the presence of wrong and oppression, of meanness and untruth, and betray itself by abrupt and fierce rejoinder. But in the home which he had made the very atmosphere of truth and love, of confidence and freedom of opinion, he was never abrupt, but tender, courteous and self-forgetful, yielding to every will and temper but his own. And he *respected* as well as loved his children, from the early days when Heaven lay about them in their infancy, and he hung with reverent and yet passionate wonder over the baby in its cradle, to grown-up years when he looked upon them as friends and equals. Home was to them so real a thing that it seemed in a way as if it must be eternal. And when his eldest son, in America, heard of the father's death, and of another which then seemed imminent, and foresaw the break-up of the home, he stood as one astonished, only to say, in the bitterness of his soul:

"I feel as if a huge ship had broken up piece by piece, plank by plank, and we children were left cling-

[1] Life of Sir W. Napier.

ing to one strong spar alone — God! . . . Ah, how many shoals and quicksands of life he piloted me through, by his wonderful love, knowledge, and endurance — that great father of ours, the dust of whose shoes we are not worthy to kiss. . . ."

Since that bitter day, this beloved son has added his memories to the many in this book of memories:

"'Perfect love casteth out all fear,' was the motto on which my father based his theory of bringing up his children; and this theory he put in practice from their babyhood till when he left them as men and women. From this, and from the interest he took in all their pursuits, their pleasures, trials, and even the petty details of their every-day life, there sprang up a 'friendship' between father and children that increased in intensity and depth with years. To speak for myself, and yet I know full well I speak for all, he was the best friend — the only true friend I ever had. At once he was the most fatherly and the most unfatherly of fathers — fatherly in that he was our intimate friend, and our self-constituted adviser; unfatherly in that our feeling for him lacked that fear and restraint that make boys call their father 'the governor.'

"I remember him as essentially the same to all of us always: utterly unchanged and unchanging since the time that he used to draw Sunday pictures for us to the time when he treated us as men and women of the world. Ours was the only household I ever saw in which there was no favoritism. It seemed as if in each of our different characters he took an equal pride, while he fully recognized their different traits of good or evil; for, instead of having one code of social, moral, and physical laws laid down for one and all of us, each child became a separate study for him; and its little

'diseases *au moral*,' as he called them, were treated differently according to each different temperament.

"The time above all others in which he opened out his heart to us, I think, was walking over on Sunday evenings to the services held in the little school-room at Bramshill. I can *see* him now, on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden gate with a sorrowful 'No! go home, Sweep!' to the retriever that had followed us stealthily down the walk, and who now stood with an ear cocked, and one paw up, hoping against hope, that he might be allowed to come on. I can *feel* him striding by me in the narrow path, while from the bright sky and the look of the country he drank in nature, till his eye lit up, his chest expanded, his step grew elastic, and he was a boy again with me. I can *hear* him tell me, at the bottom of the field, of a heavy fall out hunting over the fence into the meadow, and his ringing laugh at the recollection of his own mishap. His c' ery 'Good afternoon' to the cottager at the corner; the 'Well-done, boy,' and grim smile of approval, with which he greeted a jump over the gate at the top of the hill, on which he sits a moment to take in the long sweeps of purple heather running down to the yellow corn land — the brown roof of the Rectory bursting up among its trees — the long flats of the little valley, with its greens and cricketers. 'For cricket,' he used to say, 'is better than beer, and the poor lads don't get a chance to play on week-day: but remember *you* do.' And then the walk on over the moor, chatting gaily of the fox's earth hard by, the green tiger beetle that whirred from under our feet, the night-jar (goat-sucker) that fluttered up from a sandy place in the path, and swooped madly away among the fir-trees, while ever and anon some thought would strike a deeper chord, and a few words put something that mayhap had been an old stumbling-block, into an en-

tirely new and true light. All his deepest teaching, his strongest influence was, in a way, of the negative kind inasmuch as there were no long lectures, no pithy arguments; but in his own life he showed, spoke, and lived his doctrines, so that his utter unselfishness, his genial tenderness towards their mother and themselves, gave the children an example that could not be passed by unnoticed, however unworthily followed. The only thing that he really required of us was reverence and respect for people older than ourselves, which was also one of the most strongly marked traits in his own character, and one which made him entirely ignore himself and his own superiority, in most cases, in speaking to men older than he was. This required reverence, however, on our part, never created any feeling of restraint when with him; too true a friendship existed between us. Perhaps the brightest picture of the past that I look back to now — that we can all look back to — is, not the eager look of delight with which he used to hail any of our little successes — not any special case of approval, but it is the drawing-room at Eversley in the evenings when we were all at home and by ourselves. There he sat, with one hand in mother's, forgetting his own hard work and worry in leading our fun and frolic, with a kindly smile on his lips, and a loving light in that bright gray eye which made us feel that, in the broadest sense of the word, he was our father."

But to speak of his home without mentioning his love of animals would be to leave the picture incomplete. His dog and his horse were his friends, and they knew it, and understood his voice and eye. He was a perfect horseman, and never lost his temper with his horse, talking to and reasoning with it if it shied or bolted, as if it had been a rational being, knowing that, from

the fine organization of the animal, a horse, like a child, will get confused by panic fear, which is only increased by punishment. His dog Dandy, a fine Scotch terrier, was his companion in all his parish walks, attended at the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and the children's friend for thirteen years. He lies buried under the great fir-trees on the Rectory lawn, with this inscription on his gravestone, "Fideli Fideles," and close by "Sweep," a magnificent black retriever, and "Victor," given to him by the Queen, a favorite Teckel, with which he sat up during the two last suffering nights of the little creature's life. Cats, too, were a continual delight to him; the stable had always its white cat, and the house its black or tabby, whose graceful movements he never tired of watching. His love of animals was deepened by his belief in their future state — a belief which he held in common with John Wesley, Agassiz, Bishop Butler, and many other remarkable men. On the lawn dwelt a family of natter jacks (running toads), who lived on from year to year in the same hole in the green bank, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. He had two little friends in a pair of sand wasps, who lived in a crack of the window in his dressing-room, one of which he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out into the sunshine to dry; and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their children who came out of, or returned to the same crack. The little fly-catcher, who built its nest every year under his bedroom window, was a constant joy to him. He had also a favorite slow-worm in the churchyard which his parishioners were

warned not to kill, from the mistaken idea prevalent in Eversley that slow-worms were poisonous. All these tastes he encouraged in his children, teaching them to love and handle gently, without disgust, all living things, toads, frogs, beetles, as works and wonders from the hand of a Living God. His guests were surprised one morning at breakfast when his little girl ran up to the open window of the dining-room holding a long repulsive-looking worm in her hand. "Oh! daddy, look at this *delightful* worm." He had but one aversion which he could never conquer — and it was of himself he spoke in 'Glaucus,' after saying, that every one seems to have his antipathic animal: "I know one bred from his childhood to zoölogy by land and sea, and bold in asserting, and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling, and petting, and examining all day long every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider."[1]

But, of all God's creations, birds were to him the most wonderful, he would say. He knew their every note, and was never tired of watching their character and habits. He looked for the arrival of the birds of passage every spring with a strange longing, and seemed less restless after the swallow had appeared at Eversley. His eyes would fill with tears at each fresh arrival, and again each autumn as he grieved over their departure.

[1] This horror, curiously enough, became hereditary in one of his sons, who, however, never knew of the father's dislike to this class of spider till he was a grown man. (M. K.)

"Your bird-books are delightful," he writes, while Professor of Modern History, to a friend; "gladly would I throw up history, to think of nothing but dicky-birds — but it must not be yet. Some day, ere I grow too old to think, I trust to be able to throw away all pursuits save natural history, and die with my mind full of God's facts, instead of men's lies. . . ."

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"Many, now scattered far and wide," says one who knew and loved the Rector in his home, and has an especial right to speak, "must remember how picturesque the Rectory itself was. Even a stranger passing by would have stopped to look at the pleasant ivy-grown house, with its long, sloping, dark roofs, its gables, its bow-windows open to sun and air, and its quaint mixture of buildings, old and new. And who among his friends will ever cease to remember the lawn, and glebeland sweeping upward toward the half-cultivated, half-wild copse; through which the hidden path, henceforth sacred ground to those who loved him, leads up and out to Hartford Bridge Flats? Marked features in the scene to them, and now widely known, were the grand Scotch firs on the lawn, under which on summer evenings I have seen many sweet pictures, and heard many noble words, and the branches of which now wave solemnly above his last resting-place.

"Here — in this beautiful home-scene, and truly ideal English Rectory — was the fountain-head — as I certainly think, and as he often said — of all his strength and greatness. Indeed, great as I knew him to be in his books, I found him greater at his own fireside. Home was to him the sweetest, the fairest, the most romantic thing in life; and there all that was best and brightest in him shone with steady and purest lustre.

"I should not venture to speak of this, unless permis-

sion had been granted me to do so, feeling that it is the most difficult of tasks, to lift the veil from any family life without lowering its sacredness; and that it is wholly beyond my power to preserve in words the living 'sweetness and light' which pervaded his household. That household was indeed a revelation to me, as I know it was to others; — so nobly planned and ordered, so earnest in its central depths, so bright upon its surface.

"Of the wonderful love of his home-life I must not, cannot speak. Such things are not for the world. And yet, for all who wish to know what Mr. Kingsley really was, what the fashion of his life, and the aims for which he worked, not to know that love for those nearest and dearest to him was the very lever of his life, the very soul of all his joy, would be to know him all amiss, and lose the very key-note of his being. He has told it all himself to those who have ears to hear in every book he wrote, and to those who knew him well, his every look and every action told the fact yet more emphatically. Some men take pains to conceal their love. It seemed his pride to declare it. How often has he said to me — and I venture to record it, because I *know* he would wish it to be recorded — that whatever he had done or achieved was due to the love that had come to him at a great crisis to guide and to strengthen and to glorify his life."

CHAPTER XVI

1857

AGED 38

WINTER AT HOME — BRIGHT SUMMER DAYS — THE CROWDED CHURCH — CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ — SPECULATION AND PRACTICE — WORK BEYOND THE GRAVE — TO AN INDEPENDENT — TOM BROWN — RECREATION — "GO HARK!" — LOVE BEYOND THE GRAVE — "TWO YEARS AGO" — INDIAN MUTINY — "CHRIST REIGNS" — HUMOR DIVINE — TEMPORARY FAILURE OF ASSOCIATIONS.

"There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into his master's business; — and a noble curiosity, questioning in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand, — the place of the great continents beyond the sea; a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven, things which the Angels desire to look into."

RUSKIN.

"I have boundless faith in 'time and light.' I shall see what is the truth some day, and if I do not *some one else will*, which is far more important. . . ."

C. K.

THE year 1857 opened brightly on Charles Kingsley, for it found him, for the first winter for three years, in his own home at Eversley, with his wife and his three children, and in the fullest vigor of his manhood.

"I am writing nothing now; but taking breath, and working in the parish — never better than I am at present; with many blessings, and, awful confession for

mortal man, no sorrows! I sometimes think there must be terrible arrears of sorrow to be paid off by me — that I may be as other men are! God help me in that day! . . ."

He had finished his "Two Years Ago." The year was rich in letters and lectures and friends; and he writes to Mr. Peter Wood, then rector of Devizes, where he was to give a lecture on the study of natural history:

"I look forward to seeing you with great delight, as a renewing of the days of my youth, at least of the better element of them, for I trust you will find me a better and calmer, if not a wiser man than you knew me in old times, though just as great a boy as ever. . . . Of the local geology of Devizes I know nought. I am not a man of chalk (save in reference to trouts), but a man of clays, and gravels, and sands, who wanders these moorlands till I have all but exhausted their flora, fauna, and geological features, though I hope to stumble on fresh wonders some day, by the aid of the microscope."

". . . I am better off now than I have been for years!" he writes to Mr. Hughes. "God be thanked, and God grant, too, that I may not require to be taken down by some terrible trouble. I often fancy I shall be. If I am, I shall deserve it, as much as any man who ever lived. I say so now — justifying God beforehand, lest I should not have faith and patience enough to justify Him when the punishment comes. . . . Many thanks for your wholesome letter — the rightest letter I have had for many a day. It has taught me a great deal, dear old man; and you are nearer to God than I am, I see well. . . ."

The "terrible trouble" came,—but not in the shape of personal grief or domestic affliction; and, till the awful news from India burst upon England, all went well. He was made this year a Fellow of the Linnean Society, which had been one of the ambitions of his life. He preached in his own church as distinctly as he did in his "Two Years Ago" (to those who could read between the lines) those views on the Intermediate State and the Future Life, which he held sacred to the last, basing his interpretation of Scripture on quotations from the Fathers. He lectured at Bristol and in the diocese, on "Great Cities: their Influence for Good and Evil,"[1] Thoughts in a Gravel Pit, and on Chaucer, and worked hard at sanitary and educational subjects. He wrote "The Winter Garden," the most perfect of all his Prose Idylls, this year. A strange medley of visitors proposed themselves, and were made welcome, at the Rectory. One day a Unitarian minister, clergymen of the Church of England, Dissenters, Americans — all came on missions of their own, and opened their hearts to him as they could to no other man. Visits from many dear friends, Max Müller, Anthony Froude, Cowley Powles, and Tom Hughes, refreshed his spirit. And on the lawn, under the old fir-trees on bright summer days, he and his guests discussed all things in heaven and earth — theology, natural science, poetry, and art, each in turn. And as by day he would revel in the sights of Nature, so on still summer nights he would interpret her sounds. He loved to gather his friends and children round him on the grass under his favorite

[1] Published in the Miscellanies.

acacia-tree; and while intently listening himself to the well-beloved sounds wafted across the glebe, he would teach them to distinguish what, but for his acute senses, might have escaped notice — the strange note of the night-hawk — the croaking of frogs in the far-off ponds on the common — the nightingale in the mount answering those in the garden — the call of the pheasant in Coombes's Wood — the distant bark of a fox — and close at hand the clicking and cracking of the ripe fir cones. In his presence life was at its full — all nature spoke — the silence was full of sound — the darkness full of light — the air, of fragrance. And "there has passed away a glory" from that little spot of "earth" which can never return — though rays of it still linger in the memories of those who knew it in his time.

Sunday after Sunday he had the keen delight of seeing Crimean officers from Aldershot and Sandhurst in his congregation. Among others, one who had been dangerously wounded in the Redan, at Sevastopol, and who, when lying between life and death at Scutari, had read "Yeast," and determined, if he ever came back alive, "to go and hear the clergyman preach who could give such a picture of a hunting scene as the one in the opening chapter." One Sunday he came — while still on crutches — a stranger to Mr. Kingsley, but soon to become a friend, a constant attendant at church, and always a welcome guest at the Rectory early Sunday dinner.

To Rev. F. Maurice. — "I find that the Aldershot and Sandhurst mustachios come to hear these discourses of mine every Sunday — and my heart goes out to them

in great yearnings. Dear fellows — when I see them in the pews, and the smock frocks in the open seats, I feel as if I was not quite useless in the world, and that I was beginning to fulfil the one idea of my life, to tell Esau that he has a birthright as well as Jacob. I do feel very deeply the truth which John Mill has set forth in a one-sided way in his new book on Liberty — (pp. 88–90, I think), about the past morality of Christendom having taken a somewhat abject tone, and requiring, as a complement, the old Pagan virtues, which our forefathers learnt from Plutarch's Lives, and of which the memory still lingers in our classical education. I do not believe, of course, that the want really exists: but that it was created, principally by the celibate misanthropy of the patristic and mediæval church. But I have to preach the divineness of the whole manhood, and am content to be called a Muscular Christian, or any other impertinent name, by men who little dream of the weakness of character, sickness of body, and misery of mind, by which I have bought what little I know of the human heart."

Besides the military men who came, the little church was often full of strangers; and one Sunday, when twelve carriages were standing in and outside the stable-yard, the sexton was heard to say, he could not think why there was "such flitting to and fro to our church on Sundays." Having heard the same preaching for fifteen years himself, he could not tell what the wonder of it was. To the Rector this increasing notoriety was painful: "I cannot bear having my place turned into a fair on Sundays, and all this talking after church." And to avoid the greetings of acquaintances and the observation of strangers in the churchyard, he had a little back gate made

into his garden, to which he escaped after service through the vestry door. His whole soul and energy were thrown so intensely into the services of his church, that when they were over he found quiet essential to help him to calm down from the excitement.

Having no curate this year, he seldom left home; and when pressed to come up to London and hear a new setting of one of his own songs finely sung there, he refused, adding, "I love home and green fields more and more, and never lust either after Babylon or the Continent. . . ." In the autumn, after the first news of the mutiny, some friends, knowing how hard-worked and sad he was, invited him to go with them to the Manchester Exhibition, then open, with all its glorious pictures: but when the day came he could not make up his mind to leave a poor sick man, who he felt would miss his daily visits. With his keen love of art, it cost him a pang to give up the sight of such a collection of pictures as might never again come together in England during his lifetime; but he said he could not have enjoyed them while a parishioner was counting on seeing him. This trifling incident is mentioned to show how thorough and unselfish he was in his parish work, which in this case could so easily have been passed over for three days to any neighboring clergyman. Among the letters of the year is one to Mrs. Gaskell about her life of Charlotte Brontë:

"Be sure that the book will do good. It will shame literary people into some stronger belief that a simple, virtuous, practical home life is consistent with high imaginative genius; and it will shame, too, the prudery

of a not over cleanly, though carefully whitewashed age, into believing that purity is now (as in all ages till now) quite compatible with the knowledge of evil. I confess that the book has made me ashamed of myself. 'Jane Eyre' I hardly looked into, very seldom reading a work of fiction — yours, indeed, and Thackeray's are the only ones I care to open. 'Shirley' disgusted me at the opening: and I gave up the writer and her books with the notion that she was a person who liked coarseness. How I misjudged her! and how thankful I am that I never put a word of my misconceptions into print, or recorded my misjudgments of one who is a whole heaven above me. Well have you done your work, and given us the picture of a valiant woman made perfect by sufferings. I shall now read carefully and lovingly every word she has written."

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

". . . If I have neglected answering notes, forgive me. I have been careless! but I have been harried, living my double life of writing and parish work, and were it not for my guardian angel of a wife I should never *write* an answer to a letter though I walk about with the answer in my head for a week. But now the weary book is done; have patience with me, and try me again."

Feb. 8, 1857. — "I enjoy your letters very much, indeed more than I dare confess to myself. For I am the strangest jumble of superstition and of a reverence for scientific induction which forbids me (simply for want of certain facts) to believe heaps of things in which I see no *à priori* impossibility. I want to believe all Jung Stilling's pneumatology, all Elliotson's mesmerism. Yea, I would gladly believe in deevs and peris, elves and fairies, if I could. I would even gladly believe

half of those monk and nun miracles and visions with which I have gorged myself more than perhaps most men in England, and which (as psychological and physiological studies) have been invaluable to me — but I can't. What is a poor wretch to do, who, disbelieving the existence of matter far more firmly than Bishop Berkeley, is accessible to no hints from anything but matter? A mystic in theory, and an ultra-materialist in practice — who, if I saw a ghost to-morrow, should chat quietly with it, and take out pen, ink, and paper to get an exact description of the phenomenon on the spot, what shall I do? I fear sometimes that I shall end by a desperate lunge into one extreme or the other. I should have done so long ago (for this battle has gone on in me since childhood), had I not seen something of a compromise in what Maurice has taught me.

"But after all, what is speculation to practice? What does God require of us, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him? The longer I live this seems to me more important, and all other questions less so. If we can but live the simple right life —

> "Do the work that 's nearest,
> Though it 's dull at whiles;
> Helping, when we meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles;' —

why, then we shall be better than ghosts; for a ghost is but a soul, and we are soul and body too; and there have the advantage, for aught we know; and if not, what matter?"

March 19, 1857. — "Many thanks for your favorable opinion of the book ('Two Years Ago'); but I fear you take Tom Thurnall for a better man than he was, and must beg you not to pare my man to suit your own favorable conception; but consider that *that* is the sort of man I want to draw, and you must take him

as you find him. My experience is, that men of his character (like all strong men till God's grace takes full possession of them) are weak upon one point . . .— everything can they stand but that; and the more they restrain themselves from prudential motives, the more sudden and violent is the temptation when it comes. I have indicated as delicately as I could the world-wide fact, which all know and all ignore; had I not done so, Thurnall would have been a mere chimera fit only for a young lady's novel.

"I feel deeply the change in one's imagination during the last twenty years. As a child I never could distinguish dreams from imaginations, imaginations from waking impressions; and was often thought to be romancing when I was relating a real impression. In ill health from overwork about 16 to 18, I had spectral illusions often (one as clear as any of Nicolai's), accompanied with frightful nervous excitability, and inability to settle to any work, though always working at something in a fierce, desultory way. At twenty I found out tobacco. The spectres vanished; the power of dull application arose; and for the first time in my life I began to be master of my own brain. Now, I am in general the most prosaic and matter-of-fact of parsons. I cannot dream if I try. I go to my brain as to a storehouse or carpenter's shop, from which I take out coolly what I want, and put it into the best shape I can. The German mode of thought, and feeling, and writing, such as you find in Jean Paul or Novalis, lies behind me, as 'boy's love,' belonging to an era when 'the spirits of the prophets' were not yet 'subject to the prophets.' Whether this be right or wrong, I know not; but I confess the fact;— and if we ever get a week together, I fear that you will think me a most dull and frivolous fellow, who cares for nothing but to romp with your children,

and pick flowers and study the weather *usque ad nauseam*. But here lies the difference between us. Your work is utterly of the head; and you go for amusement to fancy, to imagination, to metaphysic. My work, whether parish or writing, lies just in the sphere wherein you play: and if I played in that sphere too, I should go mad, or soften my brain, like poor Southey. So when I play, I think about nothing; ride, fish, chat with the farmers over the crops, examine beetles and worms, and forget that I have a heart as much as I can. . . ."

To W. E. FRANKS, ESQ. — ". . . I am delighted to hear about your work among the Crystal Palace men; and I think that, with them, things read *vivâ voce* will have more effect than any tracts. The human voice and eye give a reality to the thought, provided the voice and eye be real and earnest also. I saw this much in the noble work which my friend, Miss Marsh, did among the navvies at the Crystal Palace, when they were starting for the Crimea. So work on, '*getrost und wohlgemuth*,' as the Germans say, and cast thy bread on the waters, for thou wilt find it after many days. . . ."

". . . As to your being an Independent, sir; what 's that to me? provided you — as I see well you do — do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with your God. I don't think you will ever find the freedom in your communion which you would in ours — the freest, thank God, in the world: but I should be a second Ham if I had no respect for the Independents. For why? My forefathers were Independents, and fought by Cromwell's side at Naseby and Marston Moor; and what is more, lost broad acres for their Puritanism. The younger brother of an ancestor of mine was one of the original Pilgrim Fathers, so I am full of old

Puritan blood, though I have utterly — indeed, our family have for generations thrown off their Calvinism: yet I glory in the morale, the God-fearing valor and earnestness of the old heroes, and trust I should have believed with them had I lived in their day, for want of any better belief. But it will not do now, as you have found already. The bed is too short and the cloak too narrow."

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

June 12, 1857. — "Eight and thirty years old am I this day, Tummas; whereof twenty-two were spent in pain, in woe, and vanitie; and sixteen in very great happiness, such as few men deserve, and I don't deserve at all. And now I feel like old Jacob, 'with my staff I passed over Jordan, and now I am become two bands' — for why? I actually could n't get home from Hastings except in two relays, what with servants, tutor, and governess. Well, Tom, God has been very good to me; and I can't help feeling a hope that I may fight a good fight yet before I die, and get something done. I 've done little enough yet. The best work ever I 've done has been my plain parish work, and that I 've done miserably ill, cowardly and idly of late, and bullying and second-hand dogmatic of old; but perhaps I shall get training enough to go into the ring before I die; and if not, I trust one 's not going to be idle up there, Tom. Surely as long as there 's a devil or devils, even an ass or asses, in the universe, one will have to turn out to the *reveille* now and then, wherever one is, and satisfy one's θυμός 'rage' or 'pluck,' which Plato averreth (for why, he 'd have been a wraxling man, and therefore was a philosopher, and the king of 'em) to be the root of all virtue. Why not, Tom? May n't we?

"Now to business, Tommy, which is fish. O that I

could go to Lambourne Monday! But I preach in town Sunday, and have three good fellows a dying in my parish, so that I must be at home Monday afternoon. I think the boys will catch nought. The fish will be glutted with the fly, and attendant Naiads pitying, holding basins under their noses: mortal aldermanic they were Wednesday here. I caught a fairish lot on the Caperer, which they took as a relish to the heavy fly; but the moment they were ashore the Mayflies came up. On a Dover steamer in a chopping sea was cleanly to it. Poor carnal parties! Why should n't they tuck while they can? Mayflies come to them at Whitsuntide, as club-feasts do to the clods, to give them one jolly blow out in the year, and it 's a pleasure to look at them. That 's why good fishing days always fall on Sundays, Tom, to give the poor fish a good day's appetite (dinner always ready), and nobody to catch them while they 're enjoying it. Also make a note of this. A party with doubtful h's, and commercial demeanor, appears on Wednesday on our little stream, and kills awfully. Throws a beautiful line, and catches more than I have in a day for this two years here; fly, a little green drake, with a ridiculous tufted bright yellow wing, like nothing as ever was. Stood aghast; went home and dreamed all the spiders' webs by the stream were full of thousands of them, the most beautiful yellow ephemeræ with green peacock-tail heads. Oh the beauty of them; and was n't I riled when I found it was all for fancy? But won't I 'realoirioize,' as the Scots parsons say, those little fellows next year, and apply them to the part affected? . . ."

To THE SAME. — "I have often been minded to write to you about 'Tom Brown.'[1] I have puffed it every-

[1] Mr. Kingsley corrected the first proof of "Tom Brown's School Days" for his old friend; but he was not entirely satisfied with the sequel, "Tom Brown at Oxford." (M. K.)

where I went, but I soon found how true the adage is that good wine needs no bush, for every one had read it already, and from every one, from the fine lady on her throne, to the red-coat on his cock-horse, and the school-boy on his forrum (as our Irish brethren call it), I have heard but one word, and that is, that it is the jolliest book they ever read. Among a knot of red-coats at the cover-side, some very fast fellow said, 'If I had had such a book in my boyhood, I should have been a better man now!' and more than one capped his sentiment frankly. Now isn't it a comfort to your old bones to have written such a book, and a comfort to see that fellows are in a humor to take it in? So far from finding men of our rank in a bad vein, or sighing over the times and prospects of the rising generation, I can't help thinking they are very teachable, humble, honest fellows, who want to know what's right, and if they don't go and do it, still think the worse of themselves therefor. I remark now, that with hounds, and in fast company, I never hear an oath, and that, too, is a sign of self-restraint. Moreover, drinking is gone out, and, good God, what a blessing! I have good hopes of our class, and better than of the class below. They are effeminate, and that makes them sensual. Pietists of all ages (George Fox, my dear friend, among the worst) never made a greater mistake than in fancying that by keeping down manly θυμός, which Plato saith is the root of all virtue, they could keep down sensuality. They were dear good old fools. However, the day of 'Pietism' is gone, and 'Tom Brown' is a heavy stone in its grave. 'Him no get up again after that,' as the niggers say of a buried obi-man. I am trying to polish the poems: but Maurice's holidays make me idle; he has come home healthier and jollier than ever he was in his life, and is truly a noble boy. Sell your last coat and buy a spoon. I have a spoon of huge size (Farlow his make). I killed

forty pounds' weight of pike, &c., on it the other day, at Strathfieldsaye, to the astonishment and delight of——, who cut small jokes on 'a spoon at each end,' &c., but altered his note when he saw the melancholies coming ashore, one every ten minutes, and would try his own hand. I have killed heaps of big pike round with it. I tried it in Lord Eversley's lakes on Monday, when the fish would n't have even his fly. Capricious party is Jaques. Next day killed a seven pounder at Hurst. . . . We had a pretty thing on Friday with Garth's, the first run I 've seen this year. Out of the Clay Vale below Tilney Hall, pace as good as could be, fields three acres each, fences awful, then over Hazeley Heath to Bramshill, shoved him through a false cast, and a streamer over Hartford Bridge flat, into an unlucky earth. Time fifty-five minutes, falls plentiful, started thirty, and came in eight, and did n't the old mare go? Oh, Tom, she is a comfort; even when a bank broke into a lane, and we tumbled down, she hops up again before I 'd time to fall off, and away like a four-year old, and if you can get a horse through that clay vale, why, then you can get him 'mostwards;' leastwise so I find, for a black region it is, and if you ain't in the same field with the hounds, you don't know whether you are in the same parish, what with hedges, and trees, and woods, and all supernumerary vegetations. Actually I was pounded in a ''taty-garden,' so awful is the amount of green stuff in these parts. Come and see me, and take the old mare out, and if you don't break her neck, she won't break yours.[1]

[1] Some time, however, after the letter was written this mare nearly did succeed in breaking her own neck and her master's. Coming up to a high park gate, her rider leaned forward to open it with his hunting-whip. Either he must have touched her with the spur by accident, or she must have thought he wanted her to jump it, for she rose suddenly under him, but was too close to clear it, even if it were possible, and caught her knees under the top

GO HARK!

'Yon sound 's neither sheep bell nor bark,
They 're running — they 're running, Go hark!
The sport may be lost by a moment's delay,
So whip up the puppies and scurry away.
Dash down through the cover by dingle and dell,
There 's a gate at the bottom — I know it full well;
And they 're running — they 're running,
Go hark!

They 're running — they 're running, Go hark!
One fence and we 're out at the park;
Sit down in your saddles and race at the brook,
Then smash at the bullfinch; no time for a look.
Leave cravens and skirters to dangle behind,
He 's away for the moors, in the teeth of the wind,
And they 're running — they 're running,
Go hark!

They 're running — they 're running, Go hark!
Let them run on and run till it 's dark!
Well with them we are, and well with them we 'll be,
While there 's wind in our horses and daylight to see:
Then shog along homeward, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all night
Of — They 're running — they 're running,
Go hark!'" C. K.

To Lord ——: Eversley, *June* 8, 1857. — ". . . As for the question of 'evil,' on which I know as little as all the rest of mankind, I agree with you on the whole. Evil, as such, has no existence; but men can and do

rail. Both turned complete somersaults, falling on their backs on the other side on to a hard gravel road; fortunately clear of each other. The Rector was stunned for a moment; but, in telling the story afterwards, used to say with a grim chuckle that he could hardly help laughing when he came to, for there was the mare sitting up on her haunches, like a great brown dog, moving her neck slowly from side to side as if to make certain that her head was on. (M. K.)

resist God's will, and break the law, which is appointed for them, and so punish themselves by getting into disharmony with their own constitution and that of the universe; just as a wheel in a piece of machinery punishes itself when it gets out of gear. I may be wrong, but so it seems to me. My conception of God's Providence, meanwhile, is, that He is, by a divine irony, lovingly, baffling all the lawlessness and self-will of the spirits whom He has made, and turning it into means for their education, as a father does with his children. Whether they take the lesson which He offers, depends on them; but the chances would seem, I should have said, to be in favor of God's proving too good an instructor to lose finally any of His pupils. The world thinks differently, you know, but I am content to be in the minority, for the few years of life which remain to me, to find myself, I trust, in the majority, when I come into the other world. . . . Pray let us hear again of Lady ——'s state. You may guess how deeply I sympathize with you. But I believe one never truly understands the blessed mystery of marriage till one has nursed a sick wife, nor understands, either, what treasures women are. . . ."

To the same. — *July* 12. — "We were utterly shocked at your letter. We knew nothing about it. Who can feel for you more deeply than I, who have had the same danger in prospect in past times, and found it, even at a distance, too horrible to contemplate? But believe that those who are gone are nearer us than ever; and that if (as I surely believe) they do sorrow over the mishaps and misdeeds of those whom they leave behind, they do not sorrow in vain. Their sympathy is a further education for them, and a pledge, too, of help — I believe of final deliverance — for those on whom they look down in love. . . . God bless you, and give you strength. Again, I feel for you and with you utterly."

When "Two Years Ago" came out, it was bitterly attacked by the religious press; and its author accused of Pantheism, Rationalism, &c. But it did the work he meant it to do, as the following letters — a few only out of many he received — will show. The first is from the chaplain of a Queen's ship off Nova Scotia:

HALIFAX. — ". . . My purpose in writing to you is partly for encouragement in the preaching of views to which I am becoming the more and more attached, and partly to tell you how much your books are liked by naval men. . . . I know one instance of an officer, who is a man of cultivated mind, and yet he told me that until he had read 'Two Years Ago,' he had never said his prayers (for years past) except when in trouble. It would fill up this letter altogether, were I to tell you of all the praises I hear from every one of my messmates who have read this book. I consider it a duty to get them all to read it, and 'Westward Ho!' I have got them both for the sick quarters. . . . My preaching since I have read your 'Sermons for the Times,' speaks more of love than ever; I always held the same opinions, but was afraid of the preaching of them. . . . I have a Bible class for the men, which I tried in the 'cock-pit' and failed; on the main-deck, and failed; and at last, taking a lesson from 'Two Years Ago,' I resolved to go to the men instead of expecting them to come to me — and thus, I have at last succeeded. . . ."

A friend writes to him to tell him the effect the book had had on a distinguished member of one of our universities, who had had no settled faith for years:

"I write for your soul's comfort. Poor dear * * * attributed his being convinced of sin, and driven to seek

Christ the Lord and Saviour, to your last book, especially that fearful account of Elsley Vavasour's chase across the mountain, and Tom Thurnall's experience in the Russian dungeon. He had always said to me that he never could understand what was meant by the sense of sin as spoken of in the Bible, and by Maurice in his Theological Essays. But one night, about six weeks before his death, when he awoke in pain and darkness in the middle of the night, the remembrance of that terrible isolation which you had described in these passages came upon him in awful horror, and drove him to seek help from God. No one who knew * * * before that time and after it could fail to see how great the change was that was wrought in him. He only spoke of it to me once, and as I knew how distasteful to him was all self-analysis, at least to others, I never reopened the matter, but after his death I found he had said the same thing to * * * . . . I know how Mrs. Kingsley would prize such a fact in connection with such a man."

Another letter, asking his explanation of "fire and worms," of which he speaks as "one of the saddest and most interesting he had ever read," from a stranger who had found a gospel of deliverance in the view of God's character and hopes of the final destiny of man implied in "Two Years Ago," began thus:

"SIR, — Mr. B—— was my confessor. Dr. P—— is now. Nevertheless, I read all your books, and yesterday, in the midst of 'Two Years Ago,' I knelt down and said, 'At last, O God, I love thee! for I know that Thou art good!' . . ."

"DEAR SIR or MADAM (for your signature is not sufficiently legible for me to determine which of the two you

are)," he replies, — "When I read of worms and fire, I suppose that they either are worms and fire literally, or are some things which so resemble in their action worms and fire, as to be best described by these terms metaphorically; to be what is vulgarly called 'a spiritual fire,' and 'spiritual worms.' Whether of the two they be, this at least is certain:

"The office of worms in this world is to prevent, while they seem to accelerate, putrefaction, and thereby to prevent infectious epidemics; to devour decaying matter, and render it thereby innoxious; finally, to transmute it into new, living, and healthy organisms. The office of fire in this world is much the same, to devour dead matter, all but the ash or inorganic constituents, which are left as manure (and the very best) for some future crop. I know no other worms, no other fire, on earth, than these beneficent ones. I expect none other elsewhere, unless every creature of God is not good, and to be received with thanksgiving. If they be a literal fire and worms, then they must be this or nothing. If a metaphorical fire and worms, an '*ignis immaterialis*,' such as the old fathers talked of, then they must be like this, or Scripture (and the Lord himself) is using words at random, or in a deceptive sense.

"The use of fire for torture, an utterly unnatural and monstrous abuse of that 'element,' sprang up among men of devilish and unnatural cruelty. It remained for a later age to adopt the belief of those Rabbis who crucified our Lord, that God would abuse the powers of fire (for ever!) for the same fiendish purposes for which they abused it for an hour or two, in the case of some shrieking and writhing victim.

"The torture of worms, Herodotus tells us, was tried now and then by old Persian despots. The mind of man has as yet so far recoiled from imputing so refined a barbarity to the Supreme Being, as to suppose in some

confused inconsistent way, that the fire of course is fire; but the worm — they don't know about. A fire which cannot be quenched, a worm which cannot die, I see existing, whether they be those or not of which our Lord spoke. I consider them among the most blessed revelations of the Gospel. I fancy that I see them burning and devouring everywhere in the spiritual world, as their analogues do in the physical. I know that they have done so on me, and that their operation, though exquisitely painful, is most healthful. I see the world trying to quench and kill them; I know too well that I often do the same ineffectually. But in the comfort that the worm cannot die, and the fire cannot be quenched, I look calmly forward through endless ages, to my own future and the future of that world whereof it is written, 'He shall reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' And again, 'Death and hell shall be cast into the lake of fire.'

"Of the parable of the sheep and goats, I have only to say, that our Lord speaks it expressly of nations, and that neither you nor I are a nation, therefore the parable need give us no present selfish disquiet, though it may set us on reading Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' as showing how our Lord's words came true fully and literally; set us thinking what a nation means, and whether it be not better to help to save England, than to try to deliver each 'his own life for a prey,' 'that this ruin may not lie upon our hand.' This would naturally set us on reading the Hebrew prophets, to whom, as to the rest of the Old Testament writers, the rabbinical Tartarus was unknown, and in due time we should come to that verse in Isaiah concerning the worm and the fire, which our Lord quotes in the Gospels, and to other words about the fire of God, and its effect on nations and individuals, from which we might rise up with more reverence than before, for the letter of

Holy Scripture, especially if, as churchmen, we held that the Old Testament was not contrary to the New. . . ."

And now, as the details from India poured in, though he had no relatives or personal friends engaged in the mutiny, the agony of his mind was terrible, and he writes to Mr. Maurice and to Mr. Bullar:

"I can think of nothing but these Indian massacres. The moral problems they involve make me half wild. Night and day the heaven seems black to me, though I never was so prosperous and blest in my life as I am now. I can hardly bear to look at a woman or child — even at my own sometimes. They raise such horrible images, from which I can't escape. What does it all mean? Christ is King, nevertheless! I tell my people so. I should do — I dare not think what — if I did not believe so. But I want sorely some one to tell me that he believes it too. Do write to me and give me a clue out of this valley of the shadow of death. . . ."

". . . Do not talk to me about India, and the future of India, till you can explain the past — the past six months. O Bullar, no man knows, or shall know, what thoughts they have cost me. . . . Meanwhile, I feel as if I could dogmatize no more. I dare say you are right and I wrong. I have no heart, at least, to continue any argument, while my brain is filled with images fresh out of hell and the shambles. Show me what security I have that my wife, my children should not suffer, from some unexpected outbreak of devils, what other wives and children have suffered, and then I shall sleep quiet, without longing that they were safe out of a world where such things are possible.

"You may think me sinful for having such thoughts. My experience is, that when they come, one must face them, do battle with them deliberately, be patient if they

worst one for a while. For by all such things men live, in these is the life of the spirit. Only by going down into hell can one rise again the third day. I have been in hell many times in my life; therefore, perhaps, have I had some small power of influencing human hearts. But I never have looked hell so close in the face as I have been doing of late. Wherefore I hope thereby to get fresh power to rise, and to lift others heavenward. But the power has not come yet. . . . And I can only cry, 'O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded. Wherefore should the wicked say, where is now his God?' But while I write now, and while I fret most, there comes to me an inner voice, saying — What matter if *thou* art confounded? *God is not.* Only believe firmly that God is at least as good as thou, with thy 'finite reason,' canst conceive: and He will make thee at last able to conceive how good He is, and thou shalt have the one perfect blessing of seeing God. You will say I am inconsistent. So I am; and so, if read honestly, are David's Psalms. Yet that very inconsistency is what brings them home to every human heart for ever. The words of a man in real doubt and real darkness, crying for light, and not crying in vain. As I trust I shall not. God bless you."

At this time he was preaching a series of sermons on the Creed. On the Day of Humiliation for the Indian Massacres, he had reached the article of faith "In Jesus Christ His Only Son Our Lord." His text was Ps. ii. 1–4. The beginning was like "a cry of agony to God," as he spoke of

". . . those stories which turn women's blood cold with horror, and turn men's blood hot with indignation and rage, and make them long to go out to fight, and die if need be, avenging those innocent women and children. . . .

Do we not say in our hearts, Can this earth belong to God? Can He care for mankind? For men, and men's sufferings, that is a slight matter comparatively. These Englishmen have, as it were, leapt on the back of this great Indian Nation and tamed it, and bitted it, and guided it, and ruled it; but if the horse throws his rider, that is the rider's own business. He took his choice when he mounted and he must abide by it. . . . But the poor women and children! Oh! my God, what have they done? . . . Is it true, O God, that Thou beholdest ungodliness and wrong? Is it true that Thou art set in the throne judging right? Is it true that Thou art loving to every man, and Thy mercy over all Thy works? Is it true that to Thy Son Jesus Christ — He who took little children in His arms and blessed them — power is given in Heaven and earth? . . ."

And then the Creed, in all its grand significance, seemed to answer and quiet all questionings.

"And what have these horrors to do with the Apostle's Creed? My friends, I believe they have everything to do with it, or rather I believe it has everything to do with them. I, for one, could not face the thought of all that has happened in India, unless I could say with heart and soul, 'I believe in Jesus Christ, God's only Son, OUR LORD.' We must believe it is true, or believe nothing at all. . . . Quietly, but firmly, as we think of these massacres, we must say to ourselves, I believe in Jesus Christ, God's only Son, OUR LORD. . . . In spite of all appearances — horrors, cruelties — I believe that Jesus Christ is just as tender, compassionate, careful, loving, merciful, as He was. . . . In spite of the seeming misgovernment of things, although the world seems at moments masterless, and all things going blindfold by chance and passion, ignorance and mistake, yet I believe in OUR LORD. I believe that He is the Lord of those poor dead women and

children, the Lord of soldiers who are fighting to avenge them; the Lord of heathen rebels, the Lord of India and Lord of England, and Lord of Earth and Heaven, and yet He governs all right well, and will govern till He has put all enemies under His feet. . . ."

While preparing for the press a volume of poems, which he had promised for Christmas, he was suddenly called upon for an article on sanitary reform, and he writes to Mr. J. Parker, his publisher:

". . . Of course I will do it. A bit of sanitary reform work is a sacred duty, from which I dare no more turn away than from knocking down a murderer whom I saw killing a woman. However, if I do — no poems at Christmas, young man; remember that. . . . I will throw my whole soul into it, please God, and forget India in Cholera. That 's better than rhyming, surely."

TO REV. GEORGE HENSLOWE

[Who had written to him as to the possibility of a sense of humor in the Creator.]

EVERSLEY: *Sept.* 11, 1857. — "I cannot see how your notions can be gainsaid, save by those who have a lurking belief that God is the devil, after all — a sort of unjust and exacting Zeus, against whom they would rebel if they had Prometheus' courage: but not having that, must flatter him instead.

"The matter presents itself to me thus. I see humor in animals, *e. g.*, a crab and a monkey, a parrot, a crow. I don't find this the result of a low organization. In each of these four cases the animal is of the highest belonging to his class. Well, there the fact is; if I see it, God must see it also, or I must have more insight than God into God's own works. *Q. E. Abs.* Then comes a deeper

question. God sees it: but is He affected by it? I think we could give no answer to this, save on the ground of a Son of God, who is that image of the Father in whom man is created. If the New Testament be true, we have a right to say of humor, as of all other universally human faculties — *Hominis est = Ergo Christi est = Ergo Dei est.*

"I must accept this in its fulness, to whatever *seemingly* startling and dangerous result it may lead me, or my theology and my anthropology part company, and then, being philosophically unable to turn Manichee (whether Calvinist or Romanist), the modern Pantheism would be the only alternative; from which homeless and bottomless pit of immoral and unphilosophical private judgment may God deliver us and all mankind. And you will see that into that Pantheism men will rush more and more till they learn to face the plain statement of the creed, 'And He was made man,' and the Catholic belief, that as the Son of man, He sits now ἐν (τοῖς) οὐρανοῖς, and on the very throne of God. Face the seemingly coarse anthropomorphism of the Old Testament, and believe that the New Testament, so far from narrowing it, widens and deepens it. This is my only hope and stay, while I see belief and practice alike rocking and reeling to decay. May God keep it alive in me and in you, recollecting always that to do the simple right thing which lies at our feet, is better than to have ascended into the third heaven, and to have all γνῶσις and all mysteries."

To J. Bullar, Esq. — "I am glad you have broached a subject with which I now never trouble any one. That 'associations' are a failure, because the working men are not fit for them, I confess. That any law of political economy or of nature has been broken by them, or by Mr. Maurice, is what I never could perceive. . . .

"The being who merely obeys the laws of nature is *ipso facto* a brute beast. The privilege of a man is to counteract (not break) one law of nature by another. In the exercise of that power stands all art, invention, polity, progress. . . .

"Now, what I complain of in political economy up to this time — what, indeed, earned for it Fourier's bitter epithet of the '*Science du néant.*' . . . It says, There are laws of nature concerning economy, therefore you must leave them alone to do what they like with you and society! Just as if I were to say, You got the cholera by laws of nature, therefore you must submit to cholera; you walk on the ground by laws of nature, therefore you must never go upstairs. Indeed, I am inclined to deny to political economy, as yet, the name of a science. It is as yet merely in its analytic stage; explaining the causes of phenomena which already exist. To be a true science, it must pass on into the synthetic stage, and learn how, by using the laws which it has discovered, and counteracting them by others when necessary, to produce new forms of society. As yet political economy has produced nothing. It has merely said '*Laissez-faire!*'

"Now, I am not complaining of it. I consider the analytic work of the political economists of the last hundred years as invaluable. It forms the subject-matter for all future social science, and he who is ignorant of it builds on air. I only complain of their saying, 'You must not attempt to counteract these laws. You must allow chance and selfishness to rule the fortunes of the human race.' And this they do say.

"Now, as for any schemes of Maurice's or mine — it is a slight matter whether they have failed or not. But this I say, because I believe that the failure of a hundred schemes would not alter my conviction, that they are attempts in the right direction; and I shall die in hope,

not having received the promises, but beholding them afar off, and confessing myself a stranger and a pilgrim in a world of *laissez-faire*. For it is my belief that not self-interest, but self-sacrifice, is the only law upon which human society can be grounded with any hope of prosperity and permanence. That self-interest is a law of nature I know well. That it ought to be the root law of human society I deny, unless society is to sink down again into a Roman empire, and a cage of wild beasts. . . . I shall resist it, as I do any other snare of the devil; for if I once believed it I must carry it out. I must give up all which I have learnt most precious concerning political freedom, all which keeps me content with the world, because I look forward to a nobler state of humanity; and I must become as thorough a despotist and imperialist as Strafford himself. . . . So I am content to have failed. I have learned in the experiment priceless truths concerning myself, my fellow-men, and the City of God, which is eternal in the heavens, for ever coming down among men, and actualizing itself more and more in every succeeding age. I see one work to be done ere I die, in which (men are beginning to discover) Nature must be counteracted, lest she prove a curse and a destroyer, not a blessing and a mother; and that is, Sanitary Reform. Politics and political economy may go their way for me. If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God."

. . . . . .

"Mind I am not dogmatizing," he says to the same friend. "I only know that I know nothing, but with a hope that Christ, who is the Son of Man, will tell me piecemeal, if I be patient and watchful, what I am, and what man is."

CHAPTER XVII

1858

Aged 39

Eversley Work — Diphtheria — Lectures and Sermons at Aldershot — Blessing the Colors of the 22d Regiment — Staff College — Advanced Thinkers — Letter from Colonel Strange — Esau and Jacob — Poems and Santa Maura — Birth of his Son Grenville — Second Visit to Yorkshire — Correspondence with Mr. Hullah on Songs — In Yorkshire — Grounds of Faith — Letters on Miracles to Sir William Cope — A Happy Christmas

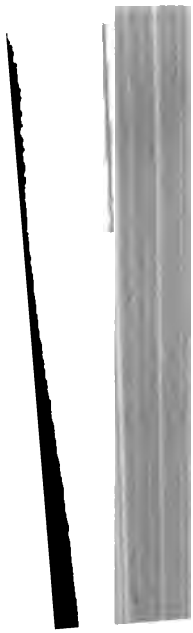
"He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God had made him in himself. He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise or disguise of a clergyman — fishing with the fishermen, hunting with the huntsmen, able to hold his own in tent and camp, with courtier or with soldier; an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman — that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet, human genial layman as he was, he still was not the less — nay, he was ten times more — a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and walks of men. He was sent by Providence, as it were, 'far off to the Gentiles' — far off, not to other lands or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, 'to fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thoughts and wild tracts of character, in which he found a response to himself, because he gave a response to them." A. P. Stanley

(Funeral Sermon on Canon Kingsley).

"Yet he was courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline."

Spenser.

THIS was a year of severe work and anxiety, for he could not afford a curate, and diphtheria, then a new disease in England, had ap-



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portraits that have survived the wreck of his family, are all men in uniform, including Colonel Kingsley, who was in the battle of Naseby, and General Kingsley, Governor of Fort William, colonel of the 20th Regiment, who fought at Minden. He had himself, at one time, thought of the army as a profession, and had spent much time as a boy in drawing plans of fortifications; and even after he took holy orders it was a constant occupation to him, in all his walks and rides, to be planning fortifications. There is scarcely a hill-side within twenty miles of Eversley, the strong and weak points of which in attack and defence during a possible invasion, he has not gone over with as great an intensity of thought and interest as if the enemy were really at hand; and no soldier could have read and re-read Hannibal's campaigns, Creasy's Sixteen Decisive Battles, the records of Sir Charles Napier's Indian warfare, or Sir William's magnificent history of the Peninsular War, with keener appreciation, his poet's imagination enabling him to fill up the picture and realize the scene, where his knowledge of mere military detail failed. Hence the honor he esteemed it to be invited to preach to the troops at Aldershot, and to lecture to military men there and at Woolwich. His eyes would kindle and fill with tears as he recalled the impression made on him on Whitsunday, 1858, by the sound heard for the first time, and never to be forgotten, of the clank of the officers' swords and spurs, and the regular tramp of the men as they marched into church, stirring him like the sound of a trumpet. He lectured this year, too, to the troops in camp on Cortez. He camped out one summer's night with the

Guards on Cove Common. He blessed the new colors presented by Mrs. William Napier to her father's grand old regiment, the 22nd, and after the ceremony, went round the ranks, and was introduced by Mrs. Napier to many old veterans who had survived from the great Indian battles. That too was a red-letter day in his calendar, as he called it. His sermons at Aldershot brought many officers over to Eversley Church, and led to the formation of friendships which were very dear to him.

"I shall never," said Captain Congreve, "forget the genial, happy, unreserved intercourse of those Sunday afternoons, and I never strolled home to mess without feeling that I had come away wiser and better from the contact with that clear and kindly mind. He essentially loved men and manly pursuits, and perhaps liked soldiers, as being a class among whom manly feeling and manly virtues were cultivated. The Staff College was then in its infancy, and had perhaps gathered together a few of the best educated, hardest working, and most ambitious young men in the service. Mr. Kingsley was very soon a welcome and an honored guest at our mess. He entered into our studies, popularized our geology, and was an able critic on questions of military history. Not only that, however, — head work needs physical relaxation. He told us the best meets of the hounds, the nearest cut to the covers, the best trout streams, and the home of the largest pike. Many an hour have I spent pleasantly and profitably on the College lakes with him. Every fly that lit on the boat-side, every bit of weed that we fished up, every note of wood-bird, was suggestive of some pretty bit of information on the habits, and growth, and breeding of the thousand unnoticed forms of life around."

During the earlier years of the Staff College, Sandhurst, of which his valued friend General W. Napier was commandant, he was often invited over there. The following reminiscence from an officer will show that when at mess he never shrunk from showing his colors:

"We had among us one or two so-called 'advanced thinkers,' men who were inclined to ridicule religion somewhat. I remember once the conversation at mess took that direction, and Mr. Kingsley stopped it at once and for ever in the pleasantest, and at the same time most effectual manner, by pointing out how unmanly and ungenerous it was to endeavor to weaken a faith which was a trusted support to one's friends. He said 'it was impossible to use arguments of this kind without causing pain to some, and even if a man could hope to produce conviction, it could only be by taking from his convert much of the present joy of his life. Would any brave man desire to do that for the mere sake of a rhetorical triumph?' There was the regular little apology, 'Forgot for a moment that there was a clergyman at the table,' &c.

"'All right, never mind; but you must not apologize on that ground. We are paid to fight those arguments as you soldiers are to do another sort of fighting, and if a clergyman is worth his salt, you will always find him ready to try a fall with you. Besides, it is better for your friends, if they are to have the poison, to have the antidote in the same spoon.'"

A remarkable letter from Colonel Strange of the Royal Artillery, written from Quebec in 1876, explains Mr. Kingsley's influence from the soldier's point of view:

"My name," he says, "is not worthy to be linked with Mr. Kingsley's, except as a mere unit among the thousands of soldiers to whom he made Christianity possible, being one of them in spirit himself, perhaps the noblest. He invented no new Gospel, but showed them the real courage, the manliness of our Christ reflected somewhat in himself unconsciously. Is it necessary to explain to you that for ages the majority of soldiers had dimly tried to do their duty with the grim creed alone, that 'every bullet has its billet,' and after ——? The circumstances that made the Puritan soldiers died with them. The modern soldier had to choose between what, rightly or wrongly, seemed to them a Christ with all the manliness carefully eliminated, and a creed that culminated in sentimental revivals, that would not stand the rough usage of the camp, except in a few cases, and those happily were generally called away in all their genuine burning zeal before the cold shade of peaceful monotony had more severely tried a faith that fed on excitement. It is not hard to find a creed for a soldier to die with, it seems to me — at least I have seen Mahomet's answer well. A creed to live by is a very different thing. The only alternative to the beautiful evangelical Christianity of such happy soldiers as Hedley Vicars (Havelock was a Puritan out of his age), the extreme evangelical doctrine to which most men are constitutionally averse, was the slavish Roman, or what seemed an unpractical emasculate æsthetic imitation. The average soldier found no rest, no place in modern Christianity, until our apostle tore off the shreds and patches, with which for ages the Divine figure of the God-man had been obscured; He who found no such faith in Israel as that of the centurion. These are solemn themes, and I have handled them perhaps roughly, not from want of respect for the brave and good men who have lived and died in both extremes.

I would have learnt very little from Charles Kingsley if I had not learnt to respect both John Bunyan and Ignatius Loyola, the soldier priest! Feebly and foolishly perhaps I have tried to explain to you the reasons why soldiers had such sympathy with him who sympathized with them, and has given to thousands, I believe (for I have heard private soldiers speak of his books), the most priceless gift that man can bestow upon his brother. Long years ago in India, before I ever saw him, I wrote to thank him, anonymously, for what I and others of my comrades owed him. I think it would be just and useful if a few sermons and extracts from his works could be printed for soldiers' libraries. . . ." [1]

To a clergyman, who, in a review, had called him "a muscular Christian," Mr. Kingsley writes as follows:

October 19, 1858. — "DEAR SIR, — A common reviewer, however complimentary or abusive, would have elicited no answer from me; but in your notice of me, there is, over and above undeserved kind words, an evident earnestness to speak the truth and do good, which makes me write frankly to you. You have used that, to me, painful, if not offensive, term, 'Muscular Christianity.' My dear Sir, I know of no Christianity save one, which is the likeness of Christ, and the same for all men, viz., to be transformed into Christ's likeness, and to consecrate to His service, as far as may be, all the powers of body, soul, and spirit, regenerate and purified in His Spirit. All I wish to do is, to say to the strong and healthy man, even though he be not very learned, or wise, or even delicate-minded — in the æsthetic sense: 'You, too, can serve God with the

[1] To carry out Colonel Strange's wish, a small cheap volume was compiled by Mrs. Kingsley and published under the title of "True Words for Brave Men."

powers which He has given you. He will call you to account for them, just as much as He will call the parson, or the devout lady.'

"You seem to be of the same mind as some good-natured youth, who, in reviewing me the other day, said that I must never have known aught but good health, never had an ache in my life. As if one could know health, without having known sickness — or joy, without having known sorrow! . . . May God grant that you may never go through what I have done of sickness, weakness, misery, physical, mental, spiritual. You fancy that I cannot sympathize with the struggles of an earnest spirit fettered, tormented, crushed to the very earth by bodily weakness and sickness. If I did not, I were indeed a stupid and a bad man; for my life for fifteen years was nothing else but that struggle. But what if, when God gave to me suddenly and strangely health of body and peace of mind, I learnt what a priceless blessing that *corpus sanum* was, and how it helped — humiliating as the confession may be to spiritual pride — to the producing of *mentem sanam?* What if I felt bound to tell those who had enjoyed all their life that health which was new to me, what a debt they owed to God, how they must and how they might pay that debt? Whom have I wronged in so doing? What, too, if it has pleased God that I should have been born and bred and have lived ever since in the tents of Esau? What if — by no choice of my own — my relations and friends should have been the hunters and fighters? What if, during a weakly youth, I was forced to watch — for it was always before my eyes — Esau rejoicing in his strength, and casting away his birthright for a mess of pottage? What if, by long living with him, I have learnt to love him as my own soul, to understand him, his capabilities and weaknesses? Whom have I wronged therein? What if I said to myself, Jacob has

a blessing, but Esau has one also, though his birthright be not his; and what blessing he has, he shall know of, that he may earn it? Jacob can do well enough without me. He has some 15,000 clergy, besides dissenting preachers, taking care of him (though he is pretty well able to take care of himself, and understands sharp practice as well as he did in his father Isaac's time), and telling him that he is the only ideal; and that Esau is a poor, profane blackguard, only fit to have his blood poured out like water on Crimean battle-fields, while Jacob sits comfortably at home, making money, and listening to those who preach smooth things to him? And what if, when I tried, I found that Esau would listen to me; that he had a heart as well as Jacob; that he would come to hear me preach, would ask my advice, would tell me his sorrows, would talk to me about his mother, and what he had learnt at his mother's knee, because he felt that I was at least one of like passions as himself, who had been tempted on all points like as he was, *and with many sins?* What if he told me at the same time that he could not listen to Jacob's private chaplains; that he did not understand them, nor they him; that he looked on them with alternate fear and contempt? If I said to myself more and more clearly as the years rolled on, I will live for Esau and with Esau; — if I be called a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners, there is One above me who was called the same, and to Him I commit myself and my work; — it is enough for me that He knows my purpose, and that on Crimean battle-fields and Indian marches, poor Esau has died with a clearer conscience and a lighter heart for the words which I have spoken to him. If I have said this, whom have I wronged? I have no grudge against Jacob and his preachers; only when I read the 17th verse of the 3rd chapter of Revelations, I tremble

for him, and for England, knowing well that on Jacob depends the well-being of England, whether physical, intellectual, or spiritual, and that my poor Esau is at best food for powder. God help him!

"But surely there is room in God's kingdom for him, and for one parson; though, thank God, there is more than one who will teach him what God requires of him. Therefore my mind is made up. As long as Esau comes to me as to a friend; and as long as Esau's mother comes to me to save her child from his own passions and appetites — would God that I could do it! — so long shall I labor at that which, if I cannot do it well, seems to me the only thing which I can do. . . ."

He published his poems this year "in exceeding fear only after long solicitations," he says, "and I am more dissatisfied with them than any critic can be." Among them was "Santa Maura" — a story little known, which affected some readers deeply. It led to his first acquaintance with Dr. Monsell, vicar of Egham, who wrote to express his gratitude for its teaching to himself, and his wish to have it printed separately:

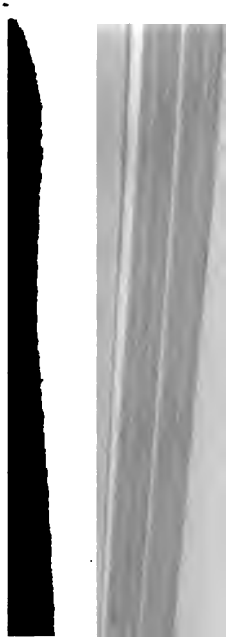
"As a tract to be slipt into the hands of the suffering. . . . It would strengthen and brace up to high endeavors and endurings many who now little dream of what real endurance for the love of Christ means. . . . What it has done for me I am sure it will do for thousands, and therefore I have ventured to tell you how God has blessed it to me. . . ."

Mr. Kingsley's answer is characteristic:

". . . Would to God that I could *be* the persons that I can conceive. If you wish to pray against a burden and temptation, pray against that awful gift (for it is

a purely involuntary gift) of imagination, which alternately flatters and torments its possessor, — flatters him by making him fancy that he possesses the virtues which he can imagine in others; torments him, because it makes him feel in himself a capacity for every imaginable form of vice. Yet if it be a gift of God's (and it cannot be a gift of the devil's) it must bring some good, and perhaps the good is the capacity for sympathy with blackguards, 'publicans and sinners,' as we now euphemize them in sermons, trying, as usual, to avoid the tremendous meaning of the words by borrowing from an old English translation. To see into the inner life of these; to know their disease, not from books, but from inward and scientific anatomy, imagination may help a man. If it does that for me I shall not regret it; though it is, selfishly speaking, the most humiliating and tormenting of all talents."

To Rev. F. D. Maurice. — "I am delighted that you are satisfied with 'St. Maura.' Nothing which I ever wrote came so out of the depths of my soul as that, or caused me during writing (it was all done in a day and a night), a poetic fervor such as I never felt before or since. It seemed to me a sort of inspiration which I could not resist; and the way to do it came before me clearly and instantly, as othing else ever has done — to embody the highest spiritual nobleness in the greatest possible simplicity of a young village girl, and exhibit the martyr element, not only free from that celibate element which is so jumbled up with it in the old myths, but brought out and brightened by marriage love. That story, as it stands in the Acta SS., has always been my *experimentum crucis* of the false connection between martyrdom and celibacy. But enough of this selfish prosing. . . . I have said my say for the time. Now I want to sit down and become a learner, not a teacher, for I



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To J. LUDLOW,
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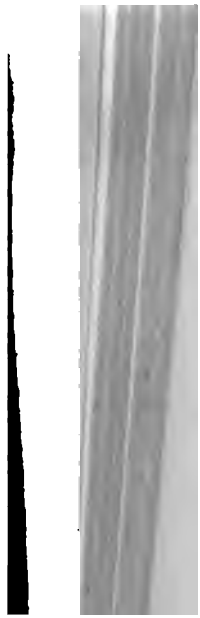
of the press are. For if A, B, C, D, flatly contradict each other, one or more must be wrong, eh? And which is the one to believe? For instance, A says I finish carefully, and of art prepense, but want instinctive musical ear. B, that I have natural melody, but am slovenly, and so on. What is to be learned from such criticism? Yet I would gladly take a hint from any man. I long for a guide; but where is there one?"

To JOHN HULLAH, ESQ. — "I only heard your 'Three Fishers' sung a few weeks ago, and was much delighted. It was the only setting which I have heard which at all rendered what I wanted to say, and entered into the real feeling of the words. And there seemed to me in it much true music, simple, noble, and original. . . . I feel more and more inclined to suspect that they [the Poems] are what I can do best, and that I am only likely to get myself into the wars by meddling with politics and lofty matters, only to be handled by Disraelis and Clanricardes. . . . Do as you like about 'The Last Buccaneer.' You have made it rollicking, you say. My idea of the music, as I wrote it, was a doleful sentimental bawl, as of a wooden-legged sailor. I hardly think a rollicking tune suits the worn-out old man, unless you fancy him a thorough blackguard, which I did n't want; I tried to give a human feeling all through, by a touch of poetry and sadness in the poor old ruffian. Had I been a composer I should have tried to express this, and with a half-comic manner. How to do that in poetry I know. Of music I know nought. . . . Boucan signified, if I recollect right, a wooden stage, which the mahogany cutters put up round one of the giant swamp mahoganies when they were about to fell it. Moreover, it meant a stage on which they and the logwood cutters and bull-hunters slept. Moreover, one on which they dried the strips of beef, on which they lived like beasts



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To HIS WIFE. WH
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looking healthy, rosy, and happy; such a charming half-time school for the children, library for the men, &c. Tell R. I saw the wool as it came off the sheep's back in Leicestershire, followed it till it was turned into an 'alpaca' coat, and I don't care to see conjuring or magic after that. The country is glorious. . . ."

"We had a delightful day at Bolton yesterday, and saw the Abbey. Tell R. I jumped over the Strid where young Romilly was drowned. Make her learn Wordsworth's ballad on it, 'What is Good for a Bootless Bene?' We go off to-morrow for a walking excursion into the High Craven. This is the most noble and beautiful of counties. I have got such flowers!"

"All that I have heard of the grandeur of Godale Scar and Malham Cove was, I found, not exaggerated. The awful cliff filling up the valley with a sheer cross wall of 280 feet, and from beneath a black lip at the foot, the whole river Air coming up, clear as crystal, from unknown abysses. Its real source is, I suppose, in the great lake above, Malham Tarn, on which I am going to-morrow. Last night we went up Ingleborough, 2380, and saw the whole world to the west, the lake mountains, and the western sea beyond Lancaster and Morecambe Bay for miles. The people are the finest I ever saw—tall, noble, laconic, often very handsome. Very musical too, the women with the sweetest voices in speech which I have ever heard. . . . Thanks for the dear letters. What you say about subjectivity being so delicious is so womanly; *you* ought to feel that, and I perhaps ought to feel, as I do, the value of the outward world; and so you can help me, and I you, and both together make one humanity. . . . I long to be back. I feel restless and reckless away from home, and all the more because I have no time for 'subjectivity.' My days are spent in taking in *facts*, and plenty of them I have got. The book grows on me. I see my way now as clear as day.

How I will write when I get home. Love to R., M., and Baby."

To Mr. C. K. Paul. — "Will you thank Mrs. * * * most heartily for all she has found out for me. . . . But let her understand — if it be any comfort to her — that I shall in this book do the northern Catholics ample justice; that Robert and Christopher Aske, both good Romanists, are my heroes, and Robert the Rebel my special hero. I can't withdraw what I said in 'Westward Ho!' because it is true. Romanism under the Jesuits became a different thing from what it had been before. Of course Mrs. * * * does not know that, and why should she? But I fear she will be as angry as ever, though really she is most merciful and liberal, at my treatment of the monks. I love the old Catholic Laity: I did full justice to their behavior at the Armada juncture; but I know too much of those shavelings, and the worst is, I know, as Wolsey knew, and every one knew, things one dare n't tell the world, much less a woman. So judgment must go by default, as I cannot plead, for decency's sake. Still, tell her that had I been born and bred a Yorkshire Catholic, I should probably — unless I had been a coward — have fought the last drop at Robert Aske's side. But this philosophy only gives one a habit of feeling for every one, without feeling with them, and I can now love Robert Aske, though I think him as wrong as man can be, who is a good man and true."

To J. Bullar, Esq. — "If I believed what you say, about 'not setting up our reason as the test by which we will try God's government of the world,' I should be much frightened; for I should find myself beginning to disbelieve in the Bible and in Christianity. I don't want to set up my private reasoning, or to say, nothing is

true but what I can find arguments for — No man less. I cannot even study physical science without finding insoluble puzzles at every step. But by Reason (in the highest sense), by that moral sense common to all men, I must try God's dealings, because — 1. I cannot otherwise love, or trust God, or even imagine to myself His goodness. 2. Because He bids me do so, in the Bible more and more as the Gospel develops, and in the New Testament appeals entirely by Christ to that moral sense in man. The doctrine of Christ and His apostles is, that man is made in God's likeness, and that therefore man's goodness, justice, love, are patterns of God's, and mirrors in which he may see what his heavenly Father is like. The doctrine of Christ and His apostles is, that Christ's incarnation proves this. That Christ manifested the Father, and showed to men the exact likeness of God's character, not by being a good angel, or good anything else, save a good man. And, therefore, when you impute to God feelings or acts which would be inhuman in any and every sense in you or me, you deny the meaning of our Lord's incarnation.

"I know the Calvinists do not hold this, any more than the Papists. And I know that they have great excuses for the belief, great excuses for taking shelter (as you seem inclined to do, as I long to do and dare not) behind what Fourier calls *les voiles d'airain*, and making the truth that God's 'ways are not as our ways' an excuse for imputing to God ways of which we should be ashamed. But I know, too, that this doctrine has deeply immoral consequences. That it has emboldened men who really wished to be good themselves, to impute to God pride, and vanity, selfishness, obstinacy, spite, cruelty, deceitfulness. The God of Calvin, the God in whom Augustine learnt to believe in his old age, is a being who inspires me with no love — with anything but love. If I discovered that He were indeed ruler of this world,

and of mankind, then I should hope — I dare not trust — that I should have faith enough in the everlasting right to prophesy, with Prometheus on his rock, the downfall of the unjust Zeus.

"I have staked all my belief on this, Bullar. If I have to give it up, I must begin to reconsider every phenomena in man, heaven, and earth; and the only escape which I as yet foresee would be into the Ahriman and Ormuzd creed of the old Zend-a-vesta. I know well that God's ways are not as our ways, or any man's; but how? Because, I believe and trust, God fulfils the very ideal which I know I ought to fulfil, and do not. What use in my trying to give up my own ways, and go to God's ways, if God's ways be ways I cannot go, and more, ought not to go, and should be wicked if I were like God? Strange paradox!

"The God and the Christ whom the Bible reveal to me, I love, I glory in. I am jealous for their honor, and though I obey them not, yet I can bear to love the thought that they are right, though I be wrong; they beautiful and noble, though I be ugly and mean, and therefore I am jealous for them. Any fact which seems to reflect on their honor, tortures me. . . ."

TO SIR WILLIAM COPE

EVERSLEY RECTORY: *December* 19, 1858. — "I cannot find, by index, the passage which your friend quotes from St. Augustine, '*Sermones ad Fratres in Eremo*,' the 37th, &c., &c. But I do find, as I thought I should, the curious and valuable chapter ('*De Civitate Dei*,' *Lib. XVI., Cap.* 8) in which he discusses the question of Sciapods, Monopods, Monoculi, Androgynæ, and other monsters, and concludes, philosophically enough, that one is not bound to believe that they exist, and that if they do exist, it is not proven that they are men. The only monsters similar to the 'men whose heads do grow

beneath their shoulders,' of Shakespeare, which he mentions there, are the Cynocephali, which he boldly says are animals, and no doubt he is right, the Cynocephalus being nothing but the great gregarious baboon of Africa. He speaks as having seen them, and doubtless had. I have run my eye over the miracles which he mentions as having occurred under his own eyes. . . . I find but three. . . . That he saw and believed these three there can be no doubt. The other stories which he tells rest on the same evidence as most other post-scriptural ones. God forbid that I should deny them. How can I limit the wonders of grace, who find daily the wonders of nature beyond my comprehension or expectation? Only, knowing from mediæval records, and still more from the stories of the Indian massacres (which, as fields for judging of evidence, I have looked into somewhat closely), how very difficult it is to get at truth, when people have once made up their minds what they would like to be true; knowing this, I say, I think one may, without irreverence, preserve a '*stoic epoché*' on the matter, reserving one's judgment for more light, and meanwhile neither affirming nor denying."

Christmas Eve, 1858.—"The Frobenius edition of 'St. Augustine,' which I have, says that *all* the '*Ep. ad Fratres in Eremo*' are spurious. . . . The style is utterly unlike Augustine's, and in places very weak, which *he* never is. I am glad to find them spurious, for on receiving your second letter, I said to myself thus—perhaps too much after the fashion of a German critic—*I will not believe* that the man who wrote the chapter on Monsters in the 'City of God,' ever wrote the passage * * * attributes to him. I know from reason that passage to be a *direct lie*. I will not believe that Augustine ever told one. . . . But the part of your letter which deserves a long answer, longer than I can give, is what you say about natural science and Buckland. It is

exceedingly comfortable to me, who knew nothing of him, as proving him to have been the wise man I always believed him. As for the fact — my doctrine has been for years, if I may speak of myself — that '*omnia exeunt in mysterium*' (a saying, I think, attributed to Augustine); that below all natural phenomena, we come to a transcendental — in plain English, a miraculous ground. I argued this once with Professor H., who supported the materialist view, and is a consummate philosopher; and I did not find that he shook me in the least. This belief was first forced on me by investigating the generation of certain polypes of a very low order. I found absolute Divine miracle at the bottom of all; and no *cause*, save that of a supremely *imaginative* (if I may so speak), as well as Almighty mind, carrying out its own ideas; but gravitation, or the simplest law, will show the same truth. What *efficient cause* is there that all matter should attract matter? The only answer is, that God has so willed; and if we come to *final* causes, there is no better answer than the old mystic one, that God has imprest the Law of *Love*, which is the law of His own being, on matter, that it may be a type of the spiritual world when healthy, and of the kingdom of heaven. I am deeply touched by what you say as to the miracles of grace. It is all true, and most necessary to be preached now — to me as well as to others; for one is apt to forget grace in nature, the unseen in the seen. As you say, — after the crowning miracle of this most blessed night, all miracles are possible. The miracle of this night was possible because God's love was absolute, infinite, unconquerable, able to condescend to anything, that good might be done; and who (who calls himself a true philosopher) dare limit that Love and power by any Laws of Time? Miracles, in the vulgar acceptation of the term, may have ceased. But only for a time. I

cannot but believe that, should there come once more in the Church's history, a '*dignus Deo vindice nodus*,' we should have miracles once more, and find them, not arbitrary infractions, but the highest development of that will of God whose lowest manifestations we call the Laws of Nature, though really they are no Laws of Nature, but merely customs of God; which He can alter as and when He will.

"Excuse my thus running on. But this Christmas night is the one of all the year which sets a physicist, as I am, on facing the fact of miracle; and which delivers him from the bonds of sense and custom, by reminding him of God made man. That you and I and all belonging to us may reap the full benefit o that arch-miracle is my prayer. What better one can I have?"

On New Year's Eve he writes to Mr. Maurice:

"We have had a most blessed Christmas. F. well enough to enjoy our Christmas parish party, and work in the garden again; and your godson come home with an admirable character and two prizes. My cup runs over. God grant that I may *not throw it over*, as I expect surely to do some day, by my own laziness, thanklessness, and self-indulgence."

SANITARY WORK — FIRST
— QUEEN'S CHAPLAI
LETTER TO AN ATHEIS
FREDERICK SHIELDS —
EXHAUSTED BRAIN — I
NITY OF MARRIAGE.

" What would become of n
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deserted by the champions o
as we may — the selfish motiv
the struggle which all earnest
their own infirmities? Rather
who, throwing themselves into
with all their might, and to
folly, oppression, and are able t

' So pass I hostel,
By bridge and
All armed I ride,
Until I find the

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harness, and in the ranks of th
say with the pure knight :

' And stricken by a
This mortal arm
This weight and
Are touched, a

I.

and their inevitable consequences of drunkenness, sin, and misery, physical and spiritual, became more important in his eyes than any Political reforms.

"I am going to throw myself into this movement," he writes to a lady who had established a convalescent home for children. "I am tired of most things in the world. Of sanitary reform I shall never grow tired. No one can accuse a man of being sentimental over it, or of doing too much in it. There can be no mistake about the saving of human lives, and the training up a healthy generation. God bless you and all good ladies who have discovered that human beings have bodies as well as souls and that the state of the soul too often depends on that of the body."

To J. B. Esq.] — "I see more and more that we shall work no deliverance till we teach people a little more common physical knowledge, and I hail the Prince's noble speech at Aberdeen as a sign that he sees his way clearly and deeply. I have refused this winter to lecture on anything but the laws of health; and shall try henceforth to teach a sound theology through physics."

This year, 1859, was an altogether important one to him. On Palm Sunday he preached for the first time before the Queen and the Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace, and was shortly afterwards made one of Her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary. He now took his turn as preacher at the Chapels Royal, St. James's and Whitehall, and once a year before the Queen in the private chapel at Windsor. In the autumn he was presented to the Queen and the Prince Consort, and to the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, then

staying at Windsor, and from that hour to his dying day he received marks of royal kindness and condescension, the memory of which will be an heirloom to his children. To a man of his fine imagination and deep loyalty, who had sounded the depths of society, and whose increasing popularity as an author, and power as a preacher, had given him a large acquaintance with all ranks, this new phase in his life seemed to come just to complete the cycle of his experiences. But while its result was, in a certain sense, to establish his position and enlarge his influence, on his own character it had a humbling rather than exalting effect. From this time there was a marked difference in the tone of the public press, religious and otherwise, towards him; and though he still waged war as heretofore against bigotry, ignorance, and intolerance, and was himself unchanged, the attacks on him from outside were less frequent. The events of the year, uninteresting to the outer world, but each important in giving color to his own daily life and leaving its mark on his heart and imagination, are soon told. He sent his eldest son to Wellington College, which had opened in the winter, and where the scheme of education, owing to the wise influence of the Prince Consort, was more consonant to his own views for his son (being of a wider and more modern character) than that of the older and more venerable public schools. He was present at the marriage of his friend Max Müller and a beloved niece.[1] His acquaintance with

[1] The G. to whom the lines were written beginning:

"A hasty jest I once let fall,
As jests are wont to be, untrue." — To G., "Poems."

Lord Cranworth and with Lord Carnarvon, which soon deepened into attachment, was made this year. Dean Stanley paid his first visit to Eversley. In the autumn he and his wife spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, but having no curate, his holiday was short, and more than once this year he broke down from overwork. He shrunk from the bustle of London, refused all sermons there, and withdrew from politics. Notwithstanding fair prospects and outward distinction, he clung more and more passionately to his country home — the "far off look," the longing for rest and reality, and for the unfolding of the mystery of life, grew stronger upon him, and, though always bright and cheerful with his children, he said more frequently to his wife, "How blessed it will be when it is all over to lie down in that dear churchyard together!"

"I have not been to town," he writes, "for more than two days in the last nine months. I see no chance of preaching there, I am happy to say, for a long time, save next Sunday, when I preach to the Queen. As for politics, I heed them not."

. . . . . .

To T. HUGHES, ESQ., *June 12th.* — "This is my fortieth birthday. What a long life I have lived! and silly fellows that review me say that I can never have known ill-health or sorrow. I have known enough to make me feel very old — happy as I am now; and I am very happy. . . ."

Among his many correspondents was the editor of an Atheist newspaper in a northern manufacturing town, an intelligent artisan, who told him

"MY DEAR SIR,—
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in morals. If you will
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come right at last. But if
say, 'Why should not I be
why should I not be conceite
not be selfish and grasping

Sermons to think over manfully and fairly. It seems to me (but I may flatter myself) that you cannot like, as you say you do, my books, and yet be what I call moral Atheists. Mind, if there is anything in this letter which offends you, don't take fire, but write and ask me (if you think it worth while) what I mean. In looking it through I see several things which (owing to the perversion of religious phrases in these days) you may misunderstand, and take your friend for your foe.

"At all events, I am, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

Artists now often consulted him, and among them the late Charles Henry Bennett, a man full of genius, then on the staff of "Punch." Finding he was in need, and had a difficulty in getting a publisher for his Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress, Mr. Kingsley wrote and gave him a preface for it, upon which Messrs. Longmans accepted it.

To C. H. BENNETT, ESQ. — ". . . I feel as deeply as you our want of a fitting illustration of the great Puritan Epic, and agree in every word which you say about past attempts. Your own plan is certainly the right one, only in trying for imaginative freedom, do not lose sight of beauty of form. I am, in taste, a strong classicist, contrary to the reigning school of Ruskin, Pugin, and the pre-Raphaelites, and wait quietly for the world to come round to me again. But it is perfectly possible to combine Greek health and accuracy of form with German freedom of imagination, even with German grotesqueness. I say Greek and German (*i. e.*, fifteenth and sixteenth century German) because those two are the only two root-schools in the world. I know no such combination of both as in Kaulbach. His illustrations of Reinecke Fuchs are in my eyes the finest designs (save those of three or four great Italians of the sixteenth

century), which the world has ever seen. Any man desiring to do an enduring work must study, copy, and surpass them.

"Now in Bunyan, there is a strong German (Albert Dürer) element which you must express, viz., 1st, a tendency to the grotesque in imagination; 2nd, a tendency to spiritual portraiture of the highest kind, in which an ideal character is brought out, not by abstracting all individual traits (the Academy plan), but by throwing in strong individual traits drawn from common life. This, indeed, has been the manner of the highest masters, both in poetry and painting, *e. g.*, Shakespeare and Dante; and the portraits, and even heroic figures of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Bronzino, the two latter with Titian the triumvirate of portrait-painting. You find the same in Correggio. He never idealizes, *i. e.*, abstracts in a portrait, seldom in any place. You would know the glorious 'Venus' of the National Gallery if you met her in the street. So this element you have a full right to employ. But there is another, of which Bunyan, as a Puritan tinker, was not conscious, though he had it in his heart, that is, classic grace and purity of form. He had it in his heart, as much as Spenser. His women, his Mr. Greatheart, his Faithful, his shepherds, can only be truly represented in a lofty and delicate outline, otherwise the ideal beauty which lifts them into a supernatural and eternal world is lost, and they become mere good folks of the seventeenth century. Some illustrators, feeling this, have tried to mediævalize them. Silly fellows! What has Bunyan to do with the Middle Age? He writes for all ages, he is full of an eternal humanity, and that eternal humanity can only be represented by something of the eternal form which you find in Greek statues. I don't mean that you are to Grecianize their dress, any more than mediævalize it. No. And here comes an important question.

"Truly to illustrate a poem, you must put the visions on paper as they appeared to the mind of the seer himself. Now we know that Bunyan saw these people in his mind's eye, as dressed in the garb of his own century. It is very graceful, and I should keep to it, not only for historic truth's sake, but because in no other way can you express Bunyan's leading idea, that the same supernatural world which was close to old prophets and martyrs was close to him; that the devil who whispered in the ears of Judas, whispered in the ears of a cavalier over his dice, or a Presbyterian minister in his Geneva gown. Take these hints as meant, kindly."

Another artist, Mr. F. Shields, of Manchester, who consulted him on the same subject, speaks of —

"his helpful words — how helpful to me at the period I could be eloquent in telling, since they were the first words of kindly help which fell to my lot from one whose sympathy I prized, and who could, when in ill health, write so large an answer to the inquiries of a stranger. . . ."

To apply to himself Mr. Kingsley's own words in speaking of Mr. Maurice's work, one may say that —

"It was his humility and self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like him, were full of the 'Divine discontent' — who lived as perhaps all men should live — angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their own consciousness of defection from that ideal."

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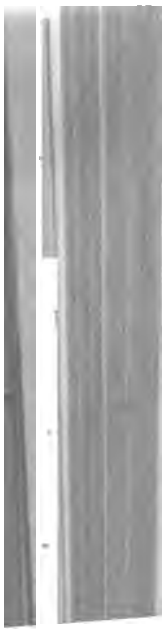
of James I., and all will be
for shields, I should use

believe that 'sword and buckler play' was a common thing among the country folk in Bunyan's time. Give your man, therefore, a circular shield, such as he would have seen in his boyhood, or even later, among the retainers of noble houses. As for the cruelties practised on Faithful, — for the sake of humanity don't talk of that. The Puritans were very cruel in the North American colonies; horribly cruel, though nowhere else. But in Bunyan's time the pages of Morland, and others, show us that in Piedmont, not to mention the Thirty Years' War in Germany, horrors were being transacted which no pen can describe nor pencil draw. Dear old Oliver Cromwell stopped them in Piedmont, when he told the Pope that unless they were stopped English cannon should be heard at the gates of the Vatican. But no cruelty to man or woman that you dare draw can equal what was going on on the Continent from Papist to Protestant during Bunyan's lifetime. I have now told you all I can. I am very unwell, and forbid to work . . . but what I send I send with all good wishes to any man who will be true to art and to his author."

" . . . God has given you a great talent, whereby you may get an honest livelihood. Take *that* as God's call to you, and follow it out. As for the sins of youth, what says the 130th Psalm? 'If Thou, Lord, were extreme to mark what is done amiss, who could abide it?' But there is mercy with Him, therefore shall He be feared. And how to fear God I know not better than by working on at the speciality which He has given us, trusting to Him to make it of use to His creatures — if He needs us — and if He does not, perhaps so much the better for us. He can do His work without our help. Therefore fret not nor be of doubtful mind. But just do the duty which lies nearest — which seems to me to be to draw as you are drawing now."



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complete house-to-house visitation of a government officer, with powers to enter every house, to drain and ventilate it, and not only do that, but to regulate the clothes and the diet of every inhabitant, and that among all ranks. I can conceive of nothing short of that, which would be absurd and impossible and most harmful, that would stop the present amount of disease and death, without some such private exertion on the part of women, above all of mothers, as I do hope will spring from this Institution. . . .

". . . Oh! it is a distressing thing to see children die. God gives the most beautiful and precious thing that earth can have, and we just take it and cast it away; we cast our pearls upon the dunghill, and leave them. A dying child is to me one of the most dreadful sights in the world. A dying man, a man dying on the field of battle, that is a small sight; he has taken his chance; he has had his excitement, he has had his glory, if that will be any consolation to him; if he is a wise man, he has the feeling that he is doing his duty by his country, and by his Queen. It does not horrify or shock me to see a man dying in a good old age. . . . But it does shock me, it does make me feel that the world is indeed out of joint, to see a child die. I believe it to be a priceless boon to the child to have lived for a week, or a day. . . .

. . . . . .

". . . We talk of the loss of human life in war. We are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon-balls and gunpowder, and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money, and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think — What so terrible as war? I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than war, and that is — outraged Nature. . . . Nature, insidious, inexpensive, silent, sends no roar of cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work; she gives no warning note of preparation; she has no

protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. . . . By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills, and kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. Man has his courtesies of war, and his chivalries of war: he does not strike the unarmed man; he spares the woman and the child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity: for some awful, but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe, in his hand. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering, the mass of preventible agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year! And would that some man had the logical eloquence to make them understand that it is in their power, in the power of the mothers and wives of the higher class, I will not say to stop it all, — God only knows that, — but to stop, as I believe, three-fourths of it. . . . It is in your power, ladies, and it is so easy. You might save several lives apiece, if you choose, without, I believe, interfering with your daily business, or with your daily pleasure, or, if you choose, with your daily frivolities, in any way whatsoever. . . . Will you learn how easy it is to be earnest in life; how every one of you, amid all the artificial complications of English society in the nineteenth century, can find a work to do, and a noble work to do, chivalrous work to do, — just as chivalrous as if you lived in any old fairy land, such as Spenser talked of in his 'Faerie Queene;' how you can be as true a knight-errant or lady-errant in

the present century, as if you had lived far away in the dark ages of violence and rapine? Will you, I ask, learn this? Will you learn to be in earnest, and use the position, and the station, and the talent that God has given you, to save alive those who should live? And will you remember that it is not the will of your Father that is in Heaven that one little one that plays in the kennel outside should perish, either in body or in soul?[1] . . ."

It shocked him to hear people talk of the blessing of death in childhood, and in a letter to his wife says:

"I do not know what to make of the boy's case; but one must hope for the real best, and humanly speaking the best is that he should live. I cannot but regard death as a fearful evil, and the more 'fit for Heaven' the boy is, the more he is wanted on earth. As for his escaping sin by an early death, one feels sad at hearing Christians talk so. Who has made him what he is but God, and is He not able to perfect His work, and keep that committed to Him? When people talk thus they detract from the boy's goodness, by making it out the fruits of mere natural temperament, and of ignorance of harm, which (according to them) would not stand the realities of that life of which God's apostle has said, 'Count it all *joy* when ye fall into divers temptations.' Therefore pray that he may live. If it is right to give him medicine to cure him, it is more right to pray to God to cure him. . . ."

His work at this time was incessant, his energy consuming; and he seldom returned from speech or lecture without showing that so much actual life had gone out of him — not only from the strain

[1] "Massacre of the Innocents," published, by the Ladies' Sanitary Association.

of brain and heart, but from his painful consciousness of the antagonism which his startling mode of stating things called out in his hearers. He was doing three full services on the Sunday with no help; and the letters now printed give a most inadequate idea of the labor of his life, of the calls on his sympathy, and of the different attitudes in which he had to put his mind according to the variety of subjects on which he was asked for sympathy of counsel, or called upon to do battle.

He wrote by urgent request a preface to the "Fool of Quality," a book to which he attached a high value.

"I am," he says to the Editor, "as one desperate and pre-done with work of various kinds at once. Meanwhile, believe me ready and willing to do full justice to one who seems to me more and more one of our forgotten worthies. . . ."

To JOHN BULLER, ESQ. — ". . . I have not yet found time to read Mansell, and don't know whether I shall. I have made up my own mind about the matter, as you may see from my last volume of sermons,[1] and am not going to alter my tune. But I am drawing back into silence, for the purpose of renewing the attack on a new and unexpected side — that of physical science. I have long begun to see that our advanced physics can only be made to stand on realist ground; and I am going, I trust, to get them up carefully enough to enforce my own belief some ten years hence. I am in no hurry. There is plenty of life in me, and your kind fears are groundless. I had been, by continual creation, using the gray matter of the back of the head a little too fast,

[1] Town and Country Sermons.

till it got hot and aching; and I found that the novel which I had been wearily trying to write was twaddle and a failure. So I have just stopped, and shall write nothing but sermons, and read hard. I find my receptive wits as clear as ever they were in my life, and my digestive wits also. I am only like a spider who has spun all his silk, and must sit still and secrete more. Since I stopped writing this last month my head has got cool, and the ache in my limbs gone off, and this bitter bracing weather suits me perfectly. I believe a week's real north-easter would make me young again."

To Lord Robert Montagu. — "Don't talk about the Thames. I have thought and written much on it some years since, but have given it up in despair. There is no adequate demand for the sewage. Till you can awaken farmers, nothing can be done. My last dream is, to have the sewage conveyed along the line of rail by pipes, giving the railway companies an interest therein, and so to fertilize, especially the barrens of Surrey and Berkshire. But while railways are ruining themselves by frantic competition they have neither time nor money for such projects. . . . What I think you should do, in order to produce any effect, is to ascertain — 1. What demand for liquid sewage there is among the farmers of the neighborhood of London. Have guano and superphosphate really beaten sewage out of the field of superior facility of carriage? I suspect they have for the time being; there is no chance of the phosphatic beds of the green-sand being exhausted for many years; or the guano islands either. 2. What facilities or hindrances have been given to the carriage of liquid sewage by the great metropolitan sewers now making? This I do not know, and this you must ascertain. My scheme has always been to have arterial pipes along the railway lines. But the railway companies have no money to

start such arteries, and private companies could not do it, unless they were sure of a demand from the farmers contiguous to the lines, which demand is *in nubibus*. . . .

"As to revivals, I don't wonder at revivalists taking to drink. Calvinism has become so unreal — so afraid of itself — so apologetic about its own peculiar doctrines, on which alone it stands, that revivals now must be windy flarings up in the socket of the dying candle. All revivals of religion which I ever read of, which produced a permanent effect, owed their strength to the introduction of some new element, derived from the actual modern consciousness, and explaining some fresh facts in or round man; *e. g.*, the revivals of the Franciscans and Dominicans — those of the Reformation and of Wesley.

"We may see such things ere we die. At present revivals are mere threshings of the old chaff, to see if a grain of corn be still there."

To JOHN BULLAR, ESQ. — "You are the kindest of men. Two letters come ere I answer one. But I have been hunted from pillar to post. There really is very little the matter with me, except what is called in country fellows 'idleness.' I never call it so. If they say to me, 'Jem is a slack hand, he won't do no work; and if he tries, he hain't no heart, but gies out at mowing or pitching like any chicken,' then I answer, 'Very well; you leave Jem alone: he won't live long if you hurry him!' Whereon they ask, 'And what's wrong wi' he, then?' To which I answer solemnly, 'Deficient vitality.' Which shuts them up; and is also a true and correct answer. I am a slack hand now. I can't think; I can't write; I can't run; I can't ride — I have neither wit, nerve, nor strength for anything; and if I try I get a hot head, and my arms and legs begin to ache. I was so ten years ago: worse than now. I have learnt by that last attack, and have, thank God, pulled up in time

Your letters are full of practical wisdom, as usual. Almost the best hint in them is the folly of trying to cure mental fatigue by bodily. I tried that experiment a fortnight ago, and was miserably ill for three days. When I came to think I saw I was an ass. I had used up the gray matter of my brain by thought, and then had used up still more by violent volition, running to hounds on foot, and leaping hedges and ditches for five hours, calling the same fresh air and exercise! I was a great fool, and found it out. . . . One thing I should like, that you would come and stay with me — on the understanding that neither of us is to speak a word of sense during the visit. Oh life — life, life! why do folks cling to this half existence, and call that life?

> 'T is life, not death, for which I pant,
> 'T is life, whereof my nerves are scant,
> More life and fuller that I want.'

". . . I wish I could see your father once! I like to look in the faces of strong good men, and to hear the tones of their voice. I don't mind what they say. It is the men themselves I love to contemplate. And I know one more strong good man than I did — and that is the Prince Consort. I love that man. . . ."

To W. Fuller Maitland, Esq., *August* 9, 1859. — "How gladly would I come with you; but, alas! I have already spent all my journey-money and spare time for the year; I must stay at home and work peaceably. I think I shall never get to Scotland. I have three or four invitations every year, each pleasanter than the other, and cannot, cannot go. However, "Life is not all beer and skittles," as my friend Tom Brown remarks; and I suppose if it was good for me to go North, a door would be opened, as the old Puritans would say.

"So go, and shoot infinite grouse, and think on me

whose sporting will be confined to catching vile chub at Mattingley."

To —— ——, Esq. — "As to Matt. xxii. 24–28. . . . It seems to me that we must look at it from the standpoint of the Sadducees, and therefore of Our Lord as condescending to them. It is a hideous case in itself. . . . I conceive the Jews had no higher notion than this of the relation of the sexes. Perhaps no eastern people ever had. The conception of a love-match belongs to our Teutonic race, and was our heritage (so Tacitus says with awe and astonishment) when we were heathens in the German forests. You will find nothing of it in Scripture, after the first chapter of Genesis, save a glimpse thereof (but only a glimpse) in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. To me, who believe the Gospel of St. John, and believe therefore that Jesus Christ, the Word of God, was the light and life of my German forefathers, as well as of the Jews, there is nothing strange in this. I only say, Christ has taught us something about wedlock, which He did not teach the Jews; that He taught it is proved by its fruits, for what has produced more of nobleness, more of practical good, in the human race, than the chivalrous idea of wedlock, which our Teutonic race holds, and which the Romance or Popish races of Europe have never to this day grasped with any firm hold? Therefore all I can say about the text is . . . (about such marriages in the world to come) that it has nought to do with me and my wife. I know that if immortality is to include in my case identity of person, I shall feel to her for ever what I feel now. That feeling may be developed in ways which I do not expect; it may have provided for it forms of expression very different from any which are among the holiest sacraments of life: of that I take no care. The union I believe to be as eternal as my own soul. I have no rule

to say in what other pair of lovers it may or may not be eternal. I leave all in the hands of a good God; and can so far trust His Son Jesus Christ Our Lord as to be sure that He knew the best method of protesting against the old Jewish error (which Popish casuists still formally assert) that the first end of marriage is the procreation of children, and thereby laid the true foundation for the emancipation of woman. . . .

To J. BULLAR, ESQ. — ". . . Matthew xxii. 30, has been to me always a comfort. I am so well and really married on earth, that I should be exceedingly sorry to be married again in heaven. All I can say is, if I do not love my wife, body and soul, as well there as I do here, then there is neither resurrection of my body or of my soul, but of some other, and I shall not be I. Therefore, whatsoever the passage means, it can't mean what monks make it. Ten years ago I asked in 'Yeast' the question which my favorite old monk legends (from which I have learnt volumes) forced on me, 'Who told you that the angelic life was single?' and I have found no answer yet. . . ."

A letter on the eternity of marriage, written some years before, comes in fitly here.

". . . 'In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God!' — And how are the angels of God in heaven? Is there no love among them? If the law which makes two beings unite themselves, and crave to unite themselves, in body, soul, and spirit, be the law of earth — of pure humanity — if, so far from being established by the Fall, this law has been the one from which the Fall has made mankind deflect most in every possible way; if the restoration of purity and the restoration of this law are synonymous; if love be of the spirit — the vastest and simplest exercise of will of which we can conceive — then why should not this law hold in the spiritual world as well as in the nat-

ural? In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but is not marriage the mere approximation to a unity which shall be perfect in heaven? Read what Milton says of angels' love in Books VI. and VII. and take comfort. What if many have been alone on earth? may they not find their kindred spirit in heaven, and be united to it by a tie still deeper than marriage? And shall not we be re-united in heaven by that still deeper tie? Surely on earth God has loved, Christ the lord has loved — some more than others — why should we not do the same in heaven, and yet love all? Here the natural body can but strive to express its love — its desire of union. Will not one of the properties of the spiritual body be, that it will be able to express that which the natural body only tries to express? Is this a sensual view of heaven? — then are the two last chapters of the Revelations most sensual. They tell, not only of the perfection of humanity, with all its joys and wishes and properties, but of matter! They tell of trees, and fruit, and rivers — of gold and gems, and all beautiful and glorious material things. Isaiah tells of beasts and birds and little children in that new earth. Who shall say that the number of living beings is filled up? Why is heaven to be one vast lazy retrospect? Why is not eternity to have action and change, yet both, like God's, compatible with rest and immutability? This earth is but one minor planet of a minor system: are there no more worlds? Will there not be incident and action springing from these when the fate of this world is decided? Has the Evil Spirit touched this alone? . . .

"These are matters too high for us, therefore we will leave them alone; but is flatly denying their existence and possibility leaving them alone? . . . It is more humble, more rational, to believe the possibility of all things than to doubt the possibility of one thing. . . . And what if earthly love seems so delicious that all

change in it would seem a change for the worse? Shall we repine? What does reason (and faith, which is reason exercised on the invisible) require of us, but to conclude that, if there is change, there will be something better there? Here are two truths —

"1st. Body is that which expresses the spirit to which it is joined; therefore, the more perfectly spiritual the body, the better it will express the spirit joined to it.

"2nd. The expression of love produces happiness; therefore, the more perfect the expression the greater the happiness! And, therefore, bliss greater than any we can know here awaits us in heaven. And does not the course of nature point to this? . . . What else is the meaning of old age? when the bodily powers die, while the love increases. What does that point to, but to a restoration of the body when mortality is swallowed up of life? Is not that mortality of the body, sent us mercifully by God, to teach us that our love is spiritual, and therefore will be able to express itself in any state of existence? . . . Do not these thoughts take away from all earthly bliss the poisoning thought, 'all this must end'? . . . Do I undervalue earthly bliss? No! I enhance it when I make it the sacrament of a higher union! Will not his thought give more exquisite delight, will it not tear off the thorn from every rose and sweeten every nectar cup to perfect security of blessedness, in this life, to feel that there is more in store for us — that all expressions of love here are but dim shadows of a union which shall be perfect, if we will but work here, so as to work out our salvation!"

. . . . . .

"My views of second marriage are peculiar. I consider that it is allowed . . . but from the beginning it was not so, and will not be so, some day, when the might of love becomes generally appreciated! Perhaps that will never be, till the earth is renewed. . . . "

CHAPTER XIX

1860–62

AGED 41–43

PROFESSORSHIP OF MODERN HISTORY — DEATH OF HIS FATHER AND OF MRS. ANTHONY FROUDE — PLANTING THE CHURCHYARD — VISIT TO IRELAND — FIRST SALMON KILLED — WET SUMMER — SERMON ON WEATHER — ON PRAYER — LETTER FROM SIR CHARLES LYELL — RESIDENCE IN CAMBRIDGE — INAUGURAL LECTURE IN THE SENATE HOUSE — REMINISCENCES OF AN UNDERGRADUATE — LECTURES TO THE PRINCE OF WALES — ESSAYS AND REVIEWS — CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION — DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT — THE WATER-BABIES — INSTALLATION ODE AT CAMBRIDGE — VISIT TO SCOTLAND — BRITISH ASSOCIATION — LORD DUNDREARY — DEGRADATION THEORY — AMERICAN LECTURES — THE PROFESSOR AND THE BOATS — COTTON FAMINE IN LANCASHIRE.

"The best reward for having wrought well already, is to have more to do: and he that has been faithful over a few things, must find his account in being made ruler over many things. That is the true and heroical rest which only is worthy of gentlemen, and sons of God. And for those who, either in this world, or the world to come, look for idleness, and hope that God shall feed them with pleasant things, as it were with a spoon, Amyas, I count them cowards and base, even though they call themselves saints and elect. . . . Do thou thy duty like a man to thy country, thy Queen, and thy God, and count thy life a worthless thing, as did the holy men of old."

WESTWARD HO! Chapter vii.

IN 1860 Mr. Kingsley's name was mentioned to Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, for the Regius professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, which Sir James Stephen had lately

resigned. When the vacant chair was offered to him, he accepted it with extreme diffidence; and in the spring he went up to the University to take his M.A. degree, which he had not been able to afford as yet. Dr. Whewell, who was then Master of Trinity, received him most kindly. Having been one of those who had disapproved most emphatically of "Alton Locke" when it was first published, his generosity on this occasion, and his steady friendship henceforward up to the date of his own death in 1866, laid the new Professor under a deep debt of gratitude. His own feelings are best told in letters to his wife:

TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, *May* 22, 1860. — ". . . It is like a dream. Most beautiful. My windows look into Trinity Walks — the finest green walks in England, now full of flags and tents for a tulip show. I had a pleasant party of men to meet me last night. After breakfast I go to Magdalene, then to the Senate House; then to dinner in hall at Magdalene. . . . All this is so very awful and humbling to me. I cannot bear to think of my own unworthiness. . . . "

. . . . . .

"I have been thinking and praying a good deal over my future life. A new era has opened for me: I feel much older, anxious, and full of responsibility; but more cheerful and settled than I have done for a long time. All that book-writing and struggling is over, and a settled position and work is before me. Would that it were done, the children settled in life, and kindly death near to set one off again with a new start somewhere else. I should like the only epitaph on our tomb to be Thekla's:

'We have lived and loved,'
'We live and love.'"

Early in the winter, his father, the Rector of Chelsea, to whom he had ever been a devoted son, died, and from that hour till her death in 1873, the care of his widowed mother was one of his most nobly fulfilled duties. He speaks of the death of parents as —

". . . the awful feeling of having the roots which connect one with the last generation seemingly torn up, and having to say 'Now *I* am the root, I stand self-supported, with no older stature to rest on.' And then one *must* believe that God is the God of Abraham, and that all live to Him, and that we are no more isolated and self-supported than when we were children on our mother's bosom."

To Rev. J. Montagu. — ". . . Forgive me for my silence, for I and my brothers are now wearily watching my father's death-bed — long and lingering. Miserable to see life prolonged when all that makes it worth having (physically) is gone, and never to know from day to day whether the end is to come in six hours or six weeks. But he is all right and safe, and death for him would be a pure and simple blessing. James Montagu, never pray for a long life. Better die in the flower of one's age, than go through what I have seen him go through in the last few days. . . ."

"My Darling Boy," he writes to his eldest son at school, — "Poor Grandpapa is dead, and gone to heaven. You must always think of him lovingly; and remember this about him, Maurice, and copy it — that he was a *gentleman*, and never did in his life, or even thought, a mean or false thing, and therefore has left behind him many friends, and not an enemy on earth. Yes, dear boy, if it should please God that you should help to build up the old family again, bear in mind that

honesty and *modesty*, the two marks of a gentleman, are the only way to do it. . . . Mother sends you a thousand loves. . . .

"Your own Daddy, C. K."

His churchyard at Eversley was enlarged at this time. It had long been his wish to make it an arboretum, and gradually to gather together rare shrubs and evergreens, so that it should be truly a *Gottes-acker* in a double sense; and he took this opportunity of planting an avenue of Irish yews from the gate to the church door. His wife was then at Chelsea with his widowed mother; and he writes to her:

". . . I can understand your being unhappy leaving us and this delicious place again. It does look too blessed for a man to spend his life in. I have been making it blessed-er in the last thirty hours, with a good will; for I and B. (his church-warden) have been working with our own hands, as hard as the four men we have got on. We have planted all the shrubs in the churchyard. We have graveiled the new path with fine gravel, and edged it with turf; we have levelled, delved, planned, and plotted. M. is trimming up unsightly graves, and we shall be all right and ready for the Bishop to consecrate. Altogether I am delighted at the result, and feel better, thanks to two days' hard work with pick and spade, than I have done for a fortnight. . . . But I cannot bear working and planning at improvements without you; it seems but half a life; and I am leaving everything I can to be done after you come back. Oh! when shall we settle down here in peace? Patience, though. — It wants three weeks to spring, and we may, by God's blessing, get back here in time to see the spring unfold around us, and all

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for the Trinity House, of which H. R. H. was then Master. He preached also at Whitehall, Windsor Castle, and St. James's; and was made chaplain to the Civil Service Volunteers. A few weeks' rest in Ireland with Mr. Froude, helped him greatly in preparing for his Cambridge work, and from Markree Castle, where he killed his first salmon, a new and long coveted experience in life, he writes home:

July 4. — ". . . I have done the deed at last — killed a real actual live salmon, over five pounds' weight. This place is full of glory — very lovely, and well kept up. . . .

"But I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along that hundred miles of horrible country. I don't believe they are our fault. I believe there are not only many more of them than of old, but that they are happier, better, more comfortably fed and lodged under our rule than they ever were. But to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black, one would not feel it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours. . . ."

July 5. — ". . . I had magnificent sport this morning — five salmon killed (biggest, seven pounds), and another huge fellow ran right away to sea, carrying me after him waist deep in water, and was lost, after running 200 yards, by fouling a ship's hawser! There is nothing like it. The excitement is maddening, and the exertion very severe. . . . But the country which I have come through moves me even to tears. It is a land of ruins and of the dead. You cannot conceive to English eyes the first shock of ruined cottages; and when it goes on to whole hamlets, the effect is most depressing. I suppose it had to be done, with poor-rates twenty shillings in the pound, and the people

dying of starvation, and the cottier system had to be stopped; but what an amount of human misery each of those unroofed hamlets stands for! . . ."

The summer of 1860 was a very wet one. Rain fell almost incessantly for three months. The farmers were frightened, and the clergy all over the country began to use the prayer against rain. Mr. Kingsley did not do so; for the cholera had long been threatening England, and his knowledge of physical and sanitary science told him how beneficial this heavy rain was — a gift from God at that particular moment to ward off the enemy which was at hand, by cleansing drains, sweeping away refuse, and giving the poor an abundance of sweet clean water. All this he explained to his own people by preaching them a sermon on Matt. vii. 9–11, which was published under the title of "Why should we pray for fair weather?" of which he thus speaks:

"A certain sermon of mine about the rains, which shocked the clergy of all denominations, pleased deeply, thank God, my own laborers and farmers. They first thanked me heartily for it, and begged for copies of it. I then began to see (what I ought to have seen long before) that the belief in a good and just God is the foundation, if not of a scientific habit of mind, still of a habit of mind into which science can fall, and seed, and bring forth fruit in good ground."

"How do we know," he says in this sermon, "that in praying God to take away these rains, we are not asking Him to send the cholera in the year to come? I am of opinion that we are. I think, I have thought long, that one or two more dry summers, keeping the springs at their late low level, would have inevitably brought back the cholera, or some other kind of pesti-

lence: but even if that particular guess be wrong, this I believe, and this I will preach, that every drop of rain which is falling now is likely to be not a plague and a punishment, but a blessing and a boon to England and to Englishmen.

"Now, perhaps, you may understand better why I said that I was afraid of being presumptuous in praying for fine weather. I do not blame any one for so doing: God forbid. Who am I, to judge another? To his own master each man stands or falls. All I say is, that looking at the matter as I do, it would be presumptuous in me; and I do not wish to do it, unless I am commanded by my bishop, in which case my duty is to obey orders. But I do shrink from praying for fine weather on my own responsibility. . . ."

. . . . . .

The sermon was strongly commented on by the religious press, and he had numerous letters on the subject from the clergy and others, who misunderstood, and therefore resented, his views on prayer in general. He sent copies of it to several scientific men, who naturally agreed with his opinion. "Accept my sincere and hearty thanks for your sermon," says Professor Owen, "in which you alone — so far as I know — in your calling, have had the honesty and courage to utter the truth in reference to its subject; the words will not be spoken in vain. . . ."

"On my return from the Continent," wrote Sir Charles Lyell, "I find here your excellent sermon on the prayer for rain, sent to me, I presume, by your direction, and for which I return you many thanks. Two weeks ago, I happened to remark to a stranger, who was sitting next me at a *table d'hôte* at Rudoldtstadt in Thuringia, that I feared the rains must have been

doing a great deal of mischief. He turned out to be a scientific man from Berlin, and replied, 'I should think they were much needed to replenish the springs, after three years of drought.' I immediately felt that I had made an idle and thoughtless speech. Some thirty years ago I was told at Bonn of two processions of peasants, who had climbed to the top of the Peter's Berg, one composed of vine-dressers, who were intending to return thanks for sunshine, and pray for its continuance: the others from a corn district, wanting the drought to cease and the rain to fall. Each were eager to get possession of the shrine of St. Peter's Chapel before the other, to secure the saint's good offices, so they came to blows with fists and sticks, much to the amusement of the Protestant heretics at Bonn, who, I hope, did not, by such prayers as you allude to, commit the same solecism, occasionally, only less coarsely carried out into action."

To —— ——, Esq. — "I think you have misunderstood me in one important point. You ignore the fact that I do tell people to pray — only telling them what to pray for. The longer I live, the more I see that the Lord's Prayer is the pattern for all prayers, and whether it be consistent with that to ask that God should alter the course of the universe, in the same breath that we say — Thy will be done on earth — judge you. I do not forbid praying for special things — God forbid! I do it myself — I cannot help doing it, any more than a child in the dark can help calling for its mother. Only it seems to me (I do not dogmatize, but only say it *seems*) that when we pray 'Grant this day that we run into no kind of danger,' we ought to lay our stress on the '*run*' rather than on the '*danger*;' to ask God not to take away the danger, by altering the course of nature; but to give us light and guidance whereby to avoid it

All prayers for forgiveness, teaching, strength, guidance, whether for ourselves or others, must be good. They concern the spiritual world of moral agents, having free will and capable of inspiration from the spirit of God — the laws whereof are totally different from those of the physical world. You mistake me again, then, when you class me with the mechanical philosophers. I have combated them in every book I have ever written. I am now hard at work protesting against their views being applied to History in my inaugural lecture, wherein I assert that the Hebrew prophets knew more of the laws of history than all the Comtes and Positivists put together. I fully admit all that you say about God's using natural plagues, locusts, earthquakes, pestilence, &c., as national punishments for national sins. . . . But that does not prevent my asserting man's power and right to abolish those natural plagues, when he has learnt how to do it. To pray against them, as long as he cannot conquer them, is natural, and not to be blamed. But when God has answered his prayer, in a deeper and fuller sense than he dreamed of, by teaching him how to protect himself against these plagues, it is very wrong and ungrateful to God, to go on praying as if God had not answered. The Russian has a right to pray against the locust-swarms as long as he does not know (what we do) that by tilling the waste lands instead of leaving them in wild turf, he would destroy the locust larvæ. But when he has found out that, let him till and thank God. So with our prayer against rain. I do not blame our forefathers for putting it in. God forbid! It rather marks a precious step forward in our theology. For till the time when that prayer was inserted, the general belief of Christendom had been, that the devil and witches were the usual producers of storms, and blights, and all that hurt the crops; and it was (as I believe) the very inspiration of God which kept the good man who wrote

that prayer from saying anything about the devils and witches, and referring the whole question to God alone. Now, I believe that that prayer has been answered most fully, and in this way. We have learnt and ought, in the last two hundred years, to conquer the weather. We know now that if we cut down our superabundant timber, drain our land, and use an improved agriculture, a wet season, instead of bringing (as it did two hundred years ago) famine to man and beasts, does little or no harm, and we have taken the lesson. . . . Does a wet season hurt England in the present state of agriculture? I prophesied, No. . . . I saw the crops of England fairly housed, and in quantity, it seems, above the average, though the rains did not stop. Recollect that, dear sir. God did not answer those prayers. At the very time that some good men in their haste were thanking God in churches for having stopped the rains, they returned as heavily as ever; and we had the painful spectacle one Sunday, of one diocese praying that the rains might stop, and another thanking God for having stopped them. But the rains went on; and are you aware what they have done? Have you read the Registrar-General's reports for the last quarter? If not, you can hardly judge the matter. But this the rains have done. They have saved (by the returns compared with those of the same quarter last year) in the three months ending October, 18,000 English lives, besides the seeds of future disease. The doctors and apothecaries have been saying they never had so little to do — and the only persons, as far as I can find, who will suffer, are the brewers and hop-growers, who have been making huge profits of late, and can very well afford to make less this year. . . ."

To Rev. —— ——. — "I feel very deeply the difficulties which you put, as corollaries from my sermon on the weather; nevertheless, I can and do pray, and hope

that I always shall pray. I do not pretend to see my (logical) way clearly on this most subtle and important point; but this I see — that trials cannot be put into the same category as natural phenomena. Trials are part of our spiritual education — chastisements to teach us somewhat; and if we learn the lesson beforehand, we may pray to have the sin forgiven, and the chastisement remitted; and even if we have not, we can, and in effect do cry out of the darkness to the boundless love of God, by an instinct more rational and divine than all logic. And this may apply even to natural phenomena. To pray that there may not be a thunderstorm is to me presumptuous, because the thunderstorm will not come unless it is wanted. To pray that the particular lightning-flash may not strike my child, is not presumptuous. It is only asking God that a peculiar combination of circumstances which will bring my child under the influence of the laws of electricity may not take place; and that God can and does arrange by a perpetual providence every circumstance whatsoever, so making laws take effect only when and where He chooses, I believe utterly. It may be answered, 'If it be right for the child to be struck, it will be; if not, not!' I know that — I believe that. Everybody does who is pious. Even those who believe in a quite magical effect from prayer, will say, and rightly, when their prayers are not answered, 'It is God's will, it ought not to have been answered, therefore it was not!' All are driven to this; yet all pray, and should pray. It is one of those paradoxes which no science can explain. All we can do is, to eliminate from our prayers, as much as we can, all of self-will and selfishness, and study and copy the Lord's Prayer, praying 'after that manner.' This is a poor answer: but if you be an honest man, you would sooner have an honest half-answer than a dishonest whole one."

In the autumn the new Professor went up to Cambridge with his family till Christmas. "It is with a feeling of awe, almost of fear, that I find myself in such a place on such an errand," he said when he delivered his inaugural lecture,[1] "The Limits of Exact Science applied to History," in the crowded senate-house on the 12th of November. The lecture was listened to with profound attention, and most kindly received by all ranks in the university. It was followed by his first course of public lectures, "The Roman and the Teuton," to a class of upwards of one hundred undergraduates, who gave him an enthusiastic welcome. One of them, now a professor in the University of Cape Town, thus recalls this time:

"One of the charms of going into residence at Cambridge in October, 1860, was the fact that Kingsley was coming up as Professor of Modern History. I remember the thrill one felt as one November evening a man announced "in Hall" — 'Kingsley is come; I saw him to-day in the streets; my father knows him, and I knew him in a moment.' The man whose father knew Kingsley was a man to be envied, and to be asked to one's rooms at once. I remember there was a warm discussion as to some of the Professor's supposed views, and within a few days after he had stood up in the senate-house and delivered his inaugural lecture, men who were opposed to him began to say, 'Whether we agree with this or that, we like Kingsley.' And so it was; every creature that came near to him began to love him; — one could so thoroughly trust him; — he rang so thoroughly true; one felt instinctively there was not

[1] Now published as an Introduction to "The Roman and the Teuton," with preface by Max Müller.

the slightest bit of affectation about the man — inside and outside moved together.

"Then he began to lecture and we undergraduates to crowd his room. We crowded him out of room after room, till he had to have the largest of all the schools, and we crowded that — crammed it. For undergraduates are an affectionate race, and every one of us who wished to live as a man ought to live, felt that the Professor of Modern History was a friend indeed. Tutors and fellows and lecturers came too, and sat on the same benches with undergraduates. And often and often, as he told a story of heroism, of evil conquered by good, or uttered one of his noble sayings that rang through us like trumpet-calls, loud and sudden cheers would break out irresistibly — spontaneously; and wild young fellows' eyes would be full of manly, noble tears. And again and again, as the audience dispersed, a hearer has said, 'Kingsley is right — I 'm wrong — my life is a cowardly life — I 'll turn over a new leaf, so help me God.' And many a lad did it too. Kingsley preached without seeming to do so. History was his text. The men and women of History were the words that built up his sermon. He loved men and women, you felt that. He never *sneered* at their faults. He had a deep, sad pity for them: he would even laugh a little, good-humoredly, at the comical side of some of them, for he was full of humor: but anything like a sneer one never heard. Hence, partly, his great power. Again, he had such a warm, passionate admiration for fine deeds. His eye used to glisten, his voice in its remarkable sea-like modulations to swell like an organ as he recounted something great, till his audience listened — quiet, spell-bound, fixed, till the climax came, and then rushed into a cheer before they were well aware of it. He was so modest and humble he could not *bear* our cheers. He would beckon for quiet;

and then in a broken voice and with dreadful stammering say, 'Gentlemen, you must not do it. I cannot lecture to you if you do.' But it was no good — we did not mean to cheer — we could not *help* it. Had Kingsley had to lecture upon broom-handles, he would have done more good than many men would do with the most 'suggestive themes.' His own noble, gallant, God-fearing, loving soul shone through everything, and we felt it was good to be with him. He made us read too. He taught us how to read. History was the story of God's men and women in the past, for the men and women living now. He lighted it up and showed us its true unity. But I must end with him in his lecture-room. I should like to have had time to tell about him at our sports, but I have not. Men all over the world have thanked God for the lessons of manliness, charity, and godliness they learned in the room of the Professor of Modern History. Amongst other things they learned this great lesson — and it is a good one — to love heartily and deeply (so that even now after fifteen years the recollection of him moves one to tears) — to love a great and good man."

"His lectures," Professor Max Müller says, "were more largely attended than any in Cambridge, and they produced a permanent impression on many a young mind. They contain" (speaking of "The Roman and the Teuton," which were more severely criticised than any) "the thoughts of a poet and a moralist, a politician, a theologian, and before all, of a friend and counsellor of young men while reading for them and with them one of the most awful periods in the history of mankind, the agonies of a dying empire, and the birth of new nationalities. History was but his text, his chief aim

was that of the teacher and preacher; and as an eloquent interpreter of the purposes of history before an audience of young men to whom history is but too often a mere succession of events to be learnt by heart and to be ready against periodical examinations, he achieved what he wished to achieve. . . . According to the unanimous testimony of those who heard them delivered, they stirred up the interest of young men, and made them ask for books which undergraduates had never asked for before at the university library."

The year 1861 opened upon the Professor with new and grave responsibilities, for in addition to his public class he had to give private lectures to the Prince of Wales; but his indomitable determination enabled him to get through his work, bravely and cheerfully, though often with weary body and exhausted brain, while his child-like faith in God kept him free from the irritability so common to all highly-strung natures, under the pressure of new circumstances. On the 2nd of January, he received, through Mr. H. Fisher, a message from the Prince Consort on the subject of his son's studies, to which he replied:

"Do me the kindness to inform the Prince Consort that his wishes are, of course, commands to me. I shall have great pleasure in putting myself into Dr. Whewell's hands as to the formation of a special class for His Royal Highness. . . . I put myself entirely into your hands, both as the expounder of the Prince Consort's wishes, and as the Prince of Wales's tutor. The responsibility is too solemn and too sudden for me to act in any way upon my own private judgment in the

matter. The first question which I have to ask is — up to what year in the eighteenth century I ought to extend my lectures?"

The class was formed of eleven undergraduates, and early in February the Prince of Wales settled at Madingley, from whence he rode in three times a week to Mr. Kingsley's house, for lectures, twice with the class, and once to go through a *résumé* of the week's work alone. During the course of the academical year the Professor carried his pupils from the reign of William III. to that of George IV.; at the end of each term setting questions for the Prince, which were always most satisfactorily answered. Throughout this time the sense of responsibility which would otherwise have been overpowering, was relieved not only by the intense interest of the work, in which he was allowed perfect freedom of speech, but by the attention, courtesy, and intelligence of his royal pupil, whose kindness to him then and in after-life made him not only the Prince's loyal, but his most attached servant.

When "Essays and Reviews" came out, he writes to Oxford his impression of the attitude of Cambridge:

To Rev. A. P. Stanley, *Feb.* 19, 1861. — "Cambridge lies in magnificent repose, and shaking lazy ears stares at her more nervous elder sister and asks what it is all about. She will not persecute the authors of the Essays; and what is more, any scraps of the Simeonite party, now moribund here, who try to get up a persecution, will be let alone — and left to persecute on their own hook. That is the Cambridge danger. Cool indif-

ferentism: not to the doctrines, but to the means of fighting for them. The atmosphere is the most liberal (save 'Bohemia') which I ever lived in. And it is a liberality (not like that of Bohemia, of want of principle or creed), but of real scholarly largeness and lovingness between men who disagree. We 'live and let live' here, I find to my delight. But with that will come the feeling — in which, I confess, I share — what the plague had these men to do, starting a guerilla raid into the enemy's country, on their own responsibility?

"Next. There is little or nothing, says Cambridge, in that book which we have not all of us been through already. Doubts, denials, destructions — we have faced them till we are tired of them. But we have faced them in silence, hoping to find a positive solution. Here comes a book which states all the old doubts and difficulties, and gives us nothing instead. Here are men still pulling down, with far weaker hands than the Germans, from whom they borrow, and building up *nothing* instead. So we will preserve a stoic calm. We wish them all well. We will see fair play for them, according to the forms of English law and public opinion. But they must fight their own battle. We cannot be responsible for other men's campaigns."

To Bishop Sumner. — "My Lord, — I have received a circular from the archdeacon, asking me to sign an address to your lordship in reference to the 'Essays and Reviews,' of miserable notoriety. That address I declined to sign upon a question of archidiaconal jurisdiction.[1] . . . But in justice to your lordship, and to

[1] He was jealous on principle of archidiaconal interference, lest it should "end by becoming an inquisitorial superintendence of parishes fatal to the position of free rectors, which he held to be one of the greatest safeguards and blessings of the Church of England."

myself, I must tell you what I thought myself bound not to tell the archdeacon in his official capacity. I should be sorry that you should think that I agreed with a book whose publication I have deeply deplored, and have more reason to deplore every day. I deplore it first, for itself; second, for the storm which I saw it would raise. For itself. With the exception of Dr. Temple's essay, in which I can see nothing heterodox, be his theory right or wrong, all the essays deny but do not affirm. The doubts and puzzles which they raise afresh have passed through the mind of every thinking man in the last twenty-five years. . . . I confess to having thrust the book away in disgust, as saying once again, very weakly, what I had long put out of sight and mind, in the practical realities of parish work. When my new curate came back to me after ordination, having heard your lordship's allusion to these 'Essays and Reviews,' and asked me whether he should read them, I told him 'By no means. They will disturb your mind with questions which you are too young to solve. Stick to the old truths and the old paths, and learn their divineness by sick-beds and in every-day work, and do not darken your mind with intellectual puzzles, which may breed disbelief, but can never breed vital religion, or practical usefulness.' As for my own opinions, my lord, they are sufficiently known. The volumes of sermons which I have published are, I am sure, a sufficient guarantee to you, as they are to the public, that I keep to the orthodox faith, and the orthodox formulæ, without tormenting my soul, or my hearers, with fruitless argument on things which we shall never know, save by taking our Bible in hand like little children, and obeying it. The effect at the Universities will be very bad; for young men are only too glad to fly off on intellectual disquisitions, from the plain requirements of Christian faith and duty, and therefore I could have

wished that the book had been passed by in silence, as what it is, a very weak and inconsiderable book."

To T. HUGHES, ESQ. — ". . . I have yet hope, for the Church of England, if men will only do (whether for or against us or the Essays) what you bid them, say what they *do* believe and not what they don't. But it is difficult to make men do that; and for this reason. If you ask the religionist what he believes, he answers you pat enough — but mere formulæ out of a book, the slang of his school, which he has not translated into his own native tongue, and which he would not recognize as his creed were it translated for him. . . . For me, I bide my time. I have always asserted, rather than denied. I have nothing more to say now than what I have said in print a dozen times. . . . My soul is moved by the abominations which this Children's Employment Commission is said to have brought to light. I am minded to speak earnestly about it in my Chapel-Royal Sermon,[1] if between now and then I can get facts

[1] He did preach on the revelations made by the Employment Commission, both at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and before the Queen in the private chapel at Windsor, and in these striking words:

"Meanwhile we are sorry (for we English are a kind-hearted people) for the victims of our luxury and neglect. Sorry for the thousands whom we let die every year by preventable diseases, because we are either too busy or too comfortable to save their lives. Sorry for the thousands who are used up yearly in certain trades, in ministering to our comfort, even our very frivolities and luxuries. Sorry for the Sheffield grinders, who go to work as to certain death; who count how many years they have left, and say, 'A short life and a merry one — let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Sorry for the people whose lower jaws decay away in lucifer-match factories. Sorry for the miseries and wrongs which this Children's Employment Commission has revealed. Sorry for the diseases of artificial-flower makers. Sorry for the boys working in glasshouses whole days and nights on end without rest, laboring in the very fire, and wearying themselves for very vanity. Vanity, indeed! If, after an amount

enough to speak with authority, and also can hear what is likely to be done about it next session. Now, can you tell me aught? or tell me how to find out aught? Do give me a lift, and you shall find that 'still in my ashes live the wonted fires.' "

". . . I hear that you are bothered and disappointed. Do remember if you lose heart about your work in London, that none of it is *lost*. That the good of every good deed remains, and breeds, and works on for ever; and that all that fails and is lost is the outside shell of the thing, which perhaps might have been better done, but, better or worse, has nothing to do with the real spiritual good which you have done to men's hearts — and of that, dear Tom, you have done a very great deal; for which God will surely repay you in His own way and time. . . ."

His professional duties with the Prince of Wales obliged him to keep all the terms at Cambridge, and he left his parish under the superintendence of the Rev. Septimus Hansard (afterwards Rector of Bethnal Green), who tenderly recalls his impression of Mr. Kingsley's character at that time:

"Never can I forget his free and friendly talks with me, in that dear, dear old study — his deep earnestness

of gallant toil which nothing but the indomitable courage of an Englishman could endure, they grow up animals and heathens. We are sorry for them all, as the giant is for the worm on which he treads. Alas! poor worm! But the giant must walk on. *He* is necessary to the universe, and the worm is not. So we are sorry for half an hour; and glad, too (for we are a kind-hearted people) to hear that charitable people or the government are going to do something to alleviate these miseries. And then we return, too many of us, each to his own ambition or his own luxury, comforting ourselves with the thought that we did not make the world, and we are not responsible for it. . . ." — Water of Life, Sermon XIII.

on all questions of the day, his faithful hope for the future, his utter detestation and abhorrence of sin and wrong-doing, and especially of all little, mean, dirty sins, which most men gloss over; and then his heartiness and playfulness, and his sympathy for the poor and needy; and, more striking to those who only knew of him by his writings, his Christ-like toleration for those who differed with him in opinion, and his sweet gentleness. . . . Naturally and by principle averse from quarrelling, he was ever ready to fight in the cause of justice to the poor, the oppressed and the suffering, and the weak. The Revelation of His Master's life — THE Revelation of Christ — had penetrated Charles Kingsley through and through. . . ."

The year was ended sadly by the death of the Prince Consort, which threw a gloom all over England, and was to Mr. Kingsley a personal loss, which he deeply felt:

"Can we forget one friend,
Can we forget one face,
Which cheered us toward our end,
Which nerved us for our race?
Oh sad to toil, and yet forego
One presence which has made us know
To God-like souls how deep our debt!
We would not, if we could, forget."[1]

"I remember," said a friend, "how Kingsley was affected by it, as at the loss of a personal friend. We walked over the next day to Madingley, and met, on the way, more than one of the young associates of the Prince of Wales. I can never forget, nor probably will those who were addressed forget, the earnest, solemn, and agitated tones in which he spoke of the Prince Consort's care for his son, and the duty which lay on

[1] Installation Ode, Cambridge, 1862.

them, the Prince of Wales's young friends, to see that they did all in their power to enforce the wise counsel of him who was dead."

To Sir Charles Bunbury. — "As for the death of the Prince Consort, I can say nothing. Words fail me utterly. What little I could say, I put into a sermon for my own parishioners. . . . I need not say how we regretted not being able to accept your kind invitation. But the heavy work of last term, and the frightful catastrophe with which it ended, sent us all home to rest, if rest is possible, when, on coming home, one finds fresh arrears of work waiting for one, which ought to have been finished off months since. The feeling of being always behindhand, do what one will, is second only in torment to that of debt. I long to find myself once again talking over with you 'the stones which tell no lies.'"

The opening of 1862 found him once more settled at Eversley, and thankful to return to parish work after the heavy duties and responsibilities of such a year at Cambridge as could never come again. But the change of scene and work had done him good. His mind was particularly vigorous this year; and one spring morning, while sitting at breakfast, his wife reminded him of an old promise, "Rose, Maurice, and Mary have got their book, and baby must have his." He made no answer, but got up at once and went into his study, locking the door. In half an hour he returned with the story of little Tom. This was the first chapter of "The Water-Babies," written off without a flaw. The whole book was more like an inspiration than a composition, and seemed to flow naturally out of his brain and heart, lightening both of a burden

without exhausting either. Nothing helped the books and sermons more than the silence and solitude of a few days' fishing, which he could now indulge in. "The Water Babies," especially, have the freshness and fragrance of the sea-breeze and the riverside in almost every page.

"When you read the book," he writes to Mr. Maurice, "I hope you will see that I have not been idling my time away. I have tried, in all sorts of queer ways, to make children and grown folks understand that there is a quite miraculous and divine element underlying all physical nature; and that nobody knows anything about anything, in the sense in which they may know God in Christ, and right and wrong. And if I have wrapped up my parable in seeming Tom-fooleries, it is because so only could I get the pill swallowed by a generation who are not believing, with anything like their whole heart, in the Living God. Meanwhile, remember that the physical science in the book is *not* nonsense, but accurate earnest, as far as I dare speak yet."

In the summer the Duke of Devonshire was installed at Cambridge as Chancellor of the University, in the place of the Prince Consort; and the Professor of Modern History wrote an installation ode, which was set to music by Sir William Sterndale Bennett. Their work together was a great mutual interest. "Music and words were well received, and followed," said the Professor of Music, by a "ringing cheer for Professor Kingsley," who was unable to be present. A month's holiday in Scotland with his wife and eldest boy this year, and visits to The Grange, where Lord Ashburton gathered round him a brilliant society: Thomas Carlyle, Bishop Wil-

berforce, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lord Houghton, Mr. Venables, Mr. E. Ellice, &c., &c., were a great refreshment to him. He writes to his mother from —

INVERARAY CASTLE, *August* 21. — "The loveliest spot I ever saw — large lawns and enormous timber on the shores of a salt-water loch, with moor and mountain before and behind. We had the grandest drive yesterday through Glencroe, from Loch Lomond at Tarbet to Inveraray round the head of Loch Fyne. . . . If you examine the picture enclosed, carefully, on the extreme top of the extreme left, you behold the hill of Dunnaquoich, or the drinking-cup, which has a watch-tower on his top, for speculation after the thieves of those parts, and is about 500 feet high, with enormous pine and beech to his top, and views angelical. Beneath it you see the Castle of the Maccallum More. Between the hill and the castle, you would perceive, if it were visible, the river Aray, which contains now far more salmon than water; wherefore not being able to catch them fairly, we gaff them in narrow places. Beyond Dunnaquoich runs up Glen Shiray, which contains the Dhu Loch, which again contains salmon, salmon trout, brown trout, salmo-ferox, sythe, lythe, herrings, sticklebacks, flounders, grayling (on my honor I ain't lying), and all other known and unknown fresh and salt-water fish, jumbled together in thousands. Such a piece of fishing I never saw in my life. . . ."

The visit to Inveraray was one of the bright memories and green spots of his life, combining as it did not only beautiful scenery, but intellectual, scientific, and spiritual communings with his host and hostess on the highest, holiest themes. Such holidays were few and far between

in his life of labor, and when they came he could give himself up to them, "thanks," as he would say,

"to my blessed habit of intensity, which has been my greatest help in life. I go at what I am about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being. That 's the secret of all hard-working men; but most of them can't carry it into their amusements. Luckily for me, I can stop from all work, at short notice, and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation for a spell."

He returned to Cambridge for his autumn course of lectures, and for the meeting of the British Association — the first he had ever attended. The zoölogical and geological sections were those which naturally attracted him; and the acquaintances he now made, the distinguished men he met, made this an era in his life, and gave a fresh impetus to his scientific studies. He was present at the famous tournament between Professor Owen and Professor Huxley on the Hippocampus question, which led to his writing the following little squib for circulation among his friends.

SPEECH OF LORD DUNDREARY IN SECTION D. ON FRIDAY LAST, ON THE GREAT HIPPOCAMPUS QUESTION.

CAMBRIDGE: *October*, 1862. — "Mr. President and Gentlemen, I mean Ladies and Mr. President, I am sure that all ladies and gentlemen will see the matter just as I do; and I am sure we 're all very much obliged to these scientific gentlemen for quarrelling — no — I don't mean that, that would n't be charitable, and it 's a sin to steal a pin: but I mean for letting us hear them quarrel,

and so eloquently, too; though, of course, we don't understand what is the matter, and which is in the right; but of course we were very much delighted, and, I may say, quite interested, to find that we had all hippopotamuses in our brains. Of course they 're right, you know, because seeing 's believing.

"Certainly, I never felt one in mine; but perhaps it 's dead, and so did n't stir, and then of course, it don't count, you know. A dead dog is as good as a live lion. Stop — no. A live lion is as good as a dead dog — no, that won't do again. There 's a mistake somewhere. What was I saying? Oh, hippopotamuses. Well, I say, perhaps mine 's dead. They say hippopotamuses feed on water. No, I don't think that, because teetotallers feed on water, and they are always lean; and the hippo 's fat, at least in the Zoo. Live in water, it must be; and there 's none in my brain. There was when I was a baby, my aunt says; but they tapped me; so I suppose the hippopotamus died of drought. No — stop. It was n't a hippopotamus after all, it was hip — hip — not hip, hip, hurrah, you know, that comes after dinner, and the section has n't dined, at least since last night, and the Cambridge wine is very good, I will say that. No. I recollect now. Hippocampus it was. Hippocampus, a sea-horse: I learnt that at Eton; hippos, sea, and campus, a horse — no — campus a sea, and hippos, a horse, that 's right. Only campus ain't a sea, it 's a field, I know that; Campus Martius — I was swished for that at Eton — ought to be again, I believe, if every dog had his day. But at least it 's a sea-horse, I know that, because I saw one alive at Malta with the regiment, and it rang a bell. No; it was a canary that rang a bell; but this had a tail like a monkey, and made a noise like a bell. I dare say you won't believe me; but 'pon honor I 'm speaking truth — *noblesse oblige*, you know; and it had n't been taught at all, and perhaps if it had

it would n't have learnt: but it did, and it was in a monkey's tail. No, stop, it must have been in its head, because it was in its brain; and every one has brains in his head, unless he 's a skeleton; and it curled its tail round things like a monkey, that I know, for I saw it with my own eyes. That was Professor Rolleston's theory, you know. It was Professor Huxley said it was in his tail — not Mr. Huxley's, of course, but the ape's: only apes have no tails, so I don't quite see that. And then the other gentleman who got up last, Mr. Flower, you know, he said that it was all over the ape, everywhere. All over hippocampuses, from head to foot, poor beast, like a dog all over ticks! I wonder why they don't rub bluestone into the back of its neck, as one does to a pointer. Well, then. Where was I? Oh! and Professor Owen said it was n't in apes at all: but only in the order Bimana, that 's you and me. Well, he knows best. And they all know best, too, for they are monstrous clever fellows. So one must be right, and all the rest wrong, or else one of them wrong, and all the rest right — you see that? I wonder why they don't toss up about it. If they took a half-crown now, or a shilling, or even a four-penny piece would do, if they magnified it, and tost heads and tails, or Newmarket, if they wanted to be quite sure, why, then there could n't be any dispute among gentlemen after that, of course. Well, then, about men being apes, I say, why should n't it be the other way, and the apes be men? do you see? Because then they might have as many hippocampuses in their brains as they liked, or hippopotamuses either, indeed. I should be glad indeed if it was so, if it was only for my aunt's sake; for she says that her clergyman says, that if anybody ever finds a hippopotamus in a monkey's head, nothing will save her great, great, great — I can't say how great, you see — it 's awful to think of — quite enormous grandfather from having been

a monkey too; and then what is to become of her precious soul? So, for my aunt's sake, I should be very glad if it could be settled that way, really; and I am sure the scientific gentlemen will take it into consideration, because they are gentlemen, as every one knows, and would not hurt a lady's feelings. The man who would strike a woman, you know — everybody knows that, it 's in Shakespeare. And besides, the niggers say that monkeys are men, only they won't work for fear of being made to talk; no, won't talk for fear of being made to work; that 's it (right for once, as I live !) and put their hands over their eyes at night for fear of seeing the old gentleman — and I 'm sure that 's just like a reasonable creature; I used to when I was a little boy; and you see the niggers have lived among them for thousands of years, and are monstrous like them, too, d' ye see, and so they must know best; and then it would be all right.

"Well, then, about a gulf. Professor Huxley says there 's a gulf between a man and an ape. I 'm sure I 'm glad of it, especially if the ape bit; and Professor Owen says there ain't. What? am I wrong, eh? Of course. Yes — beg a thousand pardons, really now. Of course — Professor Owen says there is, and Professor Huxley says there ain't. Well, a fellow can't recollect everything. But I say, if there 's a gulf, the ape might get over it and bite one, after all. I know Quintus Curtius jumped over a gulf at Eton — that is, certainly, he jumped in: but that was his fault, you see: if he 'd put in more powder he might have cleared it, and then there would have been no gulf between him and an ape. But that don't matter so much, because Professor Huxley said the gulf was bridged over by a structure. Now I am sure I don't wish to be personal, especially after the very handsome way in which Professor Huxley has drunk all our healths. Stop — no. It 's we that ought to drink his health, I 'm sure, Highland honors and all; but at

the same time I should have been obliged to him if he 'd told us a little more about this structure, especially considering what nasty mischievous things apes are. Tore one of my coat tails off at the Zoölogical the other day. He ought — no, I don't say that, because it would seem like dictation, I don't like that; never could do it at school — wrote it down all wrong — got swished — hate dictation: — but I might humbly express that Professor Huxley might have told us a little, you see, about that structure. Was it wood? Was it iron? Was it silver and gold, like London Bridge when Lady Lee danced over it, before it was washed away by a man with a pipe in his mouth? No, stop, I say — That can't be. A man with a pipe in his mouth wash away a bridge? Why, a fellow can't work hard with a pipe in his mouth — everybody knows that — much less wash away a whole bridge. No, it 's quite absurd — quite. Only I say, I should like to know something about this structure, if it was only to quiet my aunt. And then, if Professor Huxley can see the structure, why can't Professor Owen? It can't be invisible, you know, unless it was painted invisible green, like Ben Hall's new bridge at Chelsea: only you can see that of course, for you have to pay now when you go over, so I suppose the green ain't the right color. But that 's another reason why I want them to toss up — toss up, you see, whether they saw it or not, or which of them should see it, or something of that kind, I 'm sure that 's the only way to settle; and — oh, by the by, as I said before — only I did n't, but I ought to have — if either of the gentlemen have n't half a crown about them, why, a two-shilling piece might do; though I never carry them myself, for fear of giving one to a keeper; and then he sets you down for a screw, you know. Because, you see, I see, I don't quite see, and no offence to honorable members — learned and eloquent gentlemen,

I mean; and though I don't wish to dictate, I don't quite think ladies and gentlemen quite see either. You see that?"

(The noble lord, who had expressed so accurately the general sense of the meeting, sat down amid loud applause.)

TO PROFESSOR ROLLESTON.

CAMBRIDGE: *October* 12, 1862. — "Many thanks for the paper. It is most satisfactory, and I am glad to see that you incline to my belief, which I hardly dare state in these days, even to those who call themselves spiritual, viz., that the soul of each living being down to the lowest, secretes the body thereof, as a snail secretes its shell, and that the body is nothing more than the expression, in terms of matter, of the stage of development to which the being has arrived. If that is n't awful doctrine, what is? and yet it is in my mind strictly philosophical and strictly orthodox; but I am not going to tell any one what I have just told you. I wish you would *envisager* that gorilla brain for once in a way, and the baboon brain also under the fancy of their being *degraded* forms.

"I shall torment you and your compeers with my degradation theory, till you give me a plain Yes or No from facts."

His professorial lectures were on the History of America, suggested by the Civil War then raging. The following recollections are by one of his class:

"I remember the concluding words of the Lectures on America. 'And now, gentlemen, I have done. And if I can have convinced you that well-doing and

ill-doing are rewarded and punished in this world, as well as in the world to come, I shall have done you more good than if I had crammed your minds with many dates and facts from Modern History;' and then out broke the wild cheers that told him, and tell him now, if memory is not destroyed, how we loved him. I think he almost sobbed as he sat down amidst the storm; and men on the outskirts of the room handed in their cards by those who were nearer to his rostrum; and we went away feeling that something in our lives was over, and a leaf closed down for ever. It was a feature of his lectures that he had no 'Gyp' at the door to collect cards. He took them all himself. And it was quite a scene to watch the men crowding up at the end of the lecture, and to see him taking cards with both hands."

"How well, too, I remember," again writes the same, "how one dull February afternoon, at Baits-bite Lock, willows bare — river swollen — time, about four o'clock — the light failing — a few enthusiastic undergraduates in pea-jackets and comforters, waiting at the lock for the return of the university boat. The boat has been for a long 'training grind' down to Ely — we are waiting for its return. The ordinary crowd of eight oars are all gone back to Cambridge, and the river is quiet; but his favorite 'north-easter' is just bending the golden reed buds and 'crisping the lazy dyke' — hands are deep in coat pockets, and divers pipes are in requisition, and men keep making short expeditions to the bend of the reach below to see if 'she' is not coming. She is very late. Through the deepening twilight come two figures more; one tall, felt-hatted, great-coatless, with a white comforter, slinging along at a great pace. He is among us before we are well aware of it. In the pipes go into the pockets, and the caps are lifted. He passes down a little below us, and returns smoking a cigar, and goes a little above us and waits. Then the sound of

the thrashing oars — up comes the boat — out tumble the men, and she is taken through the lock — they get in. 'Eyes on the stroke!' 'Ready all!' 'Row on all!' and on she goes in the gloom. As she passes him he throws his cigar into the river, and begins to run too. I shall never forget it. The crew are tired and row badly, as they did at Putney afterwards. He ran with us to Grassy Corner. I remember the boat stopped there for an 'Easy all,' and his short comment, 'I 'm afraid that won't do, gentlemen.' And it did n't do. . . .

"We all *loved* him; we would have *carried* him back to Cambridge with delight. The boat went on again, and away we ran and left him to his walk. But in many a hall that evening the story was told how he had been running with the boat. . . ."

The cotton famine in the North, which occurred now, roused his indignation, and led to a very heavy correspondence, and to a characteristic letter to the editor of the "Times," for which he was fiercely attacked by manufacturers and the North Country press:

"The thanks of all Wessex men are due to you, for your article of Friday, contrasting the poor rates of Wessex with those of Lancashire. . . .

"The world will now know, that though there has been a great deal of foul linen in Wessex, yet we washed it at home. Whatever our Dorsetshire squires did, they never asked Queen Victoria to open her private purse in order to take their cottagers' blankets out of the pawn-shop. Whatever the Andover guardians did, they never informed England that Andover would do her duty in time; but that till they considered that the time was come, England must do their duty for them.

It pleased us in Wessex to keep our land ill-cultivated and our laborers depressed; but we paid for our hobby ourselves; and sunk in it, as you say, no less than eight millions in the last seventeen years. And now we are asked in addition to our own poor rates to contribute to the poor's rates of Lancashire — for all gifts and subscription of ours will be nothing else than contributions to poor's rates. We shall do it, but 'grudgingly and of necessity,' I am sorry to say, and in anything but the spirit of a 'cheerful giver,' as far as the rate-payers are concerned. How can it be otherwise?

"I know a clergyman who has a living (actual gross, not ratable value) of the huge sum of £600 a year. Out of that he has been paying, for the last twenty years, more than £100 in poor's rates. That is, he has sunk in the relief of the poor more than £2000, besides his subscriptions and private charities. His parishioners have, of course, been paying poor's rates at nearly the same ratio of three shillings and fourpence in the pound. 'And now,' he says, 'I am asked to contribute, and to persuade my parishioners to contribute, to the aid of a county which it appears has been paying poor's rates at less than half that ratio, and which now, if it chose to tax itself by one such a "one and threepenny rate" as we have had often three times in a year, might furnish for its poor £40,000 a week for the next three months. I am asked, too, to contribute clothes and bedding to a district where every pawn-broker's shop is already teeming with clothes and bedding, pawned of course at far less than their real value, and therefore all the more easily redeemable, and thereby to enable the Lancashire pawnbrokers to make their fortunes out of the glut. I shall do it, of course, but under false pretences. I dare not tell my honest farmers the facts of the case. I should rouse their indignation. I should button up their pockets. I should make them say, "Let their poor's

rates be judge between them and us. Meanwhile, they may take care of their poor, and we shall take care of ours.' "

"And, meanwhile, let those who see school children[1] robbed of their little savings, and delicate ladies starving themselves into illness, to save here a shilling and there a shilling for the Lancashire folk, and know that in the chain of cause and effect, the actual fate of that hard-wrung shilling will be, to enable some rich man of Lancashire to escape the giving up some tawdry luxury: let them, I beg, exercise the Englishman's right, to give: but while he gives, to grumble, and to remember, that these very Lancashire men have directly helped to cause the present distress and the present war, by their determination to use exclusively slave-grown cotton; developing thereby, alike slavery itself, and the political power of the slave-owners."

To a highly respected mill-owner he writes:

To ——— ———, Esq., of Manchester. — ". . . That I am cross with the Lancashire men I don't deny, and my reason is, that their leaders concealed carefully the broad fact, that the present distress came not merely from the American war, but from the over production of the last few years, and must have happened, more or less, in any case. As to the parsons, I am sure that with all the ignorance and fanaticism of some of them — on which I am as hard as any man — there is no body of men in England who work so hard for others, from the mere knowledge that it is their duty, and no body of men who give half or a quarter as much in charity and other good works, in proportion to their incomes. Sir, the amount of good done, or tried to be done, by hun-

[1] The school children of Eversley and many of the poor brought their money weekly to the Rectory for the sufferers in the North.

dreds, ay, thousands of parsons, who have to keep up the appearance of gentlemen on the income of a skilled iron workman at Preston or Sheffield, will never be known till the last day.

"I say it with some fear, lest I should be misunderstood. When any gentleman boasts to me that the earnings of his workpeople average 16*s.* a week, man, woman, and child, I am inclined to answer, so much the worse for them. It is a very great question whether such high wages are a benefit, without a corresponding high education. You must know well (for I do) that most of them do not know what to do with their money, and waste it on drink, on rich food, on finery, &c. God knows, I do not grudge it them; but the waste, and the temptation to coarse self-indulgence, is extreme. And I was quite shocked, knowing how great the earnings had been during the last few years, to find only £270,000 in the Lancashire savings banks. I know the sum struck me as one-fourth what it should have been. Another great evil of your system (if you will excuse me) is, that the children earn wages too nearly equal to those of their parents. Hence the family is broken up, the children are independent too early, boys and girls go off and live in lodgings of their own, and so a great deal of fearful profligacy is engendered; that fact I have from the mouths of masters. Another great evil, by the masters' own account, is that mill-labor effeminates the men, and renders them unfit for any other sort of labor. How far this is true, I know not. But I conceive it to be, if true, a very great evil. That large bodies of men should be employed in exclusively performing day after day the same minute mechanical operation, till their whole intellect is concentrated on it, and their fingers kept delicate for the purpose, is to me shocking. I would gladly see such men emigrate, even though they fared badly at first, because the life of a colonist would,

by calling out the whole man, raise them in body and mind enormously.

"Now I say all this without blaming the masters at all. It is merely a result of inevitable circumstance. But when I am told that the Lancashire system is perfect, and ought to be permanent and helped towards permanence by the alms of a whole nation, I answer: It is not perfect at all. It is fortuitous, barbaric, exceptional, transitional. We thank the masters for it, because it has called a great population into existence, who otherwise would not have been born. It has created great wealth. It has civilized, somewhat at least, tens of thousands who would have been languishing in Irish bogs or English workhouses; but, like all things of rapid growth, it is hollow and insecure, and here is its fall. It has collapsed at the first real shock; and what wise men must do, is to help out of it as soon as possible as many workmen as are sufficiently civilized to emigrate to a manlier and healthier sphere of life, and to supply their places, if fresh hands be needed, by less civilized beings, who may be raised and trained in the transitional school of Lancashire work. But I am justly indignant, when I find Mr. * * * *, and the organs of the Manchester school, holding up this Lancashire system (which is no system at all) as the model of human society — taking their stand on it to insult all that four-fifths of England holds dear, — the monarchy, the government, the church, the army, the navy, the landlords, the sturdy agricultural peasant; and after doing more than all the demagogues to set class against class, accusing me of setting class against class, 'under well-known Satanic influences' (the actual words of the 'Morning Star'), because I interfere to see common justice done to the British public and to the Lancashire workman. . . .

"Years since, when I was the only free-trade parson for miles round, I fought a similar battle against land-

lords and farmers. I have found that by so doing I did not lose their respect. Angry as they were at the time with me, their English justice and common sense confessed me slowly to be in the right; and no one is better friends with squire and farmer now, than I who was looked on as a firebrand once."

CHAPTER XX

1863

AGED 44

FELLOW OF THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY — GEOLOGY OF PALESTINE AND THE BIBLE — WORK AT CAMBRIDGE — WELLINGTON COLLEGE MUSEUM — LECTURE AT WELLINGTON — LETTER FROM DR. BENSON — WONDERS OF SCIENCE — MAN AND THE APE — MOCKING BUTTERFLIES — A CHAIR OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES — TRIADS IN ROCKS — PRINCE OF WALES'S WEDDING — D. C. L. DEGREE AT OXFORD — BISHOP COLENSO — SERMONS IN THE PENTATEUCH

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his toil and pains.
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.
——— For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain.
What wouldst thou have the good great man obtain?
Place, titles, recompense? a golden chain,
Or throne of corses that his sword hath slain?
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, Love and Light,
And Calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel — Death.

COLERIDGE.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY was this year made a Fellow of the Geological Society — he was proposed by Sir Charles Bunbury, and seconded by Sir Charles Lyell. "To belong to the Geological Society," he writes to the former, "has long been an ambition of mine, but I feel

how little I know, and how unworthy I am to mix with the really great men who belong to it. So strongly do I feel this, that if you told me plainly that I had no right to expect such an honor, I should placidly acquiesce in what I already feel to be true." The distinction of F.G.S. came as a counterbalance to his rejection at Oxford for that of a D.C.L. degree, which his friends there had proposed to confer on him. From boyhood geology had been his favorite study; but since he entered the Church it had assumed a deeper importance from the light he believed it must throw on Bible history; and long before any scientific exploration of Palestine was planned, we find him urging it on travellers. The following fragment of a letter, written early in 1853 to Dean Stanley, will show his speculations on the subject:

". . . While you are on your way to the Holy Land, I wish to point out to you the great help you might give to our understanding the prophets, especially Micah and Isaiah, by trying to make out whether there are volcanic features in the country to the southwest of Jerusalem. I need not point out to you the distinct allusion to volcanic phenomena of every kind, with which these two writers connect the drought of Ahaz's time, the great misery of the landholders of Judea, and the final destruction of Sennacherib's army, as well as the desolation of Edom and Moab which occurred about the same time. I have been trying for a long time to arrange them, and also to connect them with the remarkable (though well-known in similar cases) re-appearance of the springs throughout a large part of the country, of which Isaiah speaks (cap. xxx. 25, and also xxxv.). But the travel-

lers, except to the volcano district of Sinai, have been such bad geognosts, that I cannot get enough from them. And, moreover, scientific travellers think themselves bound to ignore the Bible, and 'pious' ones to ignore science. So science suffers from neglecting the history which is ready made for them, and the Bible suffers, being considered to be a mere tale of portents and 'miracles,' even by the pious. Now I want some one like you, to look at these points: (1) The recent volcanic marks in Edom. Isaiah, cap. xxxiv., connects the eruption there with the great events of Hezekiah's time. But no one has worked the country well to the east of the Dead Sea. And no one *will* tell me whether there are marks (as I expect) of recent upheaval, which have caused the disappearance of water in Edom. Oh, for some one to look for *raised* beaches half-way up the cliffs on the east side, and to examine the famous sand-cliff between El-Ghor and the Dead Sea, and tell us whether it bears marks, as I expect, of recent upheaval.

"(2) The liability of Jerusalem to earthquakes. They evidently very seldom shook the city itself; but they did not always spare it. Josephus, Antiq. ix. 10, in fine, connects the Rabbinical legend of Uzziah's attempt to offer sacrifice, with an earthquake which broke the temple roof and hurled a large rock close to the city into the king's garden. See also the passage of Jeremiah, which has now got into Zechariah xiv., 4, 5, whereon Whiston with exquisite *naïveté*, makes the pardonable remark, that "*there seems to have been some considerable resemblance between these historical and prophetical earthquakes.*" The same earthquake seems to me (if you believe, as I think we ought, that Isaiah's lyrics are chronologically arranged) to be spoken of very clearly in Isaiah ii.

"His most important chapter, xxix., speaks of the eruption during Sennacherib's invasion as visiting Jeru-

salem with earthquake and flame, and also with tempest; that latter puzzles me as being a crater-volcano-phenomenon, while I can find as yet no craters or lava streams nearer than the country round Tiberias to the north, and Sinai to the south. The flame is a common phenomenon as issuing from earthquake cracks — it did so in Bashan during the great earthquake of 1837. That earthquake, like those of 1759 and 1202, did not affect Jerusalem; the centre of detonation being the volcanic district of Tiberias. And Isaiah in cap. xxvi. 1, and in other places, intimates that Jerusalem, though shaken, would escape.

"But Jerusalem is surrounded by volcanic phenomena. Russegger says that the mountains between Jerusalem and Jordan are full of earthquake-faults. We know of the hot springs of that neighborhood, of the mineral and evidently volcanic fountain of Siloam, and of the periodically 'troubled' pool of Bethesda. Will you, *en passant*, be so good as to see to that ebbing and flowing of the pool of Siloam, which some one wants to make out the consequence of the Arabs damming back the water? It, like the troubling of the lost Bethesda, probably like it, a strong mineral spring, is among the commonest of volcanic-spring phenomena.

"(3) But my great object of anxiety is, to examine the volcanic traces to the southwest of Jerusalem. Micah, the Morasthite, who lived some twenty-five miles to the south-west, down the valley of Eschol, speaks, cap. i., as if he had seen lava streams with his own eyes. Pray look about there for black trap-dykes, pumice, and crater cones. You are likelier to find craters in the sides and spurs, than on the tops of those limestone hills; often they will stand right out in elevated plains, of which the soil, which you should observe at cuttings and deep lanes, will be full of pumice and slag, and often of little bits of half-burnt rock; if limestone burnt white and crumbly, if silicious, black or red, and hard.

Also little nodules containing crystals of olivine, augite, &c. Also all the way from there to Bethlehem, look for cracks in the earth and in the rocks, and faults and shifts in the strata. Distortions don't count, they are ante-human by whole æons. Also look for big boulders fallen into the valleys, and for any appearance of black trachyte, &c., cropping out, or running down into the valleys. A lava stream will look, atop, like a long dyke of loose stones, more or less over-grown with vegetation. I speak from pretty good experience, having worked a large extinct volcano-district last summer. Basalt of course you will recognize; but it will be recent only if low in valleys, and damming up watercourses.

"Next, please look carefully at the traditionary scene of Sennacherib's slaughter, the valley on the Bethlehem road. . . . It is a shame to ask you to burden yourself with geological specimens, but they might be of immense use in this matter."

He was obliged this year to part with his Cambridge house, for he found the salary of his Professorship did not admit of his keeping up two homes; and henceforth to go up twice a year only, for the time required for his lectures and the examination for degrees. He deeply regretted this necessity, as it prevented his knowing the members of his class personally. From the first he did all he could to bridge over the gulf which in his own day had been a very wide one between dons and students; and during the early years of his residence many charming evenings were spent in easy intercourse between the Professor and his pupils when they came to his house, where he could meet them on equal terms. His influence showed itself by the fact of members of his class writing to consult him after they left

Cambridge on their studies, their professions, and their religious difficulties, proving their perfect confidence in his sympathy.

"Speaking," says one, "from the experience of these three years, there is no comparison between our status of thought now and that of 1860 — chiefly, if not entirely, due to you. We are learning, I trust, to look very differently at our relation to our fellow-men, at those social duties which seldom appear important to young men in our position until we come across a mind like yours to guide us. We are learning above all, I think, to esteem more highly this human nature we have, seeing, as you show us in your books and words, how it has been consecrated and raised by union with the God-made Man. . . . I could not leave Cambridge without testifying to you how much your silent as well as expressed influence is felt among us."

"Excuse a perfect stranger," writes an undergraduate of Jesus College, "but in no other quarter could I hope for a solution of my doubts. . . . I seem to have grasped a truth which came out in every one of your lectures here, that the Governor of the world is a Righteous Governor, and that even our contentions are working out His peace. . . . I make no apology, for I believe your sympathy will be enlisted for me, tossed about as I thus am. . . ."

Wellington College, which was only four miles from Eversley, was a continual interest to him, not only because his eldest son was there, and from his warm friendship with its head-master, afterwards Bishop of Truro and Archbishop of Canterbury; but he loved it for the sake of the Prince Consort, under whose fostering care it had risen into importance.

"In the readiest and yet most modest way," said Dr. Benson, "he helped us wonderfully. His presence looking on helped our games into shape when we began with fifty raw little boys, our football exploits, twelve years after, were as dear to him as to his son, and 'The Kingsley' steeple-chase was the event of the year. But in far higher ways he helped us. He wrote an admirable paper for us, which was widely circulated, on School Museums; he prevailed on the Royal College of Surgeons, on Lady Franklin, and other friends, to present the boys with many exquisite specimens, and started all our collections. His lectures on natural history, and two on geology, were some of the most brilliant things I ever heard. Facts and theories, and speculations, and imaginations of what had been and might be, simply riveted the attention of 200 or 300 boys for an hour and a half or two hours, and many good proverbs of life sparkled among these. Their great effect was that they roused so much interest. At the same time his classification of facts such as the radiation of plants (Heather for instance) from geographical centres, gave substantial grounds for the work which he encouraged. 'Let us make a beginning by knowing one little thing well, and getting roused as to what else is to be known.' Nothing was more delightful too, to our boys, than the way in which he would come and make a little speech at the end of other occasional winter lectures, above all, when, at the close of a lecture of Mr. Barnes's, he harangued us in pure Dorset dialect, to the surprise and delight of the Dorsetshire poet."

One of these lectures has happily been preserved.

June 25, 1863. — "YOUNG GENTLEMEN, — Your headmaster, Dr. Benson, has done me the honor of asking me to say a little to you to-night about the Museum which is in

contemplation, connected with this College, and how far you yourselves can help it. I do so gladly. Anything which brings me in contact with the boys of Wellington College, much more of helping forward their improvement in the slightest degree, I shall always look upon as a very great pleasure and a very serious duty. Let me tell you, then, what I think you may do for the Museum, and how you may improve yourselves by doing it, without interfering with your regular work. Of course, that must never be interfered with. You are sent here to work. All of you here, I suppose, depend for your success in life on your own exertions. None of you are born (luckily for you) with a silver spoon in your mouths, to eat flapdoodle at other people's expense, and live in luxury and idleness. Work you must, and I don't doubt that work you will, and let nothing interfere with your work.

"The first thing for a boy to learn, after obedience and morality, is a habit of observation — a habit of using his eyes. It matters little what you use them on, provided you do use them. They say knowledge is power, and so it is. But only the knowledge which you get by observation. Many a man is very learned in books, and has read for years and years, and yet he is useless. He knows *about* all sorts of things, but he can't *do* them. When you set him to do work, he makes a mess of it. He is what is called a pedant: because he has not used his eyes and ears. He has lived in books. He knows nothing of the world about him, or of men and their ways, and therefore he is left behind in the race of life by many a shrewd fellow who is not half as book-learned as he: but who is a shrewd fellow — who keeps his eyes open — who is always picking up new facts, and turning them to some particular use.

"Now, I don't mean to undervalue book-learning. No man less. All ought to have some of it, and the time

which you spend here on it is not a whit too long; but the great use of a public-school education to you, is, not so much to teach you things as to teach you how to *learn* — to give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after-life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind. And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best, I presume. You know, as well as I, how one fellow will sit staring at his book for an hour without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour, and why? Because one has actually not *seen* the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other fellow has simply, as we say, 'looked sharp.' He has looked at the lesson with his whole mind, seen it, and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it. Therefore, I say, that everything which helps a boy's powers of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about you, and especially of natural history. To be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come on anything new — which is observation. To be quick at seeing when things are like, and when unlike — which is classification. All that must, and I well know does, help to make a boy shrewd, earnest, accurate, ready for whatever may happen.

"When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book called 'Evenings at Home,' in which was a great story called Eyes and No Eyes, and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read. . . .

"And when I read that story, I said to myself, I *will* be Mr. Eyes; I will *not* be Mr. No Eyes, and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and Mr. Eyes I advise you, every one of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful.

"Ah, my dear boys, if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which too many young men lead when their day's work is done, and done spiritlessly, and therefore done ill, having nothing to fall back on but the theatre, or billiards, or the gossip at their club, or if they be out in a hot country, everlasting pale ale; and continually tempted to sin, and shame, and ruin, by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves, and helping themselves forward in life; then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, no matter what you observe, and of having at least some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours. The study of natural history, of antiquities, of geography, of chemistry, any study which will occupy your minds, may be the means, whether out on some foreign station, or home here, at work in London, of keeping you out of temptation and misery, of which, thank God, you as yet know nothing.

"I am happy to hear that there are many of you who don't need this advice, some who are working well at chemistry, some who have already begun to use your eyes, and to make collections of plants, insects, and birds' eggs. That is good as far as it goes. As for bird-nesting, I think it a manly and excellent pursuit;[1] no one has worked harder at it than I, when I was young, or should like better to go bird-nesting now, if I was not getting rather too stiff and heavy to bark up to a hawk's nest. But see. Because every boy collects for himself,

[1] He never allowed his own boys to take more than one, or at most two eggs out of a nest where there were several, lest the mother bird should miss them, and forsake her nest.

there is a great deal of unnecessary destruction of eggs, especially of the small soft-billed birds, which are easiest got, and are the very ones which ought to be spared, on account of their great usefulness to the farmer in destroying insects; and next — Pray, where will nine-tenths of those eggs be seen a few days hence? smashed, and in the dust-hole. And so of the insects and plants. Now, if fellows were collecting for a College Museum, instead of every one for himself, it would save a great deal of waste, and save the things themselves likewise. As for a fellow liking to say, 'I have got this, and I will keep it to myself, I like to have a better collection than any one else,' that is natural enough; but like a great many natural things, rather a *low* feeling, if you will excuse my saying so. Which is better, to keep a thing to yourselves, locked up in your own drawers, or to put into the common stock, for the pleasure of every one? and which is really more honor to you to be able to say to two or three of your friends, 'I have got an egg which you have not,' or to have the egg, or whatever else it may be, in a public collection, to be seen by every one, by boys, years hence, after you are grown up. . . .

". . . There are many of you who have relations abroad, or in other countries, that you will be able to obtain from them rare and curious objects which you could not collect yourselves, and I advise you to turn sturdy beggars, and get hold (by all fair means) of anything and everything worth putting in the Museum. . . . I myself am ready to give as many curious things as I can, out of my own collections. . . . And I believe you will be helped by many real men of science, who will send the Museum such things as are wanted to start it well. To start it well with 'Typical Forms,' by which you can arrange and classify what you find. They will as it were stake out the ground for you, and you must fill up the gaps, and I don't doubt you will do it, and well. I am

sure you can, if you will see now here is an opportunity of making a beginning — during the next vacation. . . . What can you do better? I am sure your holidays would be much happier for it. I don't think boys' holidays are in general so very happy. Mine used to be: but why? Because the moment I got home, I went on with the same work in which I employed every half-holiday: natural history and geology. But many boys seem to me in the holidays very much like Jack when he is paid off at Portsmouth. He is suddenly free from the discipline of ship-board. He has plenty of money in his pocket, and he sets to, to have a lark, and makes a fool of himself till his money is spent; and then he is very poor, and sick, and seedy, and cross, and disgusted with himself, and longs to get a fresh ship and go to work again — as a great many fellows, I suspect, long for the holidays to be over. They suddenly change the regular discipline of work for complete idleness, and after the first burst is over, they get very often tired, and stupid, and cross, because they have nothing to do, except eating fruit and tormenting their sisters. How much better for them to have something to do like this. Something which will not tire their minds, because it is quite different from their school work, and therefore a true *amusement*, which lets them cut the muses for a while; and something, too, which they can take a pride in, because it is done of their own free will, and they can look forward to putting their gains in the Museum when they come back, and saying, 'This is my holiday work, this is what I have won for the College since I have been away.' . . . Take this hint for your holidays, and take it too for after life. For I am sure if you get up an interest for this Museum here, you will not lose it when you go away. Many of you will go abroad . . . and you will use the opportunities you will then have to enrich the Museum of the College, and be its benefac-

tors each according to your powers throughout your lives.

"But there is one interest, young gentlemen, which I have more at heart even than the interest of Wellington College, much as I love it, for its own sake and for the sake of that great Prince beneath whose fostering shadow it grew up, and to whom this College, like myself, owes more than we shall either of us ever repay: yet there is an interest which I have still more at heart, and that is the interest of Science herself. Ah, that I could make you understand what an interest that is. The interest of the health, the wealth, the wisdom of generations yet unborn. Ah, that I could make you understand what a noble thing it is to be men of ience; rich with a sound learning which man can neither give nor take away; useful to thousands whom you have never seen, but who may be blessing your name hundreds of years after you are mouldering in the grave, the equals and the companions of the noblest and the most powerful — taking a rank higher than even Queen Victoria herself can give, by right of that knowledge which is power.

"But I must not expect you to see that yet. All I can do is to hope that my fancy may be fulfilled hereafter, that this Museum may be the starting-point of a school of scientific men, few it may be in number, but strong, because bound together by common affection for their College, and their Museum, and each other. Scattered perhaps over the world, but communicating their discoveries to each other without jealousy or dispute, and sending home their prizes to enrich the stores of their old Museum, and to teach the generations of lads who will be learning here, while they are grown men, doing the work of men over the world.

"Ah, that it might so happen. Ah, that even *one* great man of science might be bred up in these halls, one man who should discover a great truth, or do a

great deed for the benefit of his fellow-men. . . . If this College could produce but one master of natural knowledge, like Murchison or Lyell, Owen or Huxley, Faraday or Grove, or even one great discoverer, like Ross, or Sturt, or Speke, who has just solved the mystery of ages, the mystery after which Lucan makes Julius Cæsar long, as the highest summit of his ambition: to leave others to conquer nations, while he himself sought for the hidden sources of the Nile. Or, if it ever should produce one man able and learned enough to do such a deed as that of my friend Clements Markham, who penetrated, in the face of danger and death, the trackless forests of the Andes, to bring home thence the plants of Peruvian bark, which transplanted into Hindostan, will save the lives of tens of thousands — English and Hindoos — then, young gentlemen, all the trouble, all the care, which shall have been spent on this Museum — I had almost said, upon this whole College, will have been well repaid."

Dr. Benson's testimony to his friend must not be passed over:

"As I write," he says, "I feel that what I owe him is more than most — many a maxim, 'fresh from life,' many a flash of bright thought are among my possessions for ever — *his* gift. It was a great thing to see his noble words lit up with his noble life, and to see how, great as his gifts were, they were most fully at the service of his humblest parishioners. . . . There was a bold sketch of him in the 'Spectator' in his squire-like aspect, and I think it was true. But I know that an equally true sketch might be made of him as a parish priest who would have delighted George Herbert. The gentle, warm frankness with which he talked on a summer Sunday among the grassy and flowery graves. The happy peace in which he walked, chatting, over to

Bramshill chapel-school, and, after reading the evening service, preached in his surplice with a chair-back for his pulpit, on the deeps of the Athanasian Creed; and, after thanking God for words that brought such truths so near, bade the villagers mark that the very Creed which laid such stress on faith, told them that 'they who *did* good would go into everlasting life.'—His striding across the ploughed field to ask a young ploughman in the distance why he had not been at church on Sunday, and ending his talk with, 'Now, you know, John, your wife don't want you lounging in bed half a Sunday morning. You get up and come to church, and let her get your Sunday dinner and make the house tidy, and then you mind your child in the afternoon while *she* comes to church.' These, and many other scenes, are brightly before me. The sternness and the gentleness which he alternated so easily with foolish people—the great respectfulness of his tone to old folks. His never remitted visits to sick and helpless, his knowledge of their every malady, and every change of their hopes and fears, made the rectory and church at Eversley the centre of the life of the men as well as their children and wives. Gypsies on Hartford-bridge flats have told me they considered Eversley their parish church wherever they went; and for his own parishioners, 'every man jack of them,' as he said, was a steady churchgoer. But it was no wonder, for I never heard sermons with which more pains had been taken than those which he made for his poor people. . . . The awe and reverence of his manner of celebrating the service was striking to any one who knew only his novels. Strangers several times asked me, who saw him at service in our own school-chapel, who it was who was so rapt in manner, who bowed so low at the Gloria and the name of Jesus Christ; and so I too was surprised when he asked me, before preaching in his church, to use only the

Invocation of the Trinity; and when I observed that he celebrated the communion in the eastward position. This he loyally gave up on the Purchas judgment, 'because I mind the law,' but told me with what regret he discontinued what from his ordination he had always done, believing it the simple direction of the Prayer-book. In our many happy talks we scarcely ever agreed in our estimate of mediæval character or literature, but I learnt much from him. When even St. Bernard was not appreciated by him, it is not surprising that much of the life of those centuries was repulsive, and its religious practice 'pure Buddhism,' as he used to say. At the same time, I never shall forget how he turned over on a person who was declaiming against 'idolatry.' 'Let me tell you, sir,' (he said with that forcible stammer), 'that if you had had a chance you would have done the same, and worse. The first idols were black stones, meteoric stones. And if you 'd been a poor naked fellow, scratching up the ground with your nails, when a great lump of pyrites had suddenly half buried itself in the ground within three yards of you, with a horrid noise and smell, don't you think you 'd have gone down on your knees to it, and begged it not to do it again, and smoothed it, and oiled it, and anything else?' Greek life and feeling was dear to him in itself, and usually he was penetrated with thankfulness that it formed so large a part of education. 'From that and from the Bible, boys learn what must be learnt among the grandest moral and spiritual reproofs of what is base. Nothing so fearful as to leave curiosity unslaked to help itself.' At other times he doubted. Still, if I measure rightly, he doubted only when he was so possessed with the forest ardor, that he said, 'All politics, all discussions, all philosophies of Europe, are so infinitely little in comparison with those trees out there in the West Indies. Don't you think the brain is a

fungoid growth? O! if I could only find an artist to paint a tree as I see it!' In mentioning last this keen enjoyment of his in the earth as it is, I seem to have inverted the due order: but I see it as a solid, truthful background in his soul of all the tenderness and lovingness, and spiritual strength in which he walked about 'convinced,' as a friend once said to me of him, 'that, as a man and as a priest, he had got the devil under, and that it was his bounden duty to keep him there.'"

His time this year was divided between his parish work and the study of science, and in corresponding with scientific men. Mr. Darwin's book on the "Fertilization of Orchids" had opened a new world to him, and made all that he saw around him, if possible, even more full of divine significance than before. He was busy too with observations on Ice action connected with the Bagshot Sands' district. Every fresh fact he gained tended to strengthen his faith; and to Mr. Bates, whose wonderful travels in the Amazons, and whose discoveries of Mocking butterflies filled him with delight and admiration, he writes:

"Anyhow, it is utterly wonderful, and your explanation, though it is the simplest, is the most wonderful of all; because it looks most like an immensely long chapter of accidents, and is really, if true, a chapter of special Providences of Him without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and whose greatness, wisdom, and perpetual care I never understood as I have since I became a convert to Darwin's views. For myself, I agree with Dr. Asa Gray, in his admirable pamphlet on Darwin, that the tendency of physical science is 'not

towards the omnipotence of Matter, but to the omnipotence of Spirit.' "

"I have been reading," he writes to Mr. Darwin, "with delight and instruction your paper on climbing plants. . . . Ah, that I could begin to study nature anew, now that you have made it to me a live thing, not a dead collection of names. But my work lies elsewhere now. Your work, nevertheless, helps mine at every turn. It is better that the division of labor should be complete, and that each man should do only one thing, while he looks on, as he finds time, at what others are doing, and so gets laws from other sciences which he can apply, as I do, to my own."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE

"I am very busy working out points of Natural Theology, by the strange light of Huxley, Darwin, and Lyell. I think I shall come to something worth having before I have done. But I am not going to rush into print this seven years, for this reason: The state of the scientific mind is most curious; Darwin is conquering everywhere, and rushing in like a flood, by the mere force of truth and fact. The one or two who hold out are forced to try all sorts of subterfuges as to fact, or else by evoking the *odium theologicum*. . . . But they find that now they have got rid of an interfering God — a master-magician, as I call it — they have to choose between the absolute empire of accident, and a living, immanent, ever-working God. Grove's truly great mind has seized the latter alternative already, on the side of chemistry. Ansted is feeling for it in geology; and so is Lyell; and I, in my small way of zoölogy, am urging it on Huxley, Rolleston, and Bates, who has just discovered facts about certain butterflies in the valley of the Amazon, which have filled me, and, I trust, others, with utter

astonishment and awe. Verily, God is great, or else there is no God at all.

"* * * says somewhere, 'the ape's brain is almost exactly like the man's, and so is his throat. See, then, what enormously different results may be produced by the slightest difference in structure!' I tell him 'not a bit; you are putting the cart before the horse, like the rest of the world. If you won't believe my great new doctrine (which, by the bye, is as old as the Greeks), that souls secrete their bodies, as snails do shells, you will remain in outer darkness. . . . I know an ape's brain and throat are almost exactly like a man's — and what does that prove? That the ape is a fool and a muff, who has tools very nearly as good as a man's, and yet can't use them, while the man can do the most wonderful thing with tools very little better than an ape's. If men had had apes' bodies they would have got on very tolerably with them, because they had men's souls to work the bodies with. While an ape's soul in a man's body would be only a rather more filthy nuisance than he is now. You fancy that the axe uses the workman, I say that the workman uses the axe, and that though he can work rather better with a good tool than a bad one, the great point is, what sort of workman is he — an ape-soul or a human soul?' Whereby you may perceive that I am not going astray into materialism as yet."

"I am bringing up my children," he writes to an old friend, "as naturalists — my boy as both naturalist and sportsman; and then, whether he goes into the army or emigrates, he will have a pursuit to keep him from cards and brandy-pawnee, horse-racing, and the poor of hell. . . ."

To Rev. E. Pitcairn Campbell. — ". . . Sir Charles Bunbury and I were talking over this evening Sir Alex. Gordon Cumming's toads in a hole, and behold, your

letter anent them! Verily, great things are in these toads' insides, or so strange a coincidence would not have happened. Now, I say to you what I said to him. Toads are rum brutes. Like all batrachians, they breathe through their skins, as well as through their lungs. The instinct (as I have often proved) of the little beggars an inch long, fresh from water and tadpoledom, is to creep foolishly into the dirtiest hole they can find, in old walls, &c., where 99 out of a 100 are eaten by rats and beetles, as I hold —or else the world would have been toadied to utter disgust and horror long ago. Some of these may get down into cracks in rocks, and never get back. The holes may be silted up by mud and sand. The toad may exist and grow in that hole for Heaven knows how long, I daresay for centuries, for I don't think he would want food to grow; oxygen and water he *must* have, but a very little would do. Accordingly, all the cases of toads in a hole which I have investigated have been either in old walls or limestone rocks, which are porous as a sponge, absorb water and air, and give them out slowly, but enough to keep a cold-blooded batrachian alive. Now, Sir Alex. Gordon Cumming's toads have puzzled me. I have read all that he has written, and thought over it, comparing it with all I know, and I think I know almost every case on record, and I am confounded. Will you ask him for me, what is the nature of this conglomerate in which the toads are? I said to-night I would not believe in toads anywhere but in limestone or chalk, *i. e.*, in strongly hydraulic strata. Sir Charles Bunbury corrected me, by saying that certain volcanic rocks, amygdaloid basalts, were as full of holes as limestone, and as strongly hydraulic, and so toads might live in them. If Sir A. G. C. would send us a piece of the rock in which the toads lie, we could tell him more. But that the toads are contemporaneous with the rock, or have got

there any way save through cracks now filled up, and so overlooked in the blasting and cutting is, I believe, impossible, and cannot be — though God alone knows what cannot be — and so I wait for further information.

EVERSLEY: *March* 12, 1863. — "Your patterns of flies are excellent (Brown Mackarel especially), and would kill well on chalk on still and bright days. I send you my pet drake for average blowing weather, and a caperer and alder which can't be beat. At Inveraray last August — hardly anything. River like a turnpike road. Salmon asleep. They had to gaff to supply the house. I had one jolly turn, though — poached a 14-pounder with a triangle, had an hour and three quarters of him, and killed him. Gilly and I fell into each other's arms — and regretted we had no whusky!"

"We are just from the Royal Wedding[1] — at least so I believe. We had (so I seem to remember) excellent places. Mrs. Kingsley in the temporary gallery in the choir. I in the household gallery, both within 15 yards of what, I am inclined to think, was really the Prince and Princess. But I can't swear to it. I am not at all sure that I did not fall asleep in the dear old chapel, with the banners and stalls fresh in my mind, and dream and dream of Edward the Fourth's time. At least, I saw live Knights of the Garter (myths to me till then). I saw real Princesses with diamond crowns, and trains, and fairies holding them up. I saw — what did I not see? And only began to believe my eyes, when I met at the *déjeuner* certain of the knights whom I knew, clothed and in their right mind, like other folk; and of the damsels and fairies many, who, I believe, were also flesh and blood, for they talked and ate with me, and vanished not away.

[1] The Prince of Wales to Alexandra, Princess of Denmark.

"But seriously, one real thing I did see, and felt too — the serious grace and reverent dignity of my dear young Master, whose manner was perfect. And one other real thing — the Queen's sad face, scarred with sorrow, yet determined to be glad. . . . I cannot tell you how auspicious I consider this event, or how happy it has made the Prince's household, who love him because we know him. I hear nothing but golden reports of the Princess from those who have known her long. . . ."

In the summer of this year the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the Oxford Commemoration, and previously, according to custom, His Royal Highness sent in the names of those on whom he wished the University to bestow the honorary degree of D.C.L. Among them that of Charles Kingsley. Many friends in the University, besides Dean Stanley, Max Müller, &c., would have gladly seen this honor conferred on him; but among the extreme High Church party there were dissentient voices; and Dr. Pusey took the lead in opposing the degree on the ground of Mr. Kingsley's published works, especially "Hypatia," which he considered "*an immoral book*," and one calculated to encourage young men in profligacy and false doctrine — the very charge that twelve years before had been brought against "Yeast" by an Oxford graduate of the same party. If the vote in Convocation had been carried in Mr. Kingsley's favor, it would have been anything but unanimous, and a threat being made of a "non placet" in the theatre at the time of conferring the degree, he decided to retire. "I do not deny," he says in a

letter to Dean Stanley, "a great hankering for years past, after an Oxford D.C.L. . . . But all these things are right, and come with a reason, and a purpose, and a meaning; and he who grumbles at them or at worse, believeth not (for the time being at least) in the living God." Again, he said to one who craved to see honor upon honor showered upon him — "Pray, pray take what God does *not* send as *not* good for us, and trust Him to send us what is good. . . ." He never allowed a past disappointment to ruffle his spirit, but would root out the memory of it before it had time to rankle in his mind and sow any seed of envy or malice. He lived on a high level, and to keep there he knew that he must crush down the unforgiving spirit which springs from envy in the hearts of less noble men. His intense faith in the government of God, as shown in the smallest as well as the most important events of life, and in His education of His creatures by each and every one of these events, and a deep sense of his own unworthiness, made him "content" (a word he loved) with what he had already as all too good for him. The following year some of his Oxford friends chivalrously offered to propose his name again for the distinction which he would have valued so much: but he declined, saying that "it was an honor that must be given, not fought for," and that till the imputation of immorality was withdrawn from his book "Hypatia," he could not entertain the offer even in prospect. When asked by Bishop Wilberforce, in 1866, to preach one of a course of Lent sermons in Oxford, he declined that honor too on the same grounds as the degree.

Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch was now the topic of general discussion, which led to Mr. Kingsley's preaching a series of sermons [1] on the subject to his people at Eversley. These he published and dedicated to Dean Stanley.

"All this talk about the Pentateuch," he writes to Mr. Maurice, "is making me feel its unique value and divineness so much more than ever I did, that I burn to say something worth hearing about it, and I cannot help hoping that what I say may be listened to by some of those who know that I shrink from no lengths in physical science. . . . I am sure that science and the creeds will shake hands at last, if only people will leave both alone, and I pray that by God's grace perchance I may help them to do so. My only fear is that people will fancy me a verbal-inspiration-monger, which, as you know, I am not; and that I shall, in due time, suffer the fate of most who see both sides, and be considered by both parties a hypocrite and a traitor. . . ."

"A reverent and rational liberty in criticism (within the limits of orthodoxy) is," he says in his preface to the "Sermons on the Pentateuch," "I have always supposed, the right of every Cambridge man; and I was therefore the more shocked, for the sake of free thought in my university, at the appearance of a book which claimed and exercised a licence in such questions, which I must (after careful study of it) call anything but rational and reverent. That book seemed dangerous to the University of Cambridge itself, because it was likely to stir up from without attempts to abridge her ancient liberty of thought; but it seemed still more dangerous to the hundreds of thousands without the university, who, being no scholars, must take on trust the historic truth of the Bible. . . . It was making many unsettled and un-

[1] "Sermons on the Pentateuch."

happy; it was (even worse) pandering to the cynicism and frivolity of many who were already too cynical and frivolous. . . . I could not but see that, like most other modern books on biblical criticism, it was altogether negative; was possessed too often by that fanaticism of disbelief, which is just as dangerous as the fanaticism of belief; was picking the body of Scripture to pieces so earnestly, that it seemed to forget that Scripture had a spirit as well as a body; or, if it confessed that it had a spirit, asserting that spirit to be one utterly different from the spirit which the Scripture asserts that it possesses. For the Scripture asserts that those who wrote it were moved by the Spirit of God; that it is a record of God's dealings with men, which certain men were inspired to perceive and to write down; whereas the tendency of modern criticism is, without doubt, to assert that Scripture is inspired by the spirit of man; that it contains the thoughts and discoveries of men concerning God, which they wrote down without the inspiration of God, which difference seems to me (and I hope to others) infinite and incalculable, and to involve the question of the whole character, honor, and glory of God. . . .

". . . There is, without a doubt, something in the Old Testament, as well as in the New, quite different in kind, as well as in degree, from the sacred books of any other people: an unique element, which has had an unique effect upon the human heart, life, and civilization. This remains, after all possible deductions for 'ignorance of physical science,' 'errors in numbers and chronology,' 'interpolations,' 'mistakes of transcribers'. . . there remains that unique element, beside which all these accidents are but as the spots on the sun, compared to the great glory of his life-giving light; and I cannot but still believe, after much thought, that it — the powerful and working element, the inspired and Divine element, which has converted, and still converts millions of souls

— is just that which Christendom in all ages has held it to be — the account of certain 'noble acts' of God's, and not of certain noble thoughts of man; in a word, not merely the moral, but the historic element; and that, therefore, the value of the Bible teaching depends on the truth of the Bible story. That is my belief. Any criticism which tries to rob me of that, I shall look at fairly, but very severely indeed.

"If all that a man wants is a 'religion,' he ought to be able to make a very pretty one for himself, and a fresh one as often as he is tired of the old. But the heart and soul of man wants more than that, as it is written, 'My soul is athirst for *God*, even for the living God.' Those whom I have to teach want a living God, who cares for men, forgives men, saves men from their sins: — and Him I have found in the Bible, and nowhere else, save in the facts of life, which the Bible alone interprets. In the power of man to find out God I will never believe. The religious sentiment or 'God-consciousness,' so much talked of now-a-days, seems to me (as I believe it will to all practical common-sense Englishmen) a faculty not to be depended on, as fallible and corrupt as any other part of human nature; apt, to judge from history, to develop itself into ugly forms, not only without a revelation from God, but too often in spite of one — into polytheisms, idolatries, witchcrafts, Buddhist asceticisms, Phœnician Moloch sacrifices, Popish inquisitions, American spirit-rappings, and what not. The hearts and minds of the sick, the poor, the sorrowing, the truly human, all demand a living God, who has revealed Himself in living acts; a God who has taught mankind by facts, not left them to discover Him by theories and sentiments; a Judge, a Father, a Saviour, an inspirer; in a word, their hearts and minds demand the historic truth of the Bible — of the Old Testament no less than of the New. . . ."

CHAPTER XXI

1864–1865

Aged 45–46

Illness — Controversy with Dr. Newman — Apologia — Journey to the South of France — Biarritz — Pau — Narbonne — The Schoolboy's Sea — Béziers — Pont du Gard — Nismes — Avignon — University Sermons at Cambridge — Letter on the Trinity — On Subscription — Savonarola — The Literary World — Wesley and Oxford — Bewick's Autobiography — Visit of Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands to Eversley Rectory and Wellington College — Death of King Leopold — Lines written at Windsor Castle.

"He heeded not reviling tones
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Though cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with stones.
. . . . . .
He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend
And thro' thick veils to apprehend
A labor working to an end."

Tennyson.

THE severe illness and great physical depression with which this year began were a bad preparation for the storm of controversy which burst upon Mr. Kingsley, and which eventually produced Dr. Newman's famous "Apologia pro vita sua." The whole controversy is before the world, and no allusion would be made to it in these pages, but from the fear that silence might be construed into a tacit acknowledgment of defeat on the main question. This fact, however, must be mentioned, that it was the infor-

mation conveyed to Mr. Kingsley of Dr. Newman's being in bad health, depressed, and averse from polemical discussion, coupled with Dr. Newman's own words in the early part of the correspondence, in which he seemed to deprecate controversy, which appealed irresistibly to Mr. Kingsley's chivalrous consideration, and put him to a great disadvantage in the issue.

"It was his righteous indignation," says Dean Stanley, "against what seemed to him the glorification of a tortuous and ambiguous policy, which betrayed him into the only personal controversy in which he was ever entangled, and in which, matched in unequal conflict with the most subtle and dexterous controversalist of modern times, it is not surprising that for the moment he was apparently worsted, whatever we may think of the ultimate issues that were raised in the struggle, and whatever may be the total results of our experiences, before and after, on the main question over which the combat was fought — on the relation of the human conscience to truth or to authority." [1]

For the right understanding of Mr. Kingsley's conduct throughout, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that it was for truth and truth only that he craved and fought. With him the main point at issue was not the personal integrity of Dr. Newman, but the question whether the Roman Catholic priesthood are encouraged or discouraged to pursue "Truth for its own sake." While no one more fully acknowledged the genius and power of his opponent than Mr. Kingsley himself, or was more ready to confess

[1] Funeral Sermon on Canon Kingsley, in Westminister Abbey.

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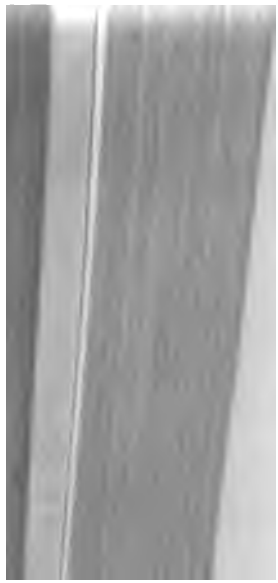
For more than a year past Mr. Kingsley had been suffering from illness caused by overwork of brain, and a thorough rest and change of air had long been seriously urged upon him. At this moment, Mr. Froude, who was going to Spain on literary business, invited him to go with him, and he replies:

"DEAREST ANTHONY, — This is too delightful. . . . When you propose, what can I do but accept? . . . I have always felt that one good sea voyage would add ten years to my life. All my friends say, go, but I must not be the least burden to you. Remember that I can amuse myself in any hedge, with plants and insects and a cigar, and that you may leave me anywhere, any long, certain that I shall be busy and happy. I cannot say how the thought of going has put fresh life into me."

TO HIS WIFE. — "PARIS: *March* 25. — The splendor of this city is beyond all I could have conceived, and the beautiful neatness and completeness of everything delight my eyes. Verily these French are a civilized people. . . ."

BAYONNE, *March* 26. — "A place utterly unlike anything I ever saw — very picturesque, with the yellow and brown jalousies to the windows, and the shipping at the bottom of the street, and the red-legged soldiers everywhere. I have seen so much since I wrote this morning, I hardly know where to begin. At Coutras, the other side of Bordeaux, I felt at once I was in a new world. Everything a month earlier than with us; the fruit trees in full flower; pink and crimson almond trees by dozens everywhere. The air strangely clear, the houses low-roofed, and covered with purple-ribbed tiles like the



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ping. . . . They have the most exquisite little yellow oxen here, rather bigger than a donkey. They put brown holland pinafores on their backs, and great sheepskin mats on their heads, where the yoke comes, and persuade them as a great favor to do a little work. But they seem so fond of them that the oxen have much the best of the bargain. God bless you all with all Easter blessings. . . . "

BIARRITZ: *April*, 1864. — "A pleasant day at Biarritz. It was blowing great guns in from dead W.N.W. I never saw a finer sea, rushing through caverns and cracks in a strange sandstone full of nummulities and flat layers of flint. Flowers wonderful. Cliffs covered with white and red stocks, the same as our garden ones, and just as fine. I shall stop here for a week or so, to botanize and breathe sea-champagne. The Basques speak a lingo utterly different from all European languages, which has no analogue, and must have come from a different stock from our ancestors. The women are very pretty — brown aquiline, with low foreheads, and have a quaint fashion of doing up their back hair in a gaudy silk handkerchief, which is cunningly twisted till one great triangular tail stands out stiff behind the left ear. This is a great art. The old ones tie their whole heads up in the handkerchief and look very pretty but browner than apes from wearing no bonnets.

"It has rained to-day, again, 'marling-spikes and copper sheathing,' and the vulture (whom I have sketched much) has been dancing about trying to dry himself, and expanding great concave wings as big as windmill sails. He must be a glorious bird in his native Pyrenees. . . . The hills here are covered with the true Cornish heath, pale blue vernal squills, a great white *Potentilla verna*, and a long blue flower, which seems to me a borage or bugloss. I am drying all

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of them look poor or ragged; but so nicely dressed, with striped stockings, which they knit themselves, and Basque shoes, made of canvas, worked with red and purple worsted. There is a little girl here six years old, a chemist's daughter, who knits all her own woollen stockings. All the children go to a school kept by nuns; and I am sure the poor nuns are very kind to them, for they laugh and romp, it seems to me, all day long. In summer most of them wear no shoes or stockings, for they do not want them; but in winter they are wrapped up warm; and I have not seen one ragged child or tramp, or any one who looks miserable. They never wear any bonnets. The little babies wear a white cap, and the children a woollen cap with pretty colors, and the girls a smart handkerchief on their back hair, and the boys and men wear blue and scarlet caps like Scotchmen, just the shape of mushrooms, and a red sash. The oxen here are quite yellow, and so gentle and wise, the men make them do exactly what they like. I will draw you an ox cart when I come home. The banks here are covered with enormous canes, as high as the eaves of our house. They tie one of these to a fir pole, and make a huge long rod, and then go and sit on the rocks and fish for doradas, which are fish with gilt heads. There are the most lovely sweet-smelling purple pinks on the rocks here, and the woods are full of asphodel, great lilies, four feet high, with white and purple flowers. I saw the wood yesterday where the dreadful fight was between the French and English — and over the place where all the brave men lay buried grew one great flower-bed of asphodel. So they 'slept in the meads of asphodel,' like the old Greek heroes in Homer. There were great 'lords and ladies' (arums) there, growing in the bank, twice as big as ours, and not red, but white and primrose — most beautiful. But you cannot think how beautiful the commons are, they are

like flower gardens, golden with furze, and white with *potentilla*, and crimson with sweet-smelling Daphne, and blue with the most wonderful blue flower which grows everywhere. I have dried them all.

"Tell your darling mother I am quite well, and will write to her to-morrow. There, that is all I have to say. Tell Grenville they have made a tunnel under the battle-field, for the railroad to go into Spain, and that on the top of the tunnel there is a shaft, and a huge wheel, to pump air into the tunnel, and that I will bring him home a scarlet Basque cap, and you and Rose Basque shoes. . . . YOUR OWN DADDY."

TO HIS WIFE. PAU: — "Writing from a place which, for beauty, beats everything I ever saw, and all the better for finding your dear letter here, and one from Grenville, which I shall answer at once. At its foot, below the beautiful *château* where Henry IV., 'Le Monstre Henri,' was born, a valley of flat grass, filled with poplars, the Gare, a glacier torrent rolling over acres of gray gravel. On the south bank of the town the loveliest *châteaux*, parks, *allées*, flower-gardens, trees full of singing-birds, whose notes are new to me, and trees covered with purple flowers. Wisterias, and yellow Banksia roses over every wall. Frogs barking, rattling, making a dozen noises unknown at home. Opposite, broken wooded hills covered with *châteaux*. Ten miles off, a purple wall with white streaks, which is not the Pyrenees, but is about as high as Snowdon; twenty miles off, an abyss of cloud and snow, which is the Pyrenees. It is a place to live in! a great town, city one ought to say, as it is royal from all ages, and in the loveliest spot one can imagine. We went to the English church, after having all been ill; for why? the water is horrible, I suppose from the great age of the town. So Cane and I flee to the mountains to

morrow. . . . Then Bagnières, Tarbes, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Béziers (all the scenes of the Albigense horrors, which I have wished to realize to myself for years), and so to the Mediterranean. But I have no plans, and don't intend to have any. If I had wits I should tell you about Orthez, and the noble ruin we saw there; one of the Duke's great battle-fields. But you should make R—— read up this country in Napier's 'Peninsular War,' beginning at the passage of the Bidassoa, and following me hither and to Toulouse. How I shall devour it when I get home. . . ."

TO HIS YOUNGEST BOY

PAU. — "MY DEAR LITTLE MAN, — I was quite delighted to get a letter from you so nicely written. Yesterday I went by the railway to a most beautiful place, where I am staying now. A town with an old castle, hundreds of years old, where the great King Henry IV. of France was born, and his cradle is there still, made of a huge tortoise shell. Underneath the castle are beautiful walks and woods — all green, as if it was summer, and roses and flowers, and birds singing — but different from our English birds. But it is quite summer here because it is so far south. Under the castle, by the river, are frogs that make a noise like a rattle, and frogs that bark like toy-dogs, and frogs that climb up trees, and even up the window-panes — they have suckers on their feet, and are quite green like a leaf. Far away, before the castle are the great mountains, ten thousand feet high, covered with snow, and the clouds crawling about their tops. I am going to see them to-morrow, and when I come back I will tell you. But I have been out to-night, and all the frogs are croaking still, and making a horrid noise. Mind and be a good boy and give Baba my love. There is a vulture here in the inn,

but he is a little Egyptian vulture, not like the great vulture I saw at Bayonne. Ask mother to show you his picture in the beginning of the bird book. He is called *Neophra Egyptiacus*, and is an ugly fellow, who eats dead horses and sheep. There is his picture. Your own Daddy, "C. KINGSLEY."

TO HIS WIFE. — "I have taken a new turn, and my nerve and strength have come back, from three days in the Pyrenees. What I have seen I cannot tell you. Things unspeakable and full of glory. Mountains whose herbage is box, for miles and thousands of feet, then enormous silver firs and beech, up to the eternal snow. We went up to Eaux-Chaudes — a gigantic Lynmouth, with rivers breaking out of limestone caverns hundreds of feet over our heads. There we were told that we must take horses and guides up to the Plateau to see the Pic du Midi. We would n't and drove up to Gabas, and found the mountain air so jolly that we lounged on for an hour — luckily up the right valley, and behold, after *rochers moutonnés*, and moraines, showing the enormous glaciers which are extinct, we came to a down, which we knew by inspiration was the Plateau. We had had a good deal of snow going up — climbed three hundred feet of easy down, and there it was right in front, nine thousand feet high, with the winter snow at the base — the eternal snow holding on by claws and teeth where it could above. I could have looked for hours. I could not speak. I cannot understand it yet. Right and left were other eternal snow-peaks; but very horrible. Great white sheets with black points mingling with the clouds, of a dreariness to haunt one's dreams. I don't like snow mountains. The Pic above is jolly, and sunlit and honest. The flowers were not all out — only in every meadow below *Gentiana verna*, of the most heavenly azure, and huge oxslips: but I have

got some beautiful things. To-day we saw Eaux Bonnes — two great eternal snow-peaks there, but not so striking. Butterflies glorious, even now. The common one — the great Camberwell beauty (almost extinct in England), a huge black butterfly with white edge; we could n't catch one. The day before yesterday, at Eaux Chaudes, two bears were fired at, and a wolf seen. With every flock of sheep and girls are one or two enormous mastiffs, which could eat one, and do bark nastily. But when the children call them and introduce them to you formally, they stand to be patted, and eat out of the hand; they are great darlings, and necessary against bears and wolf. So we did everything without the least mishap — nay, with glory — for the folk were astonished at our getting to the Plateau on our own hook. The Mossoos can't walk, you see, and think it an awful thing. A Wellington College boy would trot there in three-quarters of an hour. Last night, *pour comble*, we (or rather I) did something extra — a dear little sucking earthquake, went off crash — bang, just under my bed. I thought something had fallen in the room below, though I wondered why it hove my bed right up. Got out of bed, hearing a woman scream, and hearing no more, guessed it, and went to bed. It shook the whole house and village; but no one minded. They said they had lots of young earthquakes there, but they went off before they had time to grow. Lucky for the place. It was a very queer sensation, and made a most awful noise."

NARBONNE. — "It is strange to be sitting here and writing to you, just as if I had been travelling all my life. The novelty of the thing has worn off, and I long to be home. . . .

" . . . We were yesterday at Carcassonne, a fortified place, whose walls were built by Roman, Visigoth, Mussulman, Romance (*i. e.* Albigense) and then by

French kings. Such a remnant of the old times as I have dreamed of . . . with its wonderful church of St. Nazare, where Roman Corinthian capitals are used by the Romance people — 9–10 century. We went down into real dungeons of the Inquisition, and saw real chains and torture rings, and breathed more freely when we came up into the air, and the guide pointed to the Pyrenees and said, '*Il n'y a point de démons là.*'

"I shall never forget that place. Narbonne is very curious, once the old Roman capital, then the Albigense. Towers, cathedral, archbishop's palace — all wonderful. Whole quarries of Roman remains. The walls, built by Francis I., who demolished the old Roman and Gothic walls, are a museum of antiquities in themselves. If you want to have a souvenir of Narbonne, read in my lectures Sidonius's account of Theodoric the Visigoth and his court here. His palace is long gone. It probably stood where the archbishop's palace does now. . . ."

NISMES. — ". . . It is all like a pleasant dream. If I had but you and Rose to show it to! But I have no one to share with me the mere pleasure of existence of this sunny South. I am sitting, 8.30, at an open window. Garden, trees, flowers, fountain outside, with people sitting out on the benches already, doing nothing but simply *live;* and more and more will sit there, till 10 to-night; from 7 to 10 the whole population of this great city will be in the streets, not sunning but mooning themselves, quite orderly and happy, listening to music, and cutting their little jokes, along the boulevards, under the beautiful trees these French have the sense to plant. I understand them now. They are not Visigoths, these fellows. They are the descendants of the old Roman Gauls, the lovers of the town, and therefore they make their towns livable and lovable with trees and fountains, and bring the country into the town, while the Teutons take the town out into the country, and love each man his own

garden and park, like us English — the only real Teutons left in the world. But what a country they have made of it, these brave French! For one hundred miles yesterday, what had been poor limestone plain was a garden. A scrap or two I saw of the original vegetation a donkey would have starved on. But they have cleared it all off for ages, ever since the Roman times, and it is one sea of vines, with olive, fig, and mulberry planted among them. Where there is a hill it is exactly like the photographs of the Holy Land and Nazareth — limestone walls, with nothing but vineyards and gray olives planted in them, and raised stone paths about them. The only green thing — for the soil is red, and the vines are only sprouting — is here and there a field of the Roman plant, lucerne, as high as one's knee already. I came by Béziers, where the Inquisitor cried, 'Kill them all, God will know his own,' and they shut them into the Madelaine and killed them all — Catholics as well as Albigenses, till there was not a soul alive in Béziers, and the bones are there to this day!

"But this land is beautiful — as they say, '*Si Dieu venait encore sur la terre, il viendrait demeurer à Béziers,*' and, indeed it is just like, as I have said, the Holy Land. Then we came to immense flats — still in vine and olive, and then to sand-hills, and then upon the tideless shore broke the blue Mediterranean, with the long lateen sails, as in pictures. It was a wonderful feeling to a scholar[1]

[1] "There it is at last. The long line of heavenly blue, and over it, far away, the white-peaked lateen sails, and there, close to the rail, beyond the sand-hills, delicate wavelets are breaking for ever on a yellow beach, each in exactly the same place as the one which fell before. One glance shows us children of the Atlantic that we are on a tideless sea.

"There it is, — the sacred sea. The sea of all civilization, and almost all history, girdled by the fairest countries in the world; set there that human beings from all its shores might mingle with each other, and become humane — the sea of Egypt, of Palestine, of Greece, of Italy, of Byzant, of Marseilles, and this Narbonnaise,

to see the 'schoolboy's sea' for the first time, and so perfectly, in a glory of sunshine and blue ripple. We ran literally through it for miles between Agde and Cette — tall asphodel growing on the sand-hills, and great white iris and vines. . . ."

"My first impression of the Pont du Gard was one of simple fear. 'It was so high that it was dreadful,' as Ezekiel says. Then I said, again and again, 'A great people and a strong. There hath been none like before them, nor shall be again for many generations.' As, after fifteen miles of the sea of mulberry, olive, and vine, dreary from its very artificial perfection, we turned the corner of the limestone glen, and over the deep blue rock-pool, saw *that thing* hanging between earth and heaven, the blue sky and green woods showing through its bright yellow arches, and all to carry a cubic yard of water to Nismes, twenty miles off, for public baths and sham sea-fights ('*naumachiæ*') in the amphitheatre, which even Charlemagne, when he burnt the Moors out of it, could not destroy. — Then I felt the brute greatness of that Roman people; and an awe fell upon me as it may have fallen on poor Croc, the Rook, king of the Alemans — but that is a long story, — when he came down and tried to destroy this city of the seven hills, and ended in being shown about in an iron cage as *The Rook*. But I doubt not when he and his wild Alemans

'more Roman than Rome herself,' to which we owe the greater part of our own progress; the sea, too, of Algeria, and Carthage, and Cyrene, and fair lands now desolate, surely not to be desolate for ever — the sea of civilization. Not only to the Christian, nor to the classic scholar, but to every man to whom the progress of his race from barbarism toward humanity is dear, should the Mediterranean Sea be one of the most august and precious objects on this globe; and the first sight of it should inspire reverence and delight, as of coming home — home to a rich inheritance in which he has long believed by hearsay, but which he sees at last with his own mortal corporal eyes." — *From Ocean to Sea*, Prose Idylls.

came down to the Pont du Gard they said it was the work of dwarfs — of the devil! We walked up to the top, through groves of *Ilex*, *Smilax*, and *Coronella* (the first time I have seen it growing), and then we walked across on the top. The masonry is wonderful, and instead of employing the mountain limestone of the hills, they have brought the most splendid Bath oolite from the hills opposite. There are the marks cut by the old fellows — horse-hoofs, hatchets, initials, &c., as fresh as paint. The Emperor has had it all repaired from the same quarries, stone for stone. Now, after 1600 years, they are going to bring the same water into Nismes by it. When we crossed, I was in a new world. *Genista Anglica*, the prickly needle furze of our commons (rare with us), is in great golden bushes; and box, shrubby thyme, a wonderful blue lily, bee-orchis, and asters, white, yellow, purple (which won't dry, for the leaves fall off). — Then wild rosemary, and twenty more plants I never saw. We went below into a natural park of ilex and poplar (two or three sorts), and watched such butterflies and the bridge, till C—— said, 'This is too perfect to last,' which frightened me and made me pray. And there was reason — for such a day I never had in my life of beauty and wonder . . . and yet there is one thing more glorious and precious than the whole material universe, — and that is a woman's love. . . ."

"I stopped at Nismes, and begin again at Avignon. We saw to-day the most wonderful Roman remains. But the remarkable thing was the Roman ladies' baths in a fountain bursting up out of the rock, where, under colonnades, they walked about, in or out of the water as they chose. All is standing, and could be used to-morrow, if the prudery of the priests allowed it. Honor to those Romans; with all their sins, they were the cleanest people the world has ever seen. But to tell you all I saw at

Nismes would take a book. Perhaps it will make one some day. . . . Good-bye. I shall write again from this, the most wonderful place I have yet seen."

AVIGNON: *Sunday.* — "We are still here, under the shadow of that terrible fortress which the Holy Fathers of mankind erected to show men their idea of paternity. A dreadful dungeon on a rock. The vastest pile of stone I ever saw. Men asked for bread, and they gave a stone, most literally. I have seen La Tour de la Glacière, famous for its horrors of 1793, but did not care to enter. The sight here are the walls — very nearly perfect. . . . Did you ever hear of a mistral? It is on this wise. The whole of the air between the Alps and Pyrenees rushes into the Mediterranean from north-west — a three or four days' gale, with a bright blue sky, cold wind, parching and burning, with not dust merely but gravel, flying till the distances are as thick as in an English north-easter. It is a fearful wind, and often damages crops severely; but they say it is healthy and bracing, and so I find it; but the roar and rush, and the dust and dirt, beat anything I ever felt. When one has a gale in England it has the courtesy to water the streets first. To-morrow for the Mediterranean again, *vid* the plain of Crau, where Zeus threw great stones on the savages, who attacked Hercules as he came back from Spain with Gorgons' heads — a place I have longed to see for years. . . ."

He returned home better, but not well, and worked on. He gave a lecture at Aldershot Camp on the "Study of History," and preached the usual sermons before the Queen at Windsor Castle, and at the Chapels Royal, London. In the autumn, having been selected as one of the preachers at Cambridge for 1865, he was busy preparing four sermons on David. "Wish me

well through these university sermons," he writes to Mr. Maurice, "they lie heavy on my sinful soul;" and when the Christmas vacation was over, he went up to Cambridge to deliver them, closing with these words:—

"Therefore rejoice in your youth, for God has given it to you; but remember, that for it, as for each and all of His gifts, God will bring you into judgment. And when the hour of temptation comes, go back — go back, if you would escape — to what you were all taught at your mother's knee, concerning the grace of God; for that alone will keep you safe, or angel or archangel, or any created being safe, in this life and in all lives to come." [1]

"I was present," said a Fellow of a College in Cambridge, "at the University sermons on David, and well remember the crowds of us undergraduates round the church-door before it was opened, all wishing to have a good place to see and hear him, and the rapt attention with which he was listened to, and the thrill of half-expectation, half-amusement, which seemed to go round the church as he uttered the words, 'Muscular Christianity — a clever phrase invented by I know not whom ——.'" [2]

The same friend speaks too of the impression made upon him by "that keen, fiery, worn face;

[1] Sermons on David.

[2] It may be well to quote the rest of this sentence which is omitted: "We have heard much of late about Muscular Christianity. A clever expression, spoken in jest by I know not whom, has been bandied about the world, and supposed by many to represent some new ideal of the christian Character. For myself I do not know what it means. It may mean one of two things. If it mean the first, it is a term somewhat unnecessary, if not somewhat irreverent. If it mean the second, it means something untrue and immoral."

the noble spirit ever fretting its tenement of clay," and how he used to wonder what drew the deep lines in it, which he only came to understand in after years.

The letters of 1865 that have been recovered are few. He was so broken in strength, that to get through the duties of his professorship and his parish was as much, nay, more than he could manage, and in the summer he was forced to leave home with his family for three months' rest and quiet on the coast of Norfolk.

To T. HUGHES, ESQ. — "The doctors forbid my preaching. I gave my Whitehall sermon to the Consumptive Hospital as to an old and dear friend; but I have refused all others. I am getting better after fifteen months of illness, and I hope to be of some use again some day; a sadder and a wiser man, the former, at least, I grow every year. I catch a trout now and then out of my ponds (I am too weak for a day's fishing, and the doctors have absolutely forbidden me my salmon). I have had one or two this year, of three and two pounds, and a brace to-day, near one pound each, so I am not left troutless. . . ."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE

"Your letter comforted me, for (strange as it may seem for me to say so) the only thing I really care for — the only thing which gives me comfort — is theology, in the strict sense; though God knows I know little enough about it.

"As to the Trinity. You first taught me that the doctrine was a live thing, and not a mere formula to be swallowed by the undigesting reason, and from the time that I learnt that a Father meant a real Father, a Son a real Son, and a Holy Spirit a real Spirit, who was really

good and holy, I have been able to draw all sorts of practical lessons from it in the pulpit, and ground all my morality, and a great deal of my natural philosophy upon it, and shall do so more. The procession of the Spirit from the Father and the Son, for instance, is most practically important to me. If the Spirit proceeds only from the Father, the whole theorem of the Trinity, as well as its practical results, fall to pieces to my mind. I don't mean that good men in the Greek Church are not better than I. On the contrary, I believe that every good man therein believes in the procession from both Father and Son, whether he thinks that he does or not. But in this case, as in others, one has extreme difficulty in remembering, and still more in making others understand, that a man may believe the facts which the doctrine connotes without believing the doctrine, just as he may believe that a horse is a horse, for every practical purpose, though he may have been mistaught to call it a cow. It is this slavery to formulæ — this mistaking of words for conceptions, and then, again of conceptions for the facts, which seems our present curse; and how much of it do we not owe to the Calvinists, who laid again on our necks the yoke of conceptions which we were bursting at the Reformation, because neither we nor our fathers could bear it? It was this which made me reject Mansel and Hamilton's 'The Absolute' and 'The Infinite.' I am taking a regular course of metaphysic, as a tonic after the long debauchery of fiction-writing. I say to you, once for all, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee — not all, but a little, and I know you will not take me by the throat. If you did, you would break my heart; which could be much more easily broken than people think. If a man is intensely in earnest after truth, be it what it may, and also intensely disgusted with his own laziness, worldliness, and sensuality, his heart is not difficult to break. . . .

"You say, 'The *Articles* were not intended to bind men's thoughts or consciences!' Now, I can't help feeling that when they assert a proposition, *e.g.*, the Trinity, they assert that that and nothing else on that matter is true, and so bind thought; and that they require me to swear that I believe it so, and so bind my conscience. In the case where they condemn an error, it seems to me quite different. There they proscribe *one* form of thought, and leave all others open by implication, binding neither thought nor conscience. Thus the Tract XC. argument was quite fair — *if its author could have used it fairly.* The Romish doctrine of Purgatory is false; but denying that does not forbid me to believe other doctrines of Purgatory to be true, and to speculate freely on the future state. So that what you say applies clearly (to me) to the cases in which the Articles deny. It applies also to all cases in which the Articles do not affirm, *e.g.*, endless torture. Also to all in which it uses words without defining them, *e.g.*, the Article on Predestination, which I sign in what I conceive to be the literal sense not only of it, but of the corresponding passage in St. Paul, without believing one word of the Calvinistic theory, or that St. Paul was speaking of the future state at all. For myself, I can sign the Articles in their literal sense *toto corde*, and subscription is no bondage to me. But all I demand is, that, in signing the Articles, I shall be understood to sign them and nothing more; that I do not sign anything beyond the words, and demand the right to put my construction on the words, answerable only . . . to God and my conscience. *In practice*, Gorham and Pusey both do this, and nothing else, whenever it suits them. I demand that I shall have just the same liberty as they, and no more. But the world at large uses a very powerful, though worthless, argument. Lord *** answered, when I asked him why the Articles had not

defined inspiration, 'Because they never expected that men would arise heretics enough to deny it!' I had to reply — and I think convinced him — that that line of thought would destroy all worth in formula, by making signing mean, 'I sign the XXXIX. Articles, and as many more as the Church has forgotten to, or may have need to, put in.' But the mob, whose superstitions are the very cosmogony of their creed, would think that argument conclusive, and say, — of course, you are expected to believe, over and above, such things as endless torture, verbal dictation, &c., which are more of the essence of Christianity than the creeds themselves, or the Being of a God.

"Meanwhile, each would make a reservation — the 'Evangelical' of the Calvinist School would say in his heart — of course (though I dare n't say so) every man is expected to believe conversion, even though not mentioned; and the Romanist, of course, every man must believe in the Pope, though not mentioned; and the reigning superstition, not the formulæ actually signed, becomes the test of faith. But how we are to better this by doing away with subscription, I don't see yet. As long as the Articles stand, and as long as they are interpreted by *lawyers only*, who will ask sternly, 'Is it in the bond?' and nothing else, I see hope for freedom and safety. If subscription was done away, every man would either teach what was right in his own eyes — which would be somewhat confusing — or he would have to be controlled by a body, not of written words, but of thinking men. From whom may my Lord deliver me!"

"I feel," he said, "a capacity of drifting to sea in me which makes me cling nervously to any little anchor, like subscription. I feel glad of aught that says to me, 'You must teach this and nothing else; you must not run riot in your own dreams!' . . ."

These words show how exercised his own mind was at times, but it may be a comfort to other troubled souls to know of the calm assured faith with which at the last, when standing on the very threshold of the next world, he faced death, and was heard repeating again and again, "It is all right — all under rule." Perhaps his dearly loved George Fox's words best express the habitual attitude of his heart and mind for thirty years. "And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: and in that I saw the infinite Love of God."

"Never, I fancy," said one who knew him well, "at any time did the great and terrible battle of faith and doubt wholly cease within him. Probably few escape the stress of that conflict now-a-days; but I think he knew more about it than most of us. For his reverence for what is called 'consistency' was very limited, and his mind was always busy with the workings of those life-problems which had left their mark upon his brow, and wrought into his very manner a restless energy which foretold a shortened career. Nevertheless there is no doubt but that the victory remained with faith."

To Rev. F. D. Maurice. — "Many thanks for your letter. I am very sorry I differ from you about Savonarola. It seems to me that his protest for the kingdom of God and against sin was little worth, and came to nought, just because it was from the merely negative inhuman monks' standpoint of the 13th century; that he would at best have got the world back to St. Bernard's time, to begin all over again, and end just where Savonarola had found them. Centuries of teaching such as

his had ended in leaving Italy a hell on earth; new medicine was needed, which no monk could give. A similar case, it seems to me, is that of the poor Port-Royalists. They tried to habilitate the monk-ideal of righteousness. They were civilized off the face of the earth, as was poor Savonarola, by men worse than themselves, but more humane, with wider (though shallower) notions of what man and the universe meant."

To Rev. J. Montagu, *Nov.* 30, 1865. — "I shall be delighted to do all I can, but I fear I am a very Esau now with the Press, going my own way, and joining no literary clique, without which one must submit to hatred and abuse. . . . If —— will send her books to 'Fraser's Magazine,' I will do what I can to get them fair play and a bit of courtesy into the bargain. But really, I have no influence; and as for 'living in the literary world,' it is just what I don't and won't. Not the writing merely, but what a man writes, make him an object of interest to me. . . . So you are leading a hum-drum life — happy man! Free from ambition, disappointment, fears, shame, foolish exaltation, vanity and vexation of spirit. Had I not a boy going to Cambridge, I would never write another word, but live between my microscope and my roses. God bless you. . . . "

To Dr. Rigg, *December* 16, 1865. — "I shall be very glad to see Wesley's Journals or anything which explains him to me. He has long seemed to me a true son of Oxford; possibly the precursor of the late great Oxford movement. Had he been born fifty years ago, and under the influences which he himself originated (*qu. e. imposs.*) he would have been a great high churchman, the fellow but the superior of Newman and Pusey. It is these thoughts which make a man liberal — when one considers how man is the creature of circumstances, and

we have nought but what we have received. Only to escape atheism and despair, let us remember that the Creator and Ordainer of the circumstances is not chance or nature, but the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ and of us."

To Mr. Dixon (cork-cutter). — "You and your friend's free kindness could not have devised a present more to my taste than 'Bewick's Autobiography.' I have read it through, and am equally delighted and astonished at it. Brought up as I was on 'Bewick's Birds,' and owing much of my early inspirations, such as they were, to his love of natural scenery as well as his love of ornithology, I always held him to be a great genius in his own line, but I was not prepared to find him so remarkable a man in other respects — his temperance and thrift, his simple virtue, his sound and wide views on all matters political and social, astonish me as do the prophecies, if I can so call them — and none more than those on social and economic reform which have since been carried out — salmon preservation amongst the rest. Delightful are the sketches of simple, sturdy, north country life in the last century. A noble breed of men they must have been, and we will hope that the race is not worn out; they cannot be, and need not be, just what their fathers were:

> 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

So says Tennyson — and so you may find it come true; the times in which we live, after all, are better and not worse than Bewick's, and you may find it easier, not more difficult, to live a life like Bewick's now, than one hundred years ago. As for regretting the good old-fashioned life, we must recollect that it too had its bad side. For one thing it would be impossible now for the country

to be plunged into such a war as Pitt's, or preyed upon by such a swarm of placemen as it was in Bewick's time, simply because whatever the hand-workers have lost, they have gained in intelligence, in weight, in power of expression, and of action."

In the autumn Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands came on a visit of two days to Eversley Rectory. King Kamehameha, her husband, had read Mr. Kingsley's books, and she was anxious to know him, and to combine with her visit to Eversley one to the Wellington College, of which she had heard much, and where, it was said, if her little son had lived, he would have been sent for his education. "It is so strange to me," she said, "to be staying with you and to see Mr. Kingsley. My husband read your husband's 'Water-Babies' to our little Prince." It was a great pleasure to Mr. Kingsley to receive Queen Emma, and to take her to the College. After going all over it and seeing the boys at dinner in hall, she asked Dr. Benson for a half-holiday for them, upon which Mr. Ponsonby, then head of the school, called for three cheers for Queen Emma; and as they resounded through the hall she was startled almost to terror, by hearing for the first time how English public school boys can cheer. She went on the playground, and for the first time saw a game of cricket, examined the bats, balls, wickets, and pads, looking into everything with her own peculiar intelligence, and in the evening went over again for choral service in the chapel.

In November, while Mr. Kingsley was preaching before the Court, at Windsor Castle, a tele-

gram came to the Queen to announce the death of Leopold, King of the Belgians. He had been asked to write a few lines in the album of the Crown Princess of Prussia, and with his mind full of this great European event, wrote the following Impromptu, which is printed here by the kind permission of her Imperial Highness.

November 10, 1865.

"A king is dead! Another master mind
Is summoned from the world-wide council hall.
Ah for some seer, to say what lurks behind —
To read the mystic writing on the wall!

"Be still, fond man: nor ask thy fate to know.
Face bravely what each God-sent moment brings.
Above thee rules in love, through weal and woe,
Guiding thy kings and thee, the King of kings.

"C. KINGSLEY."

CHAPTER XXII

1866–1867

Aged 47–48

Cambridge — Death of Dr. Whewell — The American Professorship — Monotonous Life of the Country Laboring Class — Penny Readings — London Sermons — Strange Correspondents — Letters to Max Müller — The Jews in Cornwall — Prussian War — The Meteor Shower — Society and Equality — The House of Lords — "Fraser's Magazine" — Darwinism — St. Andrews and British Association — Stammering.

"We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we, in our march,
Fain to drop down and die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand!
If in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing! To us thou wert still
Cheerful and helpful and firm.
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And at the en of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

Matthew Arnold.

WHILE the Professor was giving his usual course of lectures in the Lent term of 1866 at Cambridge, a great blow fell upon the University in the death of Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, and he writes home:

"I am sorry to say Whewell is beaten by his terrible foe. It is only a question of hours now. The feeling here is deep and solemn. Men say he was the leader in progress and reform, when such were a persecuted minority. He was the regenerator of Trinity; he is connected with every step forward that the University has made for years past. Yes. He was a very great man: and men here feel the awful suddenness of it. He never was better or pleasanter than on the Thursday, when I dined there, and he was asking me for my 'dear wife.' His manner with women was always charming. He was very kind to me, and I was very fond of him.[1]

. . . . . .

"Whewell is dead! I spoke a few solemn words to the lads before lecture, telling them what a mighty spirit had passed away, what he had been to Cambridge and science, and how his example ought to show them that they were in a place where nothing was required for the most splendid success, but love of knowledge and indomitable energy. They heard me with very deep attention. He is to be buried in the College Chapel, Saturday. . . ."

A proposal had been lately made to found an American professorship in Cambridge. The offer was finally rejected by vote of the Senate, to the great regret of many leading men in the University, among them Professor Kingsley, who, in one of the broad-sheets he printed on the subject for circulation, speaks

". . . of the general importance of the scheme, of the great necessity that our young men should know as

[1] Professor Thompson, another very old friend, was elected to succeed Dr. Whewell as Master, so that Mr. Kingsley still remained a welcome guest at the Lodge of Trinity, to his great pleasure.

much as possible of a country destined to be the greatest in the world. I only ask — If in the second century before the Christian era the Romans had offered to send a lecturer to Athens, that he might tell Greek gentlemen of what manner of men this new Italian power was composed, what were their laws and customs, their intentions, and their notion of their own duty and destiny — would Athens have been wise or foolish in accepting the offer? . . ."

The companionship of his eldest son, then an undergraduate of Trinity, and the appointment of Mr. Maurice to the chair of Moral Philosophy, made his Cambridge residence doubly interesting and delightful to the Professor, and he writes to his wife:

"M. is developing fast. He has just asked me for a copying pass to the Fitzwilliam, where he wants to draw the statues. He has just been regretting that he has read so little, and is craving after natural history and for the first time in his life, he says, after *art*. Ah! what a blessing to see him developing under one's eyes, and to be able to help him at last by teaching him something one's self. It is quite right that the school-masters should have the grounding and disciplining, but the father who can *finish* his boy's education, and teach him something of life besides, ought to be very thankful. . . . I am well, and as busy as a bee, not an ho' unemployed. . . ."

" . . . Delightful evening last night; dined at Paget's and then gave a lecture on the Norman Conquest, to the Albert Institute — an admirable institute got up by High Church bachelors and undergraduates for getting hold of shopmen and middle-class lads. That class abounded in the room, and were much delighted, as far as appearances could go, with what I told them

of the Conquest and the doughty deeds, and grand old Norse blood of their own ancestors. I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Spoke for one hour and a quarter, and had notes enough to speak two. My morning lecture was a very difficult one — all about the changes in Europe at the Congress of Vienna. But Mr. Maurice said I made it all clear, and highly approved of the *moral*."

His residences at Cambridge, short as they were, gave him not only the advantage of associating with scholars and men of mark in the University, but of paying visits in the neighborhood to houses where good pictures and charming society refreshed and helped him through the toil of his professorial work — to Wimpole, to Ampthill Park, to Barton Hall, and other country houses, where he and his were always made welcome. His intense enjoyment of all works of art, and his eloquence and insight in their presence, were most inspiriting to those who were with him, and it is much to be regretted that he never finished the series of papers on the National Gallery, begun in 1849. When he went to any London collection, a crowd would soon gather round him, and, riveted by his appearance and kindling eye as he stood before some fine picture, would hang on his every word. He, meanwhile, lost in his subject, would be quite unconscious of the impression he was making. While staying with Lord Wensleydale at Ampthill he first saw the pictures at Woburn Abbey and Haynes Park, which were of deep interest to him.

"Once I went over the picture gallery at Woburn with him," writes Mr. George Howard. "It was a great

treat to me, as his talk over the historical portraits was delightful. He then made a remark which has since seemed to me quite a key to the criticism of historical portraits: 'That it was formerly the habit of portrait painters to flatter their sitters by making them as like the reigning king or queen as they could.' . . ."

During his heavy parish work, which was done single-handed the greater part of this year, he was more than ever painfully struck by the monotonous, colorless life of English laboring people, varied only by the yearly benefit-club day, and evenings at the public-house. The absence of all pleasure from their existence weighed heavily on his heart. He felt, too, for the women, who, if respectable, were excluded from even the poor amusements of the men; and for their sake quite as much as for his men and boys, he began a series of penny readings. It was characteristic of his chivalrous spirit that at the first reading, when the school-room was crowded with men and boys, he made an appeal to them for their wives and mothers, speaking of the life of toil they led, and of his anxiety to give them some share of amusement, which they so sorely needed. It was therefore arranged that, while the men and boys paid their pennies, the widows and poor over-burdened mothers should have free admittance. These meetings, at which his parishioners kindly helped him, took place once a fortnight, and though set on foot for the poor, brought all classes pleasantly together during the autumn and winter nights; they had music (the best that could be got), the best poetry, the most heroic stories. Sometimes he

would give simple lectures on health; accounts of his own travels; and, when his eldest son went abroad, letters of his written expressly for the penny readings at home, were read. Village concerts, too, were got up by his daughter and son, in which friends from London helped for his sake; at which the sight of a well-lighted and decorated room to cottagers who saw nothing at home from one year's end to another but the darkness visible of a farthing dip candle, was a pleasure in itself; and the parents were gratified at seeing their sons in Sunday garments step up on the platform to help in choruses and part songs, while the young men gained in self-respect and refinement, by the share they took in the preparation as well as the performances. "It was to him most curious," he used to say, "to watch the effect of music upon seemingly unimpressionable people, in whom one would expect to find no appreciation for refined sound;" but yet who would walk a long distance on a dark wet night to the village school-room, and sit for two hours in rapt attention, "showing their enjoyment, not by noisy applause but by the kindling face and eye, and the low hum of approbation, that hinted at a deep musical under-current below that rugged exterior." Penny readings and concerts are common now, but in his own neighborhood the Rector of Eversley took the lead in inaugurating these pleasant gatherings. In addition to the penny readings he opened an evening reading-room for the men, for which books, bagatelle-boards, and various games were provided. He made it a self-governed club, and sanctioned the managers having in a cask of good beer, each

glass to be paid for on the spot, in hopes it would prevent their going to the public-houses on their way home. The men drew up their own rules under his eye; and for a winter or two it succeeded, but the scattered population made difficulties, and the attraction of seven public-houses in a parish of only 800 inhabitants, after a time was too strong for the young men — the reading-room languished, and eventually was shut up.

His literary work this year consisted in two lectures on Science and Superstition[1] at the Royal Institution, and an article in the Fine Arts Review. "Hereward," which had been coming out in "Good Words," was published as a book. He preached for the first time in one of the great Nave services at Westminster Abbey, also on "Civilized Barbarism," for the Bishop of London's Fund; to the boys of Wellington College; to the Queen at Clifden and Windsor; and at Whitehall, perhaps the boldest of his sermons, on "The Shaking of the Heavens and the Earth;"[2] in which he spoke of the great revolutions in modern science and modern thought, in Ethics and Theology, and of the spirit in which new truth should be approached by those who believe in that living, ruling, guiding Christ who Himself sends new truth, who shakes the heavens and the earth now as He did at the Reformation, who is shaking now the "mediæval conception of the physical world — of heaven and hell" — of "moral

[1] Since republished in "Health and Education."

[2] These sermons have since appeared in a volume, "The Water of Life."

retribution" — of "dogmatic propositions," of "endless punishment," &c. His London congregations were enormous, and when he preached for a hospital it was striking to see the medical students standing the whole length of the service, watching him with rapt attention. In the little church at Eversley during the summer months, many distinguished men might be observed.

His correspondence was, as usual, of a varied and singular character. One day there came a long letter from a London newspaper reporter, who, in return for some kindly, cheering words, revealed the inner life of Bohemia with wonderful vividness, and ended, "I have written you a very long and tedious letter, Mr. Kingsley, and were I writing to an ordinary man, I should be mad to address him at this length and in this vein. But *you* understand things, and I am almost certain that you will understand me and my long-windedness. Thank you again. Think gently of Bohemia and its free lances." Another, from Brighton, signed "A Chartist and Cabman," thanking him for "Alton Locke." Again, "One who can never forget you," who had accidentally read "Alton Locke" "in a time of overwhelming misery — You were the means of saving me from ruin and destruction, to which I was fast drifting." From South Australia, a barrister writes, thanking him for his "Sermons for the Times," "Pentateuch," and "Good News," which had presented life and its duties to him in a new light, and which he and other laymen appointed by the Bishop read aloud in remote places, where they had no ordained clergyman.

Mr. Impey, superintendent of Wesleyan missions in South Africa, after thanking him for spiritual help, adds:

"I am only saying what thousands elsewhere could reiterate that in the far-off corners of the world, in the regions of heathen darkness, and of the very shadow of death, and to men whose lot has been cast on the very verge, or beyond it, of civilized life, your books have, under God's blessing, conveyed light and peace and comfort."

"The debt I owe you," writes a newspaper compositor, from Leeds, "of which you know nothing, is this, that under God's blessing you have been the means of preventing me from becoming perhaps one of the dregs and scum of idle scoundrelism, and of raising me to a position from which I can estimate, faintly it may be, what is due from man to his own manhood, and to his fellow man and to God. Before I read 'Alton Locke' I was idle and dissolute. . . ."

Letters came from China, India and from the other side of the Rocky Mountains — all telling the same tale. One or two found their way to "Charles Kingsley, England," many without any signature, neither written from egotism nor from the desire of getting an autograph in return — simple outpourings of loving hearts. Here is one:

"CHARLES KINGSLEY, — My dear friend, permit me to engage your kind attention for a little. I often remember you and 'the kindness of God,' which you showed towards me some years ago. You found me in the way near Hartly Row, a poor, homeless, friendless, penniless stranger. God sent you as an angel of mercy to me, a very unworthy creature. You were, indeed, like the good

Samaritan to me. You took me to the Lamb Inn, and there, for your sake, I was very hospitably cared for. On the walls of a room in that inn I wrote a prayer, which came from the very depths of my heart. It was for you, that the Father of the fatherless would make you most glad with His countenance for ever. That prayer I have often breathed since then. I was not aware, till afterwards, that you were the author of so many books, and a person of so great note. I rejoice in your honorable fame."

Such letters, and many a strange communication, cheered him in his work, and deepened his knowledge of and sympathies with human nature in its varied aspects. He little thought they were treasured up, to give others some small insight into his great work, by one who feels it is no treachery to disclose them now, or to mention what he never alluded to in his lifetime!

In the summer while staying with Lord Hardwicke at Sidney Lodge, he went with him to a banquet given at Southampton to ex-Governor Eyre, where his presence was severely commented on by the press.

"You are kind enough," he writes to Mr. Dixon, "to compliment me for following Carlyle's advice about one 'sadly tried.' I *have* followed the sage of Chelsea's teaching, about my noble friend, ex-Governor Eyre of Jamaica. I have been cursed for it, as if I had been a dog, who had never stood up for the working-man when all the world was hounding him (the working-man) down in 1848-9, and imperilled my own prospects in life in behalf of freedom and justice. Now, men insult me because I stand up for a man whom I believe ill-used, calumniated, and hunted to death by fanatics. If you mean Mr. Eyre in what you say, you

indeed will give me pleasure, because I shall see that one more 'man of the people' has common sense to appreciate a brave and good man, doing his best under terrible difficulties."

November 20, 1866. "If you knew the continual labor in which I live, you would forgive my omitting to answer a letter at once. Your letter did interest me and deeply. I felt pleased and proud to find one more man who had the true ambition. Not the mere political ambition, laudable as well as lawful in a free Englishman, but which he can share with scamps, and spouters, and self-seekers, but the true ambition which cries after *wisdom* rather than riches, and knows what Solomon meant when he spoke of her in his proverbs: the ambition to know what is beautiful, good, and true, that he may go and do likewise. Ah! that more men in all ranks would choose the part which you have chosen. Then they would look on the inequalities — I do *not* mean the injustices — but the necessary inequalities of position in this world as slight matters, while they toiled after the divine equality of virtue and wisdom which is open to all men in a free land, and try to take their place among 'the *aristocracy* of God.' Your record of your sight of our dear and lost Prince Consort touched me deeply. As for the uselessness of the monument (in Hyde Park), I do not quite agree. I think it is good to have in a land great beacons of that kind, which attract the attention, and impress the imagination of the most brutal and careless. This ought to be done, and not to leave the other undone."

To Prof. Max Müller, *Nov.* 16, 1866. — "Dearest Max, — Story, bless you, I have none to tell you, save that in Cornwall these same old stories, of Jews' tin and Jews' houses, got from the miners, filled my young brains with unhistoric nonsense, like Mara-zion,

the bitterness of Zion; which town the old folk, I can't tell why, call Market Jew still."

". . . What you say about metamorphic language is most true (even in my little experience). You do not mention 'Jews' tin.' This is lumps of smelted tin (if I recollect right) with a coating of hydrated oxide of tin, which is caused by lying in water and bog. Jews' tin is found inside Jews' houses, or in the diluvium of old stream works. May this not be merely, according to your etymology, 'house tin,' the tin found in the houses? Ah! that I had legs as an antelope and time as a butterfly, I would take you to lonely places and show you old ruined houses, and pit workings, and stream workings, and cromlechs, and stone circles, and real British villages, the old kraal of flat granite slabs, and inside it the circular huts of ditto, about ten feet diameter, the stones leaning inward, probably thatched with heather, which now, by decomposing into peat soil, has buried the whole half-way up, and bridges of single granite blocks, polished by the feet of ages. And our 'portion should be among the smooth stones of the brook,' and we would pour out to them 'our drink offering' as we talked over old nature-worship, and lost ourselves and our toil in the abysses of the ages. But that will not be yet.

". . . My dear Max, what great things have happened for Germany, and what great men your Prussians have shown themselves. Much as I was wroth with them about Schleswig-Holstein, I can only see in this last campaign a great necessary move for the physical safety of every North German household, and the honor of every North German woman. To allow the possibility of a second 1807-1812 to remain, when it could be averted by any amount of fighting, were sin and shame, and had I been a Prussian I would have gone down to Sadowa as a sacred duty to wife and child and fatherland."

The great meteor shower of November, 1866, was naturally of intense and, as he said himself, awful interest to him. In trembling excitement he paced up and down the church-yard, where he had a greater sweep of horizon than elsewhere, long before the time arrived; and when the great spectacle began called his wife and children out of their beds to watch with him. He preached on the subject in his own church and at the Chapel Royal, where, after speaking of the seemingly pitiless laws of Nature "as we miscall them," he bursts forth:

"Horrible, I say, and increasingly horrible, not merely to the sentimentalist, but to the man of sound reason and of sound conscience, must the scientific aspect of nature become, if a mere abstraction called law is to be the sole ruler of the universe; if — to quote the famous words of the German sage — 'If, instead of the Divine Eye, there must glare on us an empty, black, bottomless eye-socket;' and the stars and the galaxies of heaven, in spite of all their present seeming regularity, are but an 'everlasting storm which no man guides.' . . . But did the thought occur to none of us, how morally ghastly, in spite of all its physical beauty, was that grand sight, unless we were sure that behind it all there was a Living God? That He had appointed the path, and the time, and the destiny, and the use of every atom of that matter of which science could only tell us that it was rushing without a purpose, for ever through the homeless void. . . . In one word, the question is not whether there be a God, but whether there be a Living God, who is in any true and practical sense Master of the universe over which He presides; a King who is actually ruling His kingdom, or an epicurean deity who lets his kingdom rule itself? Is there a Living God in

the universe, or is there none? That is the greatest of all questions. Has our Lord Jesus Christ answered it, or has He not? . . ."[1]

To Professor Adams. — "The seeming generation of these magnificent objects, out of a point of nonentity and void, was the most beautiful and striking sky phenomenon which I ever witnessed. Yet the actual facts of their course are far more wonderful and awful than even that appearance. I tried to picture to myself the thought and feelings of a mediæval observer, however rational or cool-headed he might have been, in presence of that star shower; and when I thought of the terror with which he had a right to regard it, and the fantastic explanation which he had a right to put upon it, I thanked you astronomers for having 'delivered us by science from one more object of dread.'"

TO PROFESSOR LORIMER OF EDINBURGH

Eversley: *December* 17, 1866. — "I write to express my great pleasure in your book on 'The Constitutionalism of the Future.' The views which you put forth are just those to which I have been led by twenty years of thought and observation; its manner, I wish I could copy. In it, clearness and method are not merely ornamented, but strengthened by a vein of humor, which is a sure sign of mastery of the subject, and of that faculty which no education can give, called genius. I wish that in the writings of our mutual friend, Mr. Mill, I could see some touch of that same humor. Mr. ——'s party have let loose that spirit of envy, which is the counterfeit of your righteous idea of equality relative, and tempts men to demand that impossible equality absolute, which must end in making the money lenders the only privileged class. To men possessed

[1] "The Meteor Shower," "Water of Life and Other Sermons."

by envy, your truly scientific, as well as truly religious method, of looking for the facts of God's world, and trying to represent them in laws, will be the plot of a concealed aristocrat. Mr. Mill seems to me to look on man too much as the creature of circumstances. This it is, which makes him disparage, if not totally deny, the congenital differences of character in individuals, and still more in races. He has, if I mistake not, openly denounced the doctrine of difference and superiority in race. And it is this mistake (as it seems to me) which has led him and others into that theory that the suffrage ought to be educational and formative, which you have so ably combated.

"Of course if it is assumed that all men are born into the world equals, and that their inequality, in intellect or morals, is chargeable entirely to circumstance, that inequality must be regarded as a wrong done by society to the less favored. Society therefore has no right to punish them by withholding the suffrage, for an inferiority which she herself has created; she is bound to treat them as if they were actually what they would have been but for her, and if they misuse their rights, she must pay the penalty of her previous neglect and cruelty. This seems to me to be the revolutionary doctrine of 1793—1848, which convulsed Europe; and from its logic and morality there is no escape as long as human beings are asserted to be congenitally equal, and circumstances the only cause of subsequent inequality. I held that doctrine strongly myself in past years, and was cured of it, in spite of its seeming justice and charity, by the harsh school of facts. Nearly a quarter of a century spent in educating my parishioners, and experience with my own and others' children, in fact that schooling of facts brought home to the heart, — have taught me that there are congenital differences and hereditary tendencies which defy all education from circumstances, whether for good

or evil. Society may pity those who are born fools or knaves, but she cannot, for her own sake, allow them power if she can help it. And therefore in the case of the suffrage, she must demand some practical guarantee that the man on whom it is bestowed is not dangerously knavish or foolish. I have seen, also, that the differences of race are so great, that certain races, *e.g.* the Irish Celts, seem quite unfit for self-government, and almost for the self-administration of justice involved in trial by jury, because they regard freedom and law, not as means for preserving what is just and right, but merely as weapons to be used for their own private interests and passions. They take the letter of freedom which killeth, without any conception of its spirit which giveth life. Nay, I go further, and fear much that no Roman Catholic country will ever be fit for free constitutional government, and for this simple reason. De Tocqueville and his school (of whom I speak with great respect) say that the cause of failure of free institutions in the Romance countries has been, the absence of the primary training in municipal self-government. That I doubt not. But what has been the cause of that want? — the previous want of training in self-government of the individual himself. And as long as the system of education for all classes in the Romance countries is one of tutelage and espionage (proceeding from the priestly notions concerning sin), so long will neither rich nor poor have any power of self-government. Any one who knows the difference between a French *lycée* and an English public school ought to see what I mean, and see one main cause of the failure of all attempts at self-government in France. May I without boring you go on to another subject, which seems to me just now of great importance? I think the giving intellect and civilization its due weight, by means of plurality of votes, as you so well advise, practically hopeless just now.

But is there no body or influence in the state which may secure them their due weight nevertheless? I think that there is, namely, the House of Lords. You seem to regard, as the majority do, the Peers, as standing alone in the state, and representing only themselves. I, on the contrary, look at them as representing every silver fork in Great Britain. What I mean is this. A person or body may be truly representative without being elected by those whom they represent. You will of course allow this. Now the House of Lords seems to me to represent all heritable property, real or personal, and also all heritable products of moral civilization, such as hereditary independence, chivalry, &c. They represent, in one word, the hereditary principle. This, no House of Commons, no elective body, can represent. It can only represent the temporary wants and opinions of the many, and that portion of their capital which is temporarily invested in trade, &c. It cannot represent the hereditary instinct which binds man and the state to the past and future generations. If you watch the current of American feeling and society you will see full proof of this. If the family bond should break up there, soon the bond will break up which makes a nation responsible in honor for the deeds of its ancestors, and therefore regardful of the obligation of international treaties. Now a body is required which represents the past and the future, and all material or spiritual which has been inherited from the past or bequeathed to the future. And this body must itself be an hereditary one.

"1. That such a body must be non-elected, to keep it safe from the changes of temporary popular opinion. An elective upper chamber is a monster which is certain to become a den of demagogues and money-lenders. 2. That it must be hereditary, because it is impossible for men to represent that which they are not them-

selves. The Peers are the incarnation of the hereditary principle. I look on them therefore as what they are in fact, not a caste, not even a class, but a certain number of specimens of a class chosen out by the accident (and a very fair choice, because it prevents quarrels and popular intrigues) of being eldest sons. I look on them as the representatives, not only of every younger brother, &c., of their own kin, and of every family which has ever intermarried, or hopes to intermarry with them (though that would include the great majority of well-educated Britons), but as the representatives of every man who has saved up enough to buy a silver fork, a picture, a Yankee clock, or anything, in fact, which he wishes to hand to his children. I hold that while Mr. Bright may, if he likes, claim to be represented merely by the House of Commons, his plate and house is represented by the House of Lords, and that if the House of Lords were abolished, Mr. Bright's children would discover that fact by the introduction of laws which would injure the value of all heritable property, would tax (under the name of luxuries) the products of art and civilization, would try to drive capital into those trades which afforded most employment for *un*-skilled labor, and supplied most the temporary necessities of the back and belly, and would tend to tax the rich for the sake of the poor, with very ugly results to civilization. This picture may seem overdrawn. I answer, this is already the tendency in the United States. The next fifty years will prove whether that tendency can be conquered or not in a pure democracy, such as they have now for the first time become; since they have exterminated their Southern hereditary aristocracy, and their Northern hereditary aristocracy, the Puritan gentlemen of old families, have retired in disgust from public life.

"Pray excuse the length of this letter. But your

book awoke such an interest in me — a solitary country thinker — that I could not resist the temptation of pouring out to you some of the results of many years of practical observation of, and pondering on, facts."

In 1867 he gave three Lectures at the Royal Institution on the *Ancien Régime*, and worked hard at the ice problems of the Bagshot Sands in the district round Eversley, at his theory of raised beaches, and in correspondence on Darwinism. He also undertook for a few months the editorship of "Fraser's Magazine" for Mr. Froude. He seized upon this opportunity to get some papers on science into its pages, in which various friends helped him, while he himself contributed one of his most lovely idylls, "A Charm of Birds." — (Prose Idylls.)

"Could you give me anything, however short?" he writes to Professor Newton. "You must tell me instantly where I can get most information about our birds of passage. Especially I want to know why the three phyllopneustes build dome-shaped nests? With what other birds are they embryologically connected? Also, is the hyppolais a warbler embryologically, or is he a yellow finch connected with serins and canaries, who has taken to singing? Can you tell me where I can find any Darwinite lore about the development of birds? Can you tell me anything about anything? For, as you won't write me an article for this month, I must write one myself."

To Rev. J. Ll. Davies. — *May* 23, 1867. — "I will surely be with you, please. God, on Sunday. . . . I am writing a sermon on the Wheat and the Tares, entreating general toleration of all parties, and bringing it to

bear on the Bishop of London's Fund question. I presume that you will not object to this line of preaching . . . but if you do, let me know, and I will try something else. The older I grow, the more tolerant I get, and believe that Wisdom is justified of all her children, and poor dear old Folly of some of hers likewise. . . ."

He was selected by Lord Spencer to preach to the Volunteers at the Wimbledon meeting this year. In September he was refreshed by a visit to Scotland, which included some days of the British Association at St. Andrews, and with M. Van de Weyer at Abergeldie Castle; while there he was collecting facts for his book on the Hermits.

To his Wife. — St. Andrews: "I am looking out on a glassy sea, with the sea-birds sailing about close under the window. I could wish to be at home seeing you all go to church. Yesterday was a day of infinite bustle. The University and City received the British Association and feasted them. Everything was very well done, except putting me down for a speech against my express entreaty. However, I only spoke five minutes. After this early dinner a reception *soirée* of all the ladies of Fifeshire, 'East Neuk.' We escaped early. I hate being made a lion of. I sat at dinner between dear old Philips and Geikie, with Grant Duff next, who has asked me to come on to him if I have time, and kill his salmon. Hurrah! To-day to church at one, and dine at Principal Tulloch's after, to meet Stanley, who is in great force in his beloved St. Andrews, which he called, in a very charming speech last night, his second university. Jowett comes to-morrow with a reading party. Blackwood (of the Magazine), who lives close by, has been most civil

to me . . . wanting me to come and stay with him, &c.; he has told me much that is curious about De Quincey, Hogg, Wilson, &c. He and B. and T. have been trying hard to make me preach in Boyd's Church; but I talked it over with —— last night, and I was glad to find that he thought with me, that it is quite legal, but that there was no need for a sudden and uncalled-for row with the Puseyites. I am most careful about all that. Nothing can be more pleasant than my stay here has been. But the racket of the meeting is terrible; the talking continual, and running into Dundee, by two trains, with the steamer at Broughty Ferry, between, is too much; so I have taken up my hat, and am off to Tilliepronie to-morrow; with the Provost of Dundee, and worse, the dear Red Lion Club crying to me to stop and dine. These dear Scots folk — I should like to live always among them; they are so full of vigorous life and heart. I am very well, but longing for the heather. Tell Maurice golf is the queen of games, if cricket is the king: and the golfing gentlemen as fine fellows as ever I saw. Kiss all the darlings for me, Grenville especially."

"Best of all," said Dean Stanley in a letter from Dundee, speaking of the banquet, "was Kingsley's speech, comparing the literature of science to camp followers[1] picking up scraps from the army, plundering, begging, borrowing, and stealing, and giving what they got to the bairns and children that ran after them, ending with a very delicate and well-timed serious turn of 'the voice of God revealed in facts.'"

From Abergeldie Castle he writes to his wife, who was starting their youngest boy to his first school:

[1] The term used by Mr. Kingsley was "The Jackals of Science."

"I am quite unhappy to-day thinking of your parting with the dear boy, for I can understand, though my man's coarser nature cannot feel as intensely, the pang to you of parting with a bit of yourself. More and more am I sure, and physiologists are becoming more sure also, that the *mother* is the more important [parent], and in the case of the *boy* everything; the child *is* the mother, and her rights, opinions, feelings, even fancies about him, ought to be first regarded. You will write to me all about his starting; but I have no fear of his being anything but happy. . . ."

To his Youngest Daughter. — "My Mary, — This is the real castle where I am, and in the bottom of that tower a real witch was locked up before she was burnt on Craig-na-Ban, overhead. At the back of the house, under my window, which is in the top of the tower, the Dee is roaring, and the salmons are *not* leaping, and a darling water-ouzel, with a white breast, is diving after caddises. And as soon as I have had luncheon I am going to fish with two dear little girls, who catch lots of trout with a fly; and a real gilly in a kilt, who, when he and I caught a salmon two days ago, celebrated the event by putting on his Prince of Wales's tartan and uniform, taking an enormous bagpipe, and booming like an elephantine bumble-bee all round the dinner-table, and then all about the house. It is very pleasant — like a dream — real stags in the forest looking at you, and real grouse, and blackcock, and real princesses walking about; but I long to be home again with you all, and that is truth. Love to Rose, and tell her to write to me to Aboyne. Your affectious pater,

"C. K."

To Mr. T. Dixon. — "I am much surprised to hear of alms-houses paying rates. The whole Poor-Law Question has got into the hands of the small shop-

keepers, as far as I can see, altogether. But as for shifting the burden of rates and taxes, — the true place to shift it, it seems to me, is on to the large shopkeepers and employers of labor, who rapidly grow rich, and therefore could endure a little more taxation. As for putting it on the land — you cannot be aware that land does not now pay more than 2½ or 3 per cent. to buy, so that the possession of it is a *luxury*, which only the rich can afford. This is owing to the heavy burdens which lie already on the (generally) exhausted and poor soil of England; and its effect is, that the land is drifting into too few hands. That happens by no privilege or injustice, but simply by supply and demand, there being so very few purchasers for the luxury of being a landowner. This is a serious evil, and a growing one. But I do not think that much shifting of taxes is needed — what is needed, is not squandering them when they are raised — and if there is that waste it must be the fault of the House of Commons, and nobody else. If we do not put good men into Parliament, we must be punished for our own folly. God grant the working men in their elections may choose honest and virtuous men (I don't care what their opinions are), leaving them as much *un*pledged and free as possible, and trusting to their conscience and honor to do what is right."

To L. T., Esq. — "As for stammering, I have seldom known a worse case than my own. I believe it to be perfectly curable, by the most simple and truly scientific rules — if persevered in. The great obstacles to cure are — 1. Youth, which prevents attention and force of will. 2. In after life, nervous debility of any kind. But with the cure of stammering, nervous debility decreases, owing to the more regular respiration, and therefore more perfect oxygenation of the blood, and so the health improves with the speech. Try a simple experi-

ment, it is an old and notorious method. Before beginning to speak, take two or three deep breaths, and always breathe at a stop, so as to prevent doing what all old stammerers do, speaking with an empty lung. Take a pair of very light dumb-bells and exercise your chest with them, taking care to *in*-spire deeply when you raise them over your head, and when (consequently) the ribs are raised, and the lungs expanded. Do this slowly and quietly, and I think you will find, though it will not cure you, yet it will relieve and literally *comfort* your breathing enough to give you confidence in my hints."

CHAPTER XXIII

1868

AGED 49

ATTACKS OF THE PRESS — LECTURES ON SIXTEENTH CENTURY — LETTERS ON EMIGRATION — NEWMAN'S DREAM OF ST. GERONTIUS — MILITARY EDUCATION — SANDHURST — COMTISM — ON CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT — PARTING WITH HIS SON — LETTER FROM REV. WILLIAM HARRISON — THEOLOGICAL VIEWS — THE BOOK LOVER — KINGSLEY'S TOLERANCE.

"Life, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation, and ordained
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

WORDSWORTH.

"I never saw in any man such fearlessness in the path of duty. The one question with him was, 'Is it right?' No dread of consequences, and consequences often bitterly felt by him, and wounding his sensitive nature, ever prevented him from doing that to which conscience prompted. His sense of right amounted to chivalry." — *Life of* PROFESSOR FORBES.

THE professorial lectures this year were on the 16th century, and were crowded, as usual; but some severe attacks on his teaching in two leading newspapers in the preceding autumn (though in each case they might be traced to some personal animosity), had inclined him, for his own honor, and for that of his University, to resign his post. Before doing this, he consulted some of the Cambridge authorities, on whose friendship and impartiality he could rely;

and on their advice he decided to retain the Professorship, though the work was too heavy for him, for at least another year. "Dry-as-dust is invaluable in his way, but he cannot create an interest in his subject where it does not exist," wrote one distinguished member of the University, who strongly dissuaded him from resigning, not knowing who might be his successor. Writing to his wife from Cambridge at this time he says:

"I have been very unhappy about your unhappiness about me, and cannot bear to think of your having a pang on my account. But you must remember that these battles and this abuse, painful as they may be, are what every man has to go through who attains any mark, or does any good in the world. Think how far more obloquy was gone through by Buckland, Milman, Maurice, Hare, Stanley, Robertson, Arnold; they have all had to fight their fight. But they conquered, and so shall I, please God, in spite of my mistakes. . . . In the meantime I will keep out of war, and *do the duty that lies nearest me*, that all may be well. So pray comfort yourself and think cheerfully and hopefully of the future, which after all is not so very dark, if one looks at it fairly. . . . I have got well through my lecture on Paracelsus. I should think there were a hundred men there, and the Public Orator and Wright. Then I heard *a* noble lecture from Mr. Maurice."

His calmness and magnanimity under attacks of the press, especially when made by literary men, were always remarkable; and no truer words were ever spoken than those by Mr. Matthew Arnold on hearing of his death:

"I find myself full of the thought of something in which he seemed to me unique. I think he was the

most generous man I have ever known; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured, or even indifferent, by having to support ill-natured attacks himself. Among men of letters I know nothing so rare as this; it will always keep his memory surrounded, in my mind, with a freshness and an honor peculiarly his own. . . . His fine talents and achievements in literature will now have full justice done to them again; the injustice which he and they had in some quarters to experience will be no longer busy."

Happily he was well and vigorous this year, and had so much work on hand in his parish and with his pen, that he had not time to be depressed by attacks from without. In preparation for one lecture in his proposed course for 1869, he read through nearly the whole of Comte's works. He began his little history of the Hermits, and a series of papers for children on Natural Science, called, "Madam How and Lady Why;" and answered countless letters.

To Mr. T. Dixon. — *January* 17, 1868. — "I send you a letter about the land question, which you can use as you like. I think if you will go over it with any neighboring farmer, you will find it pretty right; and if he will alter prices from my south country estimates to your north country ones, it will be, I think, valuable to quiet the minds of many who think they could do better than now, if the land was in their hands, being ignorant that agriculture is the least paying trade (in England) that a man can follow *owing to the general exhaustion of all the good soils*. I have not so much hope of Home Colo-

nization in England as I had; but if it could be applied to Ireland, it might do well. But *emigration* is the thing. . . . I am pleased with what you say of your father. Give me the man who, like the old middle-aged master workers, is not ashamed to teach his men by doing their work with them. *That* spirit is dying now in manufacturers and shopkeepers. Really, the country squires, who are many of them good practical farmers, and do not think it below them to use their own hands at hard labor, are the only examples left. My father would have put his hand to a spade or an axe with any man, and so could I pretty well, too, when I was in my prime, and my eldest son is now working with his own hands at farming, previous to emigrating to South America, where he will do the drudgery of his own cattle-pens and sheep-folds; and if I were twenty-four and unmarried, I would go out there too, and work like an Englishman, and live by the sweat of my brow."

January 25, 1868. — "I cannot but think that you might find worthy capitalists round you who would advance money for a scheme even temporary, for employing the poor fellows on breaking up waste land. But if they are not accustomed to it they will find it terrible work. I have handled spade and fork myself at it many an hour, and *know*. Our lads here can do it, because the one set of muscles get hardened to it from youth; but only the strong ones can make much wages at it. Ah, that the advice which I gave twenty years ago had been taken, and that the trades' unions would have organized an emigration committee for each trade, and chosen by ballot a certain number to emigrate every year, on funds furnished by the society; then things might have been different. But they had not confidence enough in each other, and were unwilling to sacrifice a portion of their earnings to set some of their number up

in affluence and comfort; and so, penny wise and pound foolish, have spent tens of thousands in doing nothing, where they might have spent thousands in doing permanent good."

To Rev. Sir W. E. Cope, *May* 2, 1868. — "I have read Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius' with awe and admiration. However utterly I may differ from the *entourage* in which Dr. Newman's present creed surrounds the central idea, I must feel that that central idea is as true as it is noble, and it, as I suppose, is this: The longing of the soul to behold Deity, converted by the mere act of sight, into a self-abasement and self-annihilation so utter, that the soul is ready, even glad, to be hurled back to any depth, to endure any pain, from the moment that it becomes aware of God's actual perfection and its own utter impurity and meanness.

"How poor my words are in expressing in prose what Dr. N. has expressed in poetry, I am well aware. But I am thankful to any man, who under any parabolic, or even questionably true forms, will teach that to a generation which is losing more and more the sense of reverence, and beginning confessedly to hate excellence for its own sake, as the Greek ostracized Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called the Just. As for the mocking of the fiends, I did not feel with the Bishop of Oxford that it indicated any possibility of unbelief, but rather showed merely that Dr. N. had looked fairly at the other side of a great question, and dare say the worst which can be said on it, which he would not have dared to do, had he not made up his mind. Jean Paul Richter says somewhere, that no man believes his own creed thoroughly till he can afford to jest about it, a daring paradox, which seems to be fulfilled in Dr. N. But there was much in Gerontius,

as in the rest of the book [Verses on various occasions], which shocked and pained me much, and which will continue so to do."

TO CAPTAIN ——,

(Who consulted him about Military Education.)

EVERSLEY: *June* 12, 1868. — " . . . What Sandhurst wants is discipline and public spirit. The former can be got. The latter not till a great war, which will make the officer again necessary and valuable in the eyes of the people. . . ."

" . . . What should be done with Sandhurst is: 1. Either to make it a mere finishing college, for one year, for young men who have already been through public schools, and have there learnt self-government, by having got into the fifth or sixth forms, and to treat such young men with the full liberty and confidence which they have at the universities. This would be the best plan; but failing that, Sandhurst should be turned into a thorough public school, taking lads in at 13 or 14, or even 12, and conducting their whole education till they enter the army. In either case, all the teachers and other officers should be military men, who should not be shelved by becoming Sandhurst professors, but have their time there, which should not be more than five years, counted to them as if they were with their regiments, and all such teachers should have gone through the Staff College. Only those lads who passed through Sandhurst with honor should go into the army by direct commission. Those who did not should be turned into the world (as from other public schools), and not be allowed to enter by purchase, as having already proved themselves incompetent. Much as I dislike any professional education, whether for the church

or the army, or any other business, I think that this plan would be far better than the present. The chaplain, if he is to have any moral influence, should be always a young man, a scholar, a gentleman, and an athletic genial man — such as can be found by dozens at the universities. And his post should be only for five or seven years, never a permanent and shelving one. . . ."

To Rev. F. D. Maurice, *Sept.* 10, 1868. — "I have been reading with great delight your 'Lectures on Conscience.' I feel more and more that the root of the matter is in your view; and I am very glad to see that Rolleston of Oxford, in an address he has just sent me, gives in his unqualified adhesion to the doctrine that the I is the man, and has nothing to do with physiology at all. The present tendency of physiologists to deny psychology and metaphysic, for the sake of making man a function of his own brain, which is done by a psychology and a metaphysic of their own inventing, though they call it by a different name, must be combated, or we shall all drift together into some sort of Comtism. . . . . I am hard at work at Comte. A great deal of what he says is by no means new to me meanwhile, so that I am not dazzled by it, though at times it is difficult not to be cowed by his self-sufficient glibness and cheerfully naïve sophistry. But I cannot but hope that my love for natural science, and practice in inductive processes, may be of use to me in forming a fair estimate of him on his own ground. As far as I have gone, I suspect more and more that he is not an inductive (the only true positive) philosopher, but a mere systematizer and classifier. As for the 'laws' on which he determines the 'evolution' of the middle age and sixteenth century, they seem to me a set of mere maxims worthy of Polonius. His great discovery of the

three stages of the human mind I don't believe at all, even though fetichism were the first stage, which is not proved. I hope to come up to Cambridge to lecture the whole of the Lent Term on these matters. My notion is, to take your 'Kingdom of Christ,' Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' and Bunsen's 'God in History,' and show the men how you all three hold one view (under differences), and Comte and all who are on his side an absolutely different one. Whether God will give me understanding to do this is another question; but I shall think of nothing else between now and then. . . . ."

October 23. — "I want much to have serious talk with you about Comte and his school. My heart is very full of it, as well as my head. The very air seems full of Comtism. Certainly the press is; and how to make head against the growing unbelief in any God worth calling a God is more than I can see. Bunsen's Life has at once elevated and humiliated me. . ."

To Sir Henry Taylor, *Dec.* 26, 1868. — "I have to thank you for your able pamphlet 'On Crime and its Punishment.' As against any just and rational treatment of crime, two influences are at work now. 1. The effeminacy of the middle class, which never having in its life felt bodily pain (unless it has the toothache) looks on such pain as the worst of all evils. My experience of the shop-keeping class (from which juries are taken) will hardly coincide with yours. You seem to think them a hardier and less dainty class than our own. I find that even in the prime of youth they shrink from (and are often unable to bear, from physical neglect of training) fatigue, danger, pain, which would be considered as sport by an average public schoolboy. I think that Mill and those of his school are aware of this,

and look on it with disfavor and dread, as an instinct of that 'military class' whom they would (whether justly or not) destroy; and that from the 'extreme left' of thought you would have heavy opposition on this ground, and also because,

"2. The tendency of their speculations is more and more to the theory that man is not a responsible person, but a result of all the circumstances of his existence; and that therefore if any thing or person is responsible for a crime, it is the whole circumambient universe. Doubtless, men who utterly believed this might be as Draconic towards human beings as towards wasps and snakes, exterminating the bad as failures of nature, not as criminals. But the average folk, who only half believe this theory, supplement it by a half belief in the human responsibility of a criminal, a confusion which issues in this: The man is not responsible for his faults. They are to be imputed to circumstance. But he is responsible for, and therefore to be valued solely by, his virtues. They are to be imputed to himself. An ethical theorem, which you may find largely illustrated in Dickens's books, at least as regards the lower and middle classes. Hence the tendency of the half-educated masses in England will be (unless under panic) toward an irrational and sentimental leniency."

He parted in the summer with his eldest beloved son, who, inheriting his father's thirst for travel and passionate longing to see the prairies and tropic forests of the New World, decided to go out to the estate of a cousin in South America for farming and exploring. It was the first break-up of the family circle, and the prospect of the first Christmas at Eversley without his boy inspired the lines which begin:

"How will it dawn, the coming Christmas Day?
. . . . . .
. . . How to those —
New patriarchs of the new-found under-world,
Who stand, like Jacob, on the virgin lawns,
And count their flocks' increase? To them that day
Shall dawn in glory, and solstitial blaze
Of full midsummer sun: to them, that morn,
Gay flowers beneath their feet, gay birds aloft
Shall tell of nought but summer; but to them,
Ere yet, unwarned by carol or by chime,
They spring into the saddle, thrills may come
From that great heart of Christendom which beats
Round all the worlds;
. . . for here or there,
Summer or winter, 't will be Christmas Day."[1]

His parish cares were now shared by the Rev. William Harrison, who soon became his intimate companion and friend, and for six years carried out all his plans in church and parish, winning the love and reverence of the people of Eversley, and lifting a heavy burden from his Rector's mind. Mr. Harrison followed him to Westminster as minor canon, and was with him in his last failing months, and on his death-bed. His own words describe the impression Mr. Kingsley made on him during the last seven years of his life on earth.

"Soon after I entered upon my duties as curate at Eversley, in May, 1868, old parishioners, who could recall the days prior to Mr. Kingsley's residence among them, began to tell me of the many great reforms he had effected in the parish in the years during which he had worked there. I do not think that the majority of his people ever fully understood that their rector's words

[1] "Christmas Day." (Poems, p. 353.)

were eagerly listened for in the outside world, and that his name was known far and wide. For these things never affected his manner towards them. They loved him emphatically for himself: for what he was, and had been to them. They loved him because he was always the same — earnest, laborious, tender-hearted; chivalrous to every woman; gentle to every child; true to every man; ready for, and vigorous in, every good work; stern only towards vice and selfishness; the first to rejoice in the success of the strong and healthy, and the first to hasten to the bedside of the sick and dying.

"He knew his people intimately: their proper callings, tastes, failings, and virtues. He was interested, as a matter of fact, and not from the mere desire to please, in the occupations of everyone, and had the right word for each and all. Men at once felt at ease with him, because there was such unmistakable ring of sincerity, such evident understanding of their wants, and such real acquaintance and sympathy with what they were thinking and doing, in all that he said. The poor could tell him freely what they felt and what they wanted, seeing at once that he knew more about them than men of his social standing generally know. At the same time there was a natural stateliness in his bearing which precluded the possibility of undue familiarity in any one towards him. He is too frequently misunderstood to have been a mere clerical 'Tom Thurnall;' a character which he has drawn with great skill, and with which certainly he had many points of sympathy. That he was unfettered by conventional modes of thought and speech, and exhibited at moments a certain element of fierceness, with a detestation of all cant and unmanliness, cannot be denied. But there was, when I knew him, a lofty courtesy and abiding seriousness about him, in his very look and appearance, and in all he said and did, which marked him out from other men, and secured

to him at all times the respectful attention and reverence alike of friends and strangers. 'I am nothing,' he once said to me, 'if not a Priest.'

"I think that the tenderness of his nature has never been sufficiently dwelt upon. In his warm and manful love for physical strength, and for capability of any kind, his imaginative forbearance toward dulness and weakness has, as it seems to me, been sometimes lost sight of. Indeed, even towards wrongdoing and sin, although terribly stern in their presence, he was merciful in an unusual degree. He would often say, after sternly rebuking some grave offender, 'Poor fellow! I daresay if I had been in his place I should have done much worse.'

"It is almost needless to say that every natural object, from the stones beneath his feet, to the clouds above his head, possessed a peculiar and never-failing interest for him. As he strode through the heather, across his well-beloved moors, he would dilate on all he saw and heard in his vigorous and poetic way. Nature appealed to him from many diverse sides. For not only would his mind busy itself with the more scientific and abstruse thoughts which a landscape might suggest, but he could find all an artist's contentment and pleasure in the mere beauty of its forms and colors. He had retained the freshness of boyhood; and approached and noted everything with delight. It was refreshing to see how much enjoyment he could extract from things which most men would never perceive or notice; with what untiring and reverent perseverance he would seek to know their *raison d'être*; and with what a glow and glory his fruitful imagination clothed everything.

"He certainly possessed the power of investing natural objects at the right moment with his own thought, either for joy or pathos, in a most striking manner. Thus I recollect on one occasion (amongst

the Welsh mountains) the eagerness with which he knelt down by the side of a tinkling waterfall, and said in a whisper of delight, 'Listen to the fairy bells!' And thus, again, I recall with tender sorrow an incident that occurred in one of the last walks he ever took, on those dark winter days which preceded his own illness, and when a great and overwhelming sorrow was hanging over him. We were passing along one of the Eversley lanes. Suddenly we came on a large tree, newly cut down, lying by the roadside. He stopped, and looked at it for a moment or so, and then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'I have known that tree ever since I came into the parish!'

"Doubtless there is more or less truth in the assertion that Mr. Kingsley was a Broad Churchman. But assuredly in no party sense; and the only time I ever heard him approach to anything like an exact definition of his position, he described himself as 'an old-fashioned High Churchman.' It was his pride to belong to the Church of England, '*as by law established*;'—he was never tired of quoting the words, nor of referring to the Prayer Book on all disputed points. I have never known any one speak more emphatically and constantly of the value of the Creeds, and the efficacy of the Sacraments, to which he alluded in almost every sermon I heard him preach. The two most distinctive features of his religious teaching were, I think, that the world is God's world, and not the devil's, and that manliness is entirely compatible with godliness. Yet, whilst his name will indissolubly be associated with the latter doctrine, it must not be supposed that he was lacking in gentleness and delicate sympathy. There was in him a vein of almost feminine tenderness, which I fancy increased as life advanced, and which enabled him to speak with a peculiar power of consolation to the sad and suffering, both in private and from the pulpit.

With Puritanism he had little sympathy: with Ritualism none. The former was to his rich poetic imagination and warm chivalrous nature ludicrously defective as a theory of life. The latter was, in his opinion, too nearly allied in spirit to Romanism ever to gain his support or sanction in any way; and of Rome he was the most uncompromising opponent I have ever known. None of the great parties in the Church — it is an important fact — could lay claim to him exclusively. Intrepid fearlessness in the statement of his opinions; a dislike to be involved in the strife of tongues; unexpected points of sympathy with all the different sections of the Church; a certain ideal of his own, both with regard to personal holiness and church regimen; — these things always left him a free lance in the ecclesiastical field.

"The opinion may be taken for what it is worth, but it certainly is my opinion, that whilst Mr. Kingsley's convictions, during his career as a clergyman, remained substantially the same, as may be proved by a careful comparison of his later with his earlier writings, his belief in revealed truth deepened and increased, and his respect for the constituted order of things in Church and State grew more and more assured.

"Surely if ever room could be haunted by happy ghosts it would be his study at Eversley, peopled as it must ever be with the bright creations of his brain. There every book on the many crowded shelves looked at him with almost human friendly eyes. And of books what were there not? — from huge folios of St. Augustine[1] to the last treatise on fly-fishing. And of what would he not talk? — classic myth and mediæval romance, magic and modern science, metaphysics and poetry, West Indian scenery and parish schools, politics and fairyland, &c., &c. — and of all with vivid sympathy,

[1] Once the property of John Sterling, and given to Mr. Kingsley by Thos. Carlyle.

keen flashes of humor, and oftentimes with much pathos and profound knowledge. As he spoke he would constantly verify his words. The book wanted — he always knew exactly where, as he said, it 'lived' — was pulled down with eager hands; and he, flinging himself back with lighted pipe into his hammock, would read, with almost boylike zest, the passage he sought for and quickly found. It was very impressive to observe how intensely he realized the words he read. I have seen him overcome with emotion as he turned the well-thumbed pages of his Homer, or perused the tragic story of Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his beloved Hakluyt. Nor did the work of the study even at such moments shut him in entirely, or make him forgetful of what was going on outside. 'It 's very pleasant,' he would say, opening the door which led on to the lawn, and making a rush into the darkness, 'to see what is going on out here.' On one such occasion, a wild autumnal night, after the thrilling recital of a Cornish shipwreck he had once witnessed, and the memory of which the turbulence of the night had conjured up, he suddenly cried, 'Come out! come out!' We followed him into the garden, to be met by a rush of warm driving rain before a southwesterly gale, which roared through the branches of the neighboring poplars. There he stood, unconscious of personal discomfort, for a moment silent and absorbed in thought, and then exclaimed in tones of intense enjoyment, 'What a night! Drenching! This is a night on which you young men can't think or talk too much poetry.'

"Nevertheless, with this appreciation of nature in her wilder moods, he possessed all a poet's love for her calmness. Indeed I think that anything that was savage in aspect was deeply alien to his mind. . . . Order and cultivation were of supreme value in his eyes; and, from a point of artistic beauty, I believe he would have preferred an English homestead to an Indian jungle.

Nay, even town scenes had a very great charm for him; and one bright summer day, after his return from America, whilst walking in Kensington Gardens, he declared that he considered they were as beautiful as anything he had seen in the New World. Looking at some photographs of bleak and barren mountain ranges, he said to a young painter who was admiring their grandeur: 'Yes; paint them, and send the picture to the Academy, and call it, "The Abomination of Desolation"!' I once ventured to ask him whether his scientific knowledge had not dulled the splendor and dissipated much of the mystery that fill the world for the poet's heart. A very sad and tender look came over his face, and for a little while he was silent. Then he said, speaking slowly: 'Yes, yes; I know what you mean; it is so. But there are times — rare moments — when nature looks out at me again with the old bride-look of earlier days.'

"I would speak of his chivalry — for I can call it nothing else — in daily life; a chivalry which clothed the most ordinary and commonplace duties with freshness and pleasantness. I soon discovered that an unswerving resolution at all times, and under all circumstances, to spare himself no trouble, and to sustain life at a lofty level, was the motive power of this chivalry: — and those who conscientiously set themselves to this task best know the innumerable difficulties that beset it. No fatigue was too great to make him forget the courtesy of less wearied moments; no business too engrossing to deprive him of his readiness to show kindness and sympathy. To school himself to this code of unfaltering, high, and noble living was truly one of the great works of his life; for the fulfilment of which he subjected himself to a rigorous self-discipline — a self-discipline so constant that to many people, even of noble temperament, it might appear Quixotic. He would have liked

that word applied to him. There was much in him of that knightly character which is heroic even to a fault; and which, from time to time, provokes the shafts of malice and ridicule from lesser men. That the persistent fortitude by which he gained and sustained this temper was one of the root-principles of his life was touchingly illustrated to me one day, when, seeing him quit his work to busy himself in some trivial matter for me, I asked him not to trouble about it then and there, and he, turning on me, said with unusual warmth, 'Trouble! Don't talk to me of that, or you will make me angry. I never allow myself to think about it.'

"I would speak of him as a friend. His ideal of friendship was very full and noble, tenderer, perhaps, than most men's. He took his friends as he found them, and loved them for what they really were, rather than for what he fancied or wished them to be. In this, as in other aspects of his nature, the beautiful boy-likeness was conspicuous. To the last he was ready to meet and to make new friends, to love and to be beloved with the freshness of youth. If there was anything at all admirable in a person he was sure to see and appreciate it. It was not that he was wanting in the critical faculty; nothing escaped his notice; speech, manner, dress, features, bearing, all were observed, but in the most kindly spirit, the good points alone were dwelt and commented upon. 'People are better than we fancy, and have more in them than we fancy;' so he has said in one of his sermons, and so I have heard him say again and again in his daily life. And here I must speak, with the deepest gratitude and love, of the friendship he bestowed on me, unwavering, helpful, exalting, tender, truthful. The memories of that friendship are too many and too sacred for me to dilate upon. Its sweetness and worth have made life a new thing to me, but cannot well be expressed in words."

CHAPTER XXIV

1869–1870

AGED 50–51

WORK OF THE YEAR — RESIGNATION OF PROFESSORSHIP — WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE QUESTION — LETTERS TO MR. MAURICE AND JOHN STUART MILL — CANONRY OF CHESTER — SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING AT BRISTOL — WEST INDIAN VOYAGE — TROPIC SCENES — RETURN HOME — EVERSLEY A CHANGED PLACE — FLYING COLUMNS — HEATH FIRES — FIRST RESIDENCE AT CHESTER — BOTANICAL CLASS — FIELD LECTURES — HUMAN SOOT — MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN — FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR — WALLACE ON NATURAL SELECTION.

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embow'ed roof
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

MILTON.

THE year 1869, which closed his professorial work at Cambridge, saw the beginning of a new chapter of his life as Canon of Chester. It was a year of severe intellectual work and great activity; but the resignation of the professorship relieved his mind from a heavy load of

responsibility, and the prospect of a voyage to the West Indies, on the invitation of Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor of Trinidad, fulfilling one of the dreams of his life, helped to carry him through his work. He lectured on Natural Science to the boys at Wellington and Clifton Colleges, at various industrial and mechanics' institutions in the diocese, and to ladies at Winchester, on health and ventilation ("The Two Breaths"), and on "Thrift," in which last he treated not only of thrift in the household, but of the highest thrift — thrift of all those faculties which connect us with the unseen and spiritual world — thrift of the immortal spirit — "thrift of the heart, thrift of the emotions," as contrasted with "a waste the most deplorable and ruinous of all" for women, the reading of sensation novels — "that worst form of intemperance, intellectual and moral."[1] He was elected President of the Education Section of the Social Science Congress at Bristol. He finished his children's book, "Madam How and Lady Why," and wrote an article on "Women and Politics." His parish prospered; the penny readings and entertainments for the laborers became more popular. He gave his last course of lectures at Cambridge, "in preparing which," he said, "I worked eight or nine months hard last year, and was half-witted by the time they were delivered." Of these, an undergraduate writes, "Your last series, and especially the grand concluding one on Comte, have made an impression just at the moment when it was needed."

[1] "Health and Education."

He left Cambridge with feelings of deep gratitude to men of all classes in the University, and for the experience of the last nine years, and dissatisfied only with his own work. His pupils felt differently.

"Allow me," writes one of them, "to testify to Canon Kingsley's great influence over the young men at Cambridge. It was not only the crowded room and breathless attention that told the interest, but many of us now, at the interval of fifteen years of busy life in our positions as clergymen, in dealing at home and at Missions with men of thought and mind, can trace back, as I can, their first impressions of true manly Christianity to his stirring words. . . ."

"The very name of 'Kingsley's Lecture,'" writes another, "impelled one to the lecture-room. There was a strange fascination about him which no young man could resist. There was no lecture-room half so full, and there was none half so quiet — one could hear a pin fall."

To Rev. F. Maurice. — *Jan.* 16, 1869. — "It was a real pleasure to me to hear you had read my clumsy little papers ('Madam How and Lady Why'). I wished to teach children — my own especially — that the knowledge of nature ought to make them reverence and trust God more, and not less (as our new lights inform us). They are meant more as prolegomena to natural theology, than as really scientific papers, though the facts in them are (I believe) true enough. But I know very little about these matters, and cannot keep myself '*au courant*' of new discoveries, save somewhat in geology, and even in that I am no mineralogist, and palæontologist. Science is grown too vast for any one head. . . .

"R. and I now mean to sail, if God permits (for one must say that very seriously in such a case), by the April

mail. Ah! that you were coming too, and could be made to forget everything for a while, save flowers and skies and the mere sensation of warmth, the finest medicine in the world! What you say about not basing morality on psychology I am most thankful for. I seem to get a vista of a great truth far away. Far away enough from me, Heaven knows. But this I know: that I want to re-consider many things, and must have time to do it; that I should like to devote the next twenty years to silence, thought, and, above all, prayer, without which no spirit can breathe."

To J. STUART MILL, ESQ. — "I have had the honor of receiving 'from the author' your book on the 'Subjection of Women.' I shall only say, in thanking you for it, that it seems to me unanswerable and exhaustive, and certain, from its moderation as well as from its boldness, to do good service in this good cause. It has been a deep pleasure to me to find you, in many passages in which you treat of what marriage ought to be, and what marriage is, corroborating opinions which have been for more than twenty-five years the guides and safeguards of my own best life. I shall continue to labor, according to my small ability, in the direction which you point out; and all the more hopefully because your book has cleared and arranged much in my mind which was confused and doubtful. . . ."

" . . . I wish much to speak to you on the whole question of woman. In five-and-twenty years my ruling idea has been that which my friend Huxley has lately set forth as common to him and Comte; that 'the reconstruction of society on a scientific basis is not only possible, but the only political object much worth striving for.' One of the first questions naturally was, What does science — in plain English, nature and fact (which I take to be the acted will of God) — say about woman, and

her relation to man? And I have arrived at certain conclusions thereon, which (in the face of British narrowness) I have found it wisest to keep to myself. That I should even have found out what I seem to know without the guidance of a woman, and that woman my wife, I dare not assert: but many years of wedded happiness have seemed to show me that our common conclusions were accordant with the laws of things, sufficiently to bring their own blessing with them. I beg you therefore to do me the honor of looking on me, though (I trust) a Christian and a clergyman, as completely emancipated from those prejudices which have been engrained into the public mind by the traditions of the monastic or canon law about women, and open to any teaching which has for its purpose the doing woman justice in every respect. As for speaking at the meeting, my doing so will depend very much on whether there will be, or will not be, newspaper reporters in the room. I feel a chivalrous dislike of letting this subject be lowered in print, and of seeing pearls cast before swine — with the usual result. . . ."

A visit to Mr. Mill at Blackheath, during which he attended the first woman's suffrage meeting in London, was one of great interest to Mr. Kingsley.

"When I look at his cold, clear-cut face," he remarked of Mr. Mill to Dr. Carpenter, "I think there is a whole hell beneath him, of which he knows nothing, and so there may be a whole heaven above him. . . ."

In August Mr. Gladstone writes to him:

"I have much pleasure in proposing to you that you should accept the Canonry of Chester, vacated by the appointment of Dr. Moberly to the See of Salisbury.

. . . I know that the act will be very agreeable to her Majesty. The cathedral of Chester is under an energetic Dean, and nave services are now carried on in it with excellent effect."

Many were the congratulations he received. The answer to one of them is characteristic:

"You never were more right than when you said that I should not like to be a bishop. . . . And even a deanery I shrink from; because it would take me away from Eversley; the home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, and which I intend shall be my last home; for go where I will in this hard-working world, I shall take care to get my last sleep in Eversley churchyard."

In October he went to Bristol to the Social Science Congress, as President of the educational section. His address, which made a profound sensation at the time, was printed, and about 100,000 copies distributed by the education League. He had this year joined the League with several other clergymen, who, like himself, nearly despaired of a Government scheme for compulsory education, in which alone they saw hope for the masses; but he subsequently withdrew, and gave his warm allegiance to Mr. Forster's Act. He had long deplored the religious disputes which formed the chief hindrance to a National Education Act, and in a sermon in London some years before had spoken thus of them:

"Let me remind you very solemnly, that the present dearth of education in these realms is owing mainly to

our unhappy religious dissensions; that it is the disputes, not of unbelievers, but of Christians, which have made it impossible for our government to fulfil one of the first rights, one of the first duties, of any government in a civilized country; namely, to command, and to compel every child in the realm to receive a proper education. Strange and sad that it should be, yet so it is. We have been letting, we are letting still, year by year, thousands sink and drown in the slough of heathendom and brutality, while we are debating learnedly whether a raft, or a boat, or a life-buoy, is the legitimate instrument for saving them; and future historians will record with sorrow and wonder a fact which will be patent to them, though the dust of controversy hides it from our eyes — even the fact that the hinderers of education in these realms were to be found, not among the so-called skeptics, not among the so-called infidels; but among those who believed that God came down from heaven, and became man, and died on the cross, for every savage child in London. Thus Compulsory Government Education is, by our own choice and determination, impossible." — *Discipline and other Sermons.*

". . . It is the duty of the State, I hold, to educate all alike in those matters which are common to them as citizens; that is, in all secular matters, and in all matters also which concern their duties to each other as defined by law. Those higher duties which the law cannot command or enforce, they must learn elsewhere; and the clergy of all denominations will find work enough, and noble work enough, in teaching them. We shall have always work enough in such times as these in teaching what no secular education can ever teach; in diffusing common honesty, the knowledge of right and wrong, and the old-fashioned fear of God as the punisher of those who do ill, and the rewarder of those who do well. . . ." — *Speech at Bristol.*

On the 2nd of December he and his daughter embarked at Southampton for the West Indies.

"At last I, too, was crossing the Atlantic. At last the dream of forty years, please God, would be fulfilled, and I should see the West Indies and the Spanish Main. From childhood I had studied their natural history, their charts, their romances, and alas! their tragedies; and now at last I was about to compare books with facts, and judge for myself of the reported wonders of the earthly paradise. . . ."

Mail Steamer Shannon: *December*, 1869. — "Latitude 25°, longitude 50°, *i.e.*, in the Doldrums or Calves of Cancer, past the Gulf-weed, and among the flying-fish. . . . We are having the most charming passage which even old hands remember at this time of year, and the steamer is full of delightful and instructive people, so that I am learning something every day. We have already invitations to Barbadoes, to Jamaica, to Cuba, Granada, Tobago — so that we might spend months in the West Indies; but I shall be home, please God, by the mail I promised. I have done duty, and preached twice, and I hope not in vain. I go up with your prayer-book every morning on the paddle-box on deck, before any passengers are up, so that I have a quiet gracious time — up at six, and breakfast at nine. . . . It all seems at times like a dream, then as if one had been always on board; then I want to show or tell you something, and forget for the moment you are three thousand miles off, in frost, perhaps, and snow, while we are in rich showery midsummer, with such sunrises and sunsets. . . ."

It would be a twice told tale to those who have read his "At Last" to do more than glance at his account of the voyage and its new experi-

ences, the historic memories which the sight of the Azores woke up of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville, and many of England's forgotten worthies; and of all he felt at finding himself on the track of the "old sea heroes," Drake and Hawkins, Carlile and Cavendish, Cumberland, Preston, Frobisher, and Duddely, Keymis and Widdon — and of the first specimen of the Gulf-weed which brought back "the memorable day when Columbus's ship plunged her bows into the tangled ocean meadow, and the sailors were ready to mutiny, fearing hidden shoals, ignorant that they had four miles of blue water beneath their keel," — and of the awe which the poet and the man of science must needs feel at that first sight of the "Sargasso sea, and of the theories connected with it — not wholly impossible — of a sunken Atlantic continent — and of his enjoyment of the glorious cloudland, and the sudden sunsets when

> 'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
> At one stride comes the dark;'

to be succeeded after balmy nights by the magnificent pageant of tropic sunlight" — and of the first sight of the New World, and the look out for Virgin Gorda, one of those numberless islands which Columbus discovered on St. Ursula's day; and of the arrival at St. Thomas, with its scarlet and purple roofs piled up among orange trees, and the first glimpse of a tropic hill-side. "Oh! for a boat to get into that paradise!" and how the boat was got; and how he leapt out on a sandy beach — and then the revelation of tropic vegetation, and the unmistakable cocoa-nut trees,

and the tall aloes, and the gray-blue Cerei, and the bright deep green of a patch of Guinea grass; — and the astonishment which swallowed up all other emotions at the wonderful wealth of life — and the "effort, at first in vain, to fix our eyes on some one dominant or typical form, while every form was clamoring as it were to be looked at, and a fresh Dryad gazed out of every bush, and with wooing eyes asked to be wooed — and the drooping boughs of the shoregrape with its dark velvet leaves and crimson midrib, and the fragrant Frangipane, and the first cocoa-nut, and the mangrove swamp, and then the shells — the old friends never seen till now but in cabinets at home, earnests that all was not a dream; the prickly pinna, the great strombi, with the outer shell broken away, disclosing the rosy cameo within and looking on the rough beach pitifully tender and flesh-like; and the lumps of coral, all to be actually picked up and handled — and the first tropic orchid, and the first wild pines clinging parasitic on the boughs of strange trees, or nestling among the angular shoots of the columnar cereus;" and the huge green calabashes, the playthings of his childhood, alive and growing; and how "up and down the sand we wandered collecting shells, till we rowed back to the ship over white sand where grew the short manati grass, and where the bottom was stony, we could see huge prickly sea urchins, huger brainstone corals, round and gray, and above, sailing over our heads, flocks of brown and gray pelicans, to show us where we were — and met the fleet of negro boats laden with bunches of plantains, yams, green oranges, sugar canes;" and then the

steaming down the islands, and the sight of the Lesser Antilles, the beauty and grandeur of which exceeded all his boyish dreams; and St. Kitts with its great hill, which took in Columbus's imagination the form of the giant St. Christopher bearing on his shoulder the infant Christ — and how "from the ship we beheld with wonder and delight the pride of the West Indies, the Cabbage Palms — well named by botanists the Oreodoxa, the glory of the mountains — gray pillars, smooth and cylindrical as those of a Doric temple, each carrying a flat head of darkest green;" and how Guadaloupe, Dominica, and Martinique were passed, and St. Vincent and its *souffrière* gazed on with awe and reverence — and the beautiful St. Lucia with its wonderful Pitons, and through the Grenadines to Granada, the last of the Antilles, as now the steamer ran dead south for seventy miles, and on St. Thomas's Day, at early dawn,

"We became aware of the blue mountains of North Trinidad a-head of us; to the west the island of the Dragon's Mouth, and westward again, a cloud among the clouds — the last spur of the Cordilleras of the Spanish Main. There was South America at last; and as a witness that this, too, was no dream, the blue waters of the Windward Isles changed suddenly into foul bottle-green. The waters of the Orinoco, waters from the peaks of the Andes far away, were staining the sea around us. With thoughts full of three great names, connected as long as civilized men shall remain, with those waters — Columbus, Raleigh, Humboldt — we steamed on . . . and then saw before us . . . to the eastward, the northern hills of Trinidad, forest clad down to the water: to the south a long line of coast, generally level with the water's edge,

green with mangroves or dotted with cocoa palms. That was the Gulf of Paria and Trinidad beyond. . . ."

Christmas found him the guest of his kind friend Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Trinidad, at the Cottage, Port of Spain, the earthly paradise which he had reached at last, and where he could revel in his Palm worship.

". . . . Those groo groo palms, a sight never to be forgotten — to have once seen palms breaking through, and as it were defying the soft rounded forms of the broad-leaved vegetation by the stern force of their simple lines; the immovable pillar-stem, looking the more immovable beneath the toss, the lash, and flicker of the long leaves, as they awake out of their sunlit sleep, and rage impotently for a while before the mountain gusts, to fall to sleep again. Like a Greek statue in a luxurious drawing-room, sharpcut, cold, virginal, showing, by the mere grandeur of form, the voluptuousness of mere color, however rich and harmonious; so stands the palm tree, to be worshipped rather than to be loved. . . ." — *At Last.*

"THE COTTAGE, TRINIDAD, *January* 23, 1870.

". . . . You may conceive the delight with which I got your letter, and M——'s, and to think that the telegram should have arrived on Christmas Day! . . . I have not been so well this seven years. I have been riding this week six to eight hours a day, through primeval forests, mud, roots, gullies, and thickets. . . . As for what I have seen, no tongue can tell. We have got many curiosities, and lots of snakes. I have only seen one alligator, about five to six feet long, and only marks of deer and capo. But I have seen one of the mud volcanoes; and as for scenery, for vastness and richness min-

gled, I never saw its like. Oh that I could transport you to the Monserrat hills for one hour. . . . The woods are now vermilion with *bois immortel;* in a fortnight they will be golden with *poui* (all huge trees). I have seen a tree which for size beats all I ever dreamed of, a sand-box, forty-four feet round and seventy-five feet (we got down a liana and measured it) to the first fork, which did not seem half up the tree. But with too many of these giants, you can get no good view, their heads being lost in the green world above. But I have seen single trees left in parks over one hundred and twenty feet, with vast flat heads, which are gardens of orchids, &c., and tons of lianas hanging down from them, and the spurs of their roots like walls of board as high as a man. On Tuesday we start again for the north coast, then a short dash to the east, and then home. I have resisted all solicitations and invitations, and poor F. H—— being ill, gives me a plain reason for keeping my promise to you. Besides, I have seen enough already to last me my life. I keep saying, I cannot *not* have been in the tropics. And as I ride, I jog myself, and say, You stupid fellow, wake up. Do you see that? and that? Do you know where you are? And my other self answers, Don't bother. I have seen so much, I can't take in any more, and I don't care about it all. So I am in a state of intellectual repletion, indigestion, and shall take full twelvemonths to assimilate and arrange the mass of new impressions. I assure you I am very careful. I had to lie off a mangrove swamp in burning sun, very tired, after having ridden four hours, and been shoved over the mud in a canoe among the calling crabs, by three niggers, and I did not feel it the least, though the mud stank, and the wind was off shore, because before I got into the canoe, I took a good dose of quinine, which I always carry. Moreover, there are here wonderful angostura bitters (the same which cured Humboldt

of his fever) which people take here before dinner, or when wet, tired, or chilly, and their effect is magical. They are tonic, not alcoholic. I have kept a great number of notes, and must make more. But this week I have travelled too fast, and have had no luggage, save at my saddle-bow. It is a glorious life in the forest, and I should like six months of it without stopping, if it did not rain.

January 24. — "A charming fellow has arrived, Mr. D. V——, governor of St. Lucia, who has seen and done unspeakable things among Indians and wild animals. I am learning a great deal from him, as I do from every one. . . . How strange a thing is man. I longed to get here. I have been more than satisfied with being here, and now I long to get back again. I long to find us running past those glorious Windward Islands, and away from St. Thomas to the cold north-east. But — this will be a possession — 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' and this will make me young again. . . . I had the most delightful of days at the Pitch Lake with Admiral Wellesley, and he wanted to carry me off in the 'Royal Alfred' to Granada, &c., which would have been glorious. He is a noble man, and all his officers adore him. Give my love to William Harrison, and tell him how deeply obliged to him I am for taking care of everything in the parish while I am away. Remember me to every one in the parish. . . . I have nothing more to say just now, save that the Botanic Gardens are a perpetual treasure, because they are full of most rare trees and fruits from all the tropics, India, South Sea Islands, &c. I have learned more botany than I expected."

Seven weeks of intense enjoyment, spent in the society of the friend to whom he owed this unique episode in his life, and of scenery, the memories of which were fresh as ever on his death-bed,

passed only too quickly. And early in February he took leave of lovely Trinidad, refreshed in brain, strengthened in health, enriched with beautiful memories, and in the possession of a friendship which was true to the last. Sir Arthur Gordon little thought that in five years he should be standing by Charles Kingsley's grave at Eversley, on the eve of setting sail for his new seat of government in the Fiji Islands.

The voyage home was successful, and when, towards the end of February, the Land's End was visible, regrets for the lovely western paradise were all swallowed up in bright thoughts of "the cold northern home as we ran northwards for the Needles. We had done it, and within the three months, as we promised. As the king in the old play says, 'What has been, has been, and I've had my hour.' At least we had seen it, and we could not unsee it. We could not *not* have been in the tropics."

He now settled down with renewed vigor to parish work; finding, to his great joy, his beloved son Maurice returned from South America for a short holiday before starting off afresh for Colorado. The parish benefited by their respective travels at penny readings and in their visits to the cottages. The Rector loved to give his people the results of his own and his children's new experiences in life; for Eversley, too, had advanced a step in intelligent sympathy with the great world outside. It was the same Eversley, and yet different to what it had been when he first came there twenty-eight years before. His own personal influence, and the influence of new circumstances, had told upon it. It was no

longer the secluded spot it had been in his curate days, or even at a later period when he loved to dwell on its "monotony" as "so pleasant in itself, morally pleasant and morally useful." The monotony was broken occasionally by very startling incidents — the neighborhood of Aldershot bringing flying columns to the Flats and Bramshill Park. Engineering parties camped out and wells were sunk on the newly-enclosed glebe land, as for an advancing army; artillery wagons rumbled past the quiet Rectory, and bugle calls were heard at all hours by the Rector and his people. Now and then, too, the monotony was broken by quite another excitement, when a great heath fire broke out on the Flats, and committed havoc among the firs at Bramshill Park.

"At such a time," says a friend, "the Rector was all activity. On one occasion the fire began during the time of divine service. A messenger posted down in hot haste, to call the men out of church; and Mr. Kingsley, leaving his curate to finish the service, rushed to the scene of action, taking a flying leap, in surplice, hood, and stole, over the churchyard palings. The fire was an extensive one; but he, armed with a bill-hook, and now divested of everything ecclesiastical, was everywhere, organizing bands of beaters, and, begirt with smoke and flame, resisting the advance of the fire at every advantageous point. For many nights subsequently watchers were placed in the woods; and at a late hour (between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M.) Mr. Kingsley would sally forth and go the rounds, carefully inspecting the country as he went, cheering the watchers with kind hearty words of encouragement — himself intensely interested in the general picturesqueness of the event, and excited by the feeling that the alarm might be given at any moment,

and the firs which he loved so dearly be wrapped in flame."

He was now invited to be President of the Devonshire Scientific Society for 1871, and he writes to Mr. Pengelley:

"Many thanks. I accept joyfully the honor which is offered me, and the date thereof. I only feel a dread at so great a pleasure, so far off, and at what may happen meanwhile; for 'life is uncertain,' say folks. 'Life is certain,' say I, because God is educating us thereby. But this process of education is so far above our sight, that it looks often uncertain and utterly lawless. Wherefore fools (with M. Comte) conceive there is no living God, because they cannot condense His formulas into their small smelling-bottles. My eldest son, who has learnt his trade well at Cirencester and in the River Plata, is just going off to try his own manhood in Colorado, United States. You will understand, therefore, that it is somewhat important to me just now, whether the world be ruled by a just and wise God, or by $(x+\eta+\zeta)=0$. It is also an important question to me whether what is said to have happened to-morrow (Good Friday) be true or false. But I am old-fashioned and superstitious, and unworthy of the year 1870."

On the 1st of May he took possession of "The Residence" in Abbey Square, Chester, for three months. Dean Howson, under whom he worked so happily, and whose after-friendship he truly prized, received him with a kindness, all the more generous because of the strong prejudice he had once felt against him before they met.

"I had read 'Alton Locke,' on its first appearance, and had thought it very unjust to the University of which

both he and I were members . . . and I must confess that when a letter came to me from him to tell me that he had been appointed a Canon of Chester, I was full of fear. There seemed to me an incongruity in the appointment. I fancied that there was no natural affinity between the author of 'Alton Locke' and cathedral life. Here I soon found that I had made a mistake. . . . To describe Canon Kingsley's work and usefulness in Chester, I must note the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he entered upon his connection with the place. Chester has certainly a very great charm for any one who is fond of the picturesque aspects of history; and upon him it told immediately. . . . With this enthusiasm I must note his old-fashioned courtesy, loyalty, and respect for official position. I suppose his political and social views would have been termed 'liberal;' but his liberalism was not at all of the conventional type. I should have described him as a mixture of the Radical and the Tory, the aspect of character which is denoted by the latter word being, to my apprehension, quite as conspicuous as that which is denoted by the former. Certainly he was very different from the traditional Whig. I have spoken of his respect for official position. I believe that to have caused inconvenience to me, to have done what I did not like, to have impeded me in my efforts to be useful, would have given him the utmost pain. That he was far my superior in ability and knowledge made no difference. I happened to be Dean, and he happened to be Canon; and this was quite enough. . . . I record this, that I may express my gratitude; but I note it also as a mark of character. . . ."

It was a happy and important circumstance to Mr. Kingsley that Chester was the first cathedral with which he was connected. Choral services had hitherto had little attraction for him: the slovenliness which in bygone years characterized

them having shocked him from the æsthetic and still more from the religious point of view. Had this been the case at Chester it would have been a serious drawback to the happiness of his cathedral life there. But there all was in harmony with his ideal of Christian worship. And it filled the new Canon's heart with thankfulness that the lot had fallen to him in a cathedral, where the dignity of the services, the reverence of all who conducted them, from its Visitor, Bishop Jacobson, much beloved, down to the little chorister boys — impressed him deeply; where not only the Dean but all the officials worked earnestly to one end; and he could say with truth, as day by day he entered the venerable cloisters, "How amiable are Thy dwellings, O Lord, Thou God of hosts. My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord, for one day in Thy courts is better than a thousand." The early morning prayers were his great refreshment, and seemed to hallow the day to him; and many peaceful moments did he spend in the old chapter-house, in reading and prayer, before the clergy and choir assembled for worship, at eight o'clock, A.M. He found the Sunday services, including the vast nave congregation in the evening, exciting and exhausting; but through all, he experienced an abiding satisfaction of soul, a sense of the fitness of things, which was quite unexpected to himself and to those who had known his previous habit of life and feeling. Without ever professing to understand music, he had loved it, as a man of his genius and fine organization necessarily must, but at Chester his love deepened daily, and he soon

learned to look out eagerly for particular anthems and services.

A few days after arriving he took the chair at a meeting of the Archæological Society, and on being asked whether he belonged to the old Cheshire branch of the Kingsley family, he said that:

"His own feeling in coming to Chester was that he was coming home, for although he was landless, his ancestors had not been. He confessed to a feeling of pride in his connection with Cheshire, and to the mention of his name in the old Tarporley hunting song:

'In right of his bugle and greyhounds to seize
Waif, pannage, agistment, and wind-fallen trees;
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispersed,
Bow-bearer-in-chief to Earl Randall the First.

'This Horn[1] the Grand Forester wore at his side
Whene'er his liege lord chose a-hunting to ride —
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.'

He was glad to come to a county where many of his kin had lived. He was by no means an ambitious man, as the world called a man ambitious — he had no higher ambition than to live and die Canon of Chester. All he wanted was time to do his work and write his books; and if in anything set on foot in this ancient city — any movement connected with literary and scientific societies or mechanics' institutes — he might be able to help in his humble way, he was at the service of the good citizens of Chester. He did not wish to thrust himself forward, to originate anything grand, or to be in anybody's

[1] This bugle-horn, which is still in the family coat-of-arms, was the one which his ancestors, as Grand Foresters, had the right to carry.

way; but if they could find him reasonable work, as he was a rather overworked man, he would be happy to do it, without any regard to creed, politics, or rank in any way whatsoever. He thanked the gentlemen who had said so much in his favor, and hoped he should not forfeit the good opinion they had somewhat hastily formed of him."

"I am very happy here," he writes to Mr. Froude. "I have daily service, which is very steadying and elevating. Plenty of work in the place. I have started a botanical class for middle-class young men, which seems to go well; an opportunity of preaching to shrewd, able Northern men, who can understand and respond; and time to work at physical science — the only thing I care for much now — for it is the way of God who made all; while, —

'All the windy ways of men
Are but dust which rises up
And is lightly laid again.'"

Besides the daily services, which were an occupation in themselves, and the preparation of his sermons, he was anxious to get some regular week-day work that would bring the cathedral and the town in close contact. As usual his heart turned to the young men, whose time on long spring and summer evenings might be turned to account, and he offered to start a little class on physical science, expecting to have perhaps at most sixteen to twenty young shopmen and clerks. Botany was the chosen subject, and in a small room belonging to the city library, he began — the blackboard and a bit of white chalk being, as usual, of important help to the lectures, which he illustrated throughout. The class soon increased so much in numbers that they had to

migrate to a larger room — a walk and a field lecture was proposed once a week — and the Canon and his party of sixty men sometimes puzzled people who watched them from the walls, as they went across country. This was the beginning of the Chester Natural History Society, which now numbers between five and six hundred members, with president, secretary, monthly meeting report, regular summer excursions, and winter courses of lectures.

During his first residence he preached a sermon for the Kirkdale Ragged Schools in Liverpool, where the condition of the masses affected him deeply, the Dean being anxious that the work of the chapter should extend beyond the cathedral city. "I remember," says a clergyman who heard him on that occasion, "that marvellous sermon on 'Human Soot.'[1] It made me more than ever know the magnificent mental calibre of the man. Canon Kingsley was one of a few, and they giants."

"What is your relation," he asks, "to the children in your streets — ragged, dirty, profligate, perishing? I do not blame the people of Liverpool, in our present imperfect state of civilization, for the existence among them of brutal, ignorant, degraded, helpless people. It is no one's fault, just because it is every one's fault — the fault of the system: but it is not the will of God, and therefore the existence of such an evil is proof patent and sufficient that we have not yet discovered the whole will of God about this matter; that we have not yet mastered the laws of true political economy which (like all other natural laws) are the will of God revealed in facts. Our processes are hasty,

[1] Published in "All Saints' Day and other Sermons."

imperfect, barbaric; and their result is vast and rapid production, but also waste, refuse, in the shape of a dangerous class. We know well how, in some manufactures, a certain amount of waste is profitable — that it pays better to let certain substances run to refuse, than to use every product of the manufacture — as in a steam-mill every atom of soot is so much wasted fuel; but it pays better not to consume the whole fuel and to let the soot escape. So it is in our present social system: it pays better. Capital is accumulated more rapidly by wasting a certain amount of human life, human health, human intellect, human morals, by producing and throwing away a regular percentage of human soot — of that thinking and acting dirt which lies about, and, alas! breeds and perpetuates itself in foul alleys and low public-houses, and all and any of the dark places of the earth. But as in the case of the manufactures, the Nemesis comes swift and sure. . . .

"I can yet conceive a time when, by improved chemical science, every foul vapor which now escapes from the chimney of a manufactory, polluting the air, destroying the vegetation, shall be seized, utilized, converted into some profitable substance, till the Black County shall be black no longer, and the streams once more run crystal clear, the trees be once more luxuriant, and the desert which man has created in his haste and greed, shall, in literal fact, once more blossom as the rose. And just so can I conceive a time when, by a higher civilization, founded on political economy, more truly scientific because more truly according to the will of God, our human refuse shall be utilized like our material refuse, when man as man, even down to the weakest and most ignorant, shall be found to be (as he really is) so valuable that it will be worth while to preserve his health, to the level of his capabilities, *to save him alive*, body,

intellect, and character, at any cost; because men will see that a man is, after all, the most precious and useful thing in the earth, and that no cost spent on the development of human beings can possibly be thrown away. . . . For God asks no impossibilities of a human being. But as things are, one has only to go into the streets of this or any great city to see how we, with all our boast of civilization, are as yet but one step removed from barbarism. Is that a hard word? Only there *are* the barbarians around us, at every street corner — grown barbarians, it may be now, all but past saving — but bringing into the world young barbarians, whom we may yet save, for God wishes us to save them. . . . Do not deceive yourselves about the little dirty offensive children in the street. If they be offensive to you; they are not to Him who made them. 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of your Father which is in Heaven.' . . ."

To the Rev. J. Pulliblank, who asked him for a sermon for St. Mary's schools, he replies: —

". . . It is due to myself to ask you to tell your Vicar that I shall preach for any self-supporting Church of England schools with all the more pleasure, because I advocate 'secular education' as necessary only where the Church has not done her work; and desire to make up, as a Churchman, somewhat of those '*ldches*' of hers (one must use a French word sometimes, because one does not, alas! know English well enough), which have caused this education cry and league. My dear young gentleman, in whom I have seen high and truly liberal instincts, believe a stauncher conservative (though a radical) than most men are, when I say, It is all our own fault. We parsons of the Church of England have had three hundred years of the most splendid opportu-

nity, with the freest and justest Government in the world to back us by establishment. And what have we done? Not ill. But not well. We have 'tolerably well' written against us in the Chancery of Heaven, when, with such opportunities as we have had since good Queen Bess's time, we ought to have had a great 'Optime' scored against us. Now, in the 'Day of the Lord' the revolutionary shaking of all things which shall sift them as wheat, to see what has worth, and what has not, judgment is going to begin at the house of God; and we parsons, who have only half-done our work (God knows we have not been altogether sluggards), shall have an evil time of it, perhaps, for a generation or two. But what of shopkeepers, manufacturers, merchants? Even of lazy honest old squires and peers, whom the former abuse and envy, though they are not a whit better, if not actually worse? Is it not written, If judgment begin at the house of God, where shall the unrighteous and the sinner appear?

"Where you are [Liverpool], therefore, remember that you are in the very centre of the barbaric mercantile system of England, whose rule is, 'They that make haste to be rich,' instead of 'piercing themselves through with many sorrows,' do their best as wise and prudent citizens. Remember that *that* is a lie; and without offending any one (and the most solemn truths can be spoken without offence, for men in England are very kind-hearted and reasonable), tell them so, and fight against the sins of a commercial city. Till they are cured, education, falsely so called, will do no good, and no harm either."

Among the letters this year, are two on "Woman's Rights;" significant of his latest views on this question. The proceedings of some of its advocates had shocked him so, that

he refused to attend any of their meetings, and the only branch of the subject to which he willingly gave his influence latterly was the medical education of women, which he had held for years (long before the question of "Women's Suffrage" was mooted) to be one of deep importance, and which to the last had his entire sympathy. Mr. John Stuart Mill, hearing that he had withdrawn more or less from the movement, wrote to Mrs. Peter Taylor to ask his reasons, which Mr. Kingsley thus gives: —

CHESTER: *May* 27, 1870. — "I have the honor of acknowledging your letter respecting the Women's Suffrage Question. If I, as one who has the movement at heart more intensely than I choose to tell any one, and also as one who is not unacquainted with the general public opinion of England, might dare to give advice, it would be, not in the direction of increased activity, but in that of increased passivity. Foolish persons have 'set up the British Lion's back,' with just fears and suspicions. Right-minded, but inexperienced persons have set up his back with unjust (though pardonable) fears and suspicions. I do not hesitate to say, that a great deal which has been said and done by women, and those who wish to support women's rights, during the last six months, has thrown back our cause . . . We shall not win by petitions. The House of Commons cares nothing for them. It knows too well how they can be got up, and takes for granted that we shall get up ours in the same way. By pamphleteering we shall not win. Pamphlets are now too common. They melt on the debauched and distracted sensorium of the public, like snow on water. By quiet, modest, silent, private influence, we shall win. 'Neither strive

nor cry, nor let your voice be heard in the streets,' was good advice of old, and is still. I have seen many a movement succeed by it. I have seen many a movement tried by the other method, of striving and crying, and making a noise in the street. But I have never seen one succeed thereby, and never shall. I do not hesitate to say, that unless this movement is kept down to that tone of grace, and modesty, and dignity which would make it acceptable to the mass of cultivated and experienced, and therefore justly powerful, Englishmen and Englishwomen, it will fail only by the fault of its supporters. I warn you of a most serious danger. I have found that when the question has been put in its true, practical, rational light, to men and women who had the greatest horror of it from prejudice, their consciences and reasons gave way at once, and they were ready to submit and agree. But I have found, alas! that within a week, some one or other had said or done something premature, or even objectionable, which threw back the process of conversion. This is the true cause of our seemingly unexpected failure. And I entreat you to control, instead of exciting, just now, those over whom you have influence. . . ."

"My dear Mr. Mill, — As you have done me the unexpected honor of asking my opinion on an important matter, I can only answer you with that frankness which is inspired by confidence and respect. 1. I do not think that ladies speaking can have had, or can have, any adverse influence. . . . My fear is, not so much that women should speak, as *who* the women are who speak. . . . There exist, in all ranks of the English, and in none more than in the highest rank, women brave, prudent, pure, wise, tried by experience and sorrow, highly cultivated and thoughtful too, whose influence is immense, and is always exercised for good, as

far as they see their way. And unless we can get these, of all ranks, and in each rank, down to the very lowest, to be 'the leaders of fashion,' for good, instead of evil, we shall not succeed. I am pained, in a very large acquaintance of all ranks, to find the better rather than the worse women against us — while foolish women, of no sound or coherent opinions, and of often questionable morals . . . are inclined to patronize us in the most noisy and demonstrative way. I am aware of the physical and psychical significance of this fact. I know, and have long foreseen, that what our new idea has to beware of, lest it should be swamped thereby, is hysteria, male and female. Christianity was swamped by it from at least the third to the sixteenth century, and if we wish to save ourselves from the same terrible abyss, and to — I quote my dear friend Huxley's words, with full agreement, though giving them a broader sense than he would as yet — 'to reconstruct society according to science,' we must steer clear of the hysteric element, which I define as the fancy and emotions unduly excited by suppressed sexual excitement. It is all the more necessary to do this, if we intend to attack 'social evils,' *i.e.*, sexual questions, by the help of woman raised to her proper place. That you mean to do so I take for granted. That I do, I hope you take for granted. If not, I should be glad some day to have the honor of talking over with you this whole matter, on which I have long thought, and on which I have arrived at conclusions which I keep to myself as yet, and only utter as Greek, φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι, the principle of which is, that there will never be a good world for woman, till the last monk, and therewith the last remnant of the monastic idea of, and legislation for, woman, *i.e.*, the canon law, is civilized off the earth.

"Meanwhile, all the most pure and high-minded

women in England, and in Europe, have been brought up under the shadow of the canon law, have accepted it, with their usual divine self-sacrifice, as their destiny by law of God and nature; and consider their own womanhood outraged, when it, their tyrant, is meddled with. It is to them, therefore, if we wish (as I do) for a social revolution, that we must address ourselves mildly, privately, modestly, rationally. Public meetings drive them away, for their experiences, difficulties, wrongs, are too sacred to be detailed even before women of whom they are not sure, much more before men, most of all before a press, which will report, and next morning cynically comment on, the secrets of their hearts. A free press — with all its innumerable advantages — is the great barrier (I say it to you deliberately) to the moving in this matter of that great mass of matrons for whom, in the long run, the movement is set on foot; and by whom alone it can be carried out. At least, so it seems to me, who fight, not for the maiden so much as for the matron, because, if the mother be benefited, the child is benefited in her. And therefore I deprecate the interference in this movement of unmarried women. . . . But I see with pain this movement backed up by men and women who, unknown themselves to the English nation, and knowing nothing of it, and its actual opinions and habits for good or evil, in a word, sectarians (whether they know it or not), seem ready to scramble back into a society which they have in some cases forfeited, by mixing themselves up with questions which it is not for such as they to speak of, either in the study or the forum. I object, also, to the question of woman's right to vote or to labor, and above all, to woman's right to practise as physicians and surgeons, being mixed up with social, *i.e.*, sexual questions. Of woman's

right to be a medical practitioner, I hold that it is perhaps the most important social question hanging over us. I believe that if once women can be allowed to practise as freely as men, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, according to natural laws, and, therefore, according to what I believe to be the will and mind of God, the author of nature [will be made clear]. . . . But for that very reason, I am the more anxious that women should not meddle with these sexual questions, first, before they have acquired a sound, and also a general, scientific physiological training, which shall free them from sentiment, and confine them to physical laws and facts, on these matters. Second, before they have so accustomed the public to their ministrations, as to show them that they are the equals of men in scientific knowledge and practical ability (as they are); and more, that they know, as women, a hundred woman's secrets, which no one but a woman can know truly, and which it is a disgrace to modern civilization that a man should have the right of trying to interpret. Therefore I deprecate, most earnestly, all the meddling, however pure-minded, humane, &c., which women have brought to bear on certain questions during the last six months. I do not say that they are wrong. Heaven forbid! But I do say, that by so doing they are retarding, it may be for generations, the cause which they are trying to serve. And I do say (for I have seen it) that they are thereby mixing themselves up with the fanatical of both sexes; with the vain and ambitious, and worst of all, with the prurient. Prurience, sir, by which I mean lust, which, unable to satisfy itself in act, satisfies itself by contemplation, usually of a negative and seemingly virtuous and Pharisaic character, vilifying, like St. Jerome in his cell at Bethlehem, that which he dare not do, and

which is, after all, only another form of hysteria — that is the evil which we have to guard against, and we shall not do so, unless we keep about this whole movement a tone of modesty, delicacy, lofty purity, which (whatever it knows, and perhaps it knows all) will not, and dare not, talk aloud about it. That tone will not be kept, if we allow the matrons, and after them the maidens (by whom I mean women still under the influence of their fathers and mothers), or women having by their own property a recognized social position, to be turned out of sight in this movement by 'emancipated' women.

"I know that the line is very difficult to draw. I see how we must be tempted to include, nay, to welcome as our best advocates, women who are smarting under social wrongs, who can speak on behalf of freedom with an earnestness like that of the escaped slave. But I feel that we must resist that temptation; that our strength lies not in the abnormal, but in the normal type of womanhood. And I must say, that any sound reformation of the relations between woman and man, must proceed from women who have fulfilled well their relations as they now exist, imperfect and unjust as they are. That only those who have worked well in harness, will be able to work well out of harness; and that only those that have been (as tens of thousands of women are every day) rulers over a few things, will be fit to be rulers over many things; and I hold this — in justice to myself I must say it — not merely on grounds 'theological' so called, but on grounds without which the 'theological' weigh with me very little — grounds material and physiological — on that *voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*, to which I try, humbly though confusedly, to submit all my conclusions.

"Meanwhile, I shall do that which I have been doing for years past. Try to teach a noble freedom, to

those whom I see most willing, faithful, conscientious in their slavery, through the path of self-sacrifice; and to influence their masters likewise, to see in that self-sacrifice something far more divine than their own self-assertion. To show them that wherever man and wife are really happy together, it is by ignoring and despising, not by asserting, the subordination of woman to man, which they hold in theory. To set forth in every book I write (as I have done for twenty-five years) woman as the teacher, the natural and therefore divine guide, purifier, inspirer of the man. And so, perhaps, I may be as useful to the cause of chivalry, dear equally to you and me, as if I attended many meetings, and spoke, or caused to be spoken many speeches."

His correspondence this year was voluminous, principally on botanical problems connected with his West Indian experiences, and on the Franco-Prussian war, but want of space admits of only a small selection.

". . . As for the war, I dare not give an opinion on it. It is the most important event since the Revolution of 1793, and we are too near it yet to judge of it fairly. My belief is, that it will work good for generations to come. But at what an awful price! . . ."

TO PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

"Accept my loving congratulations, my dear Max, to you and your people. The day which dear Bunsen used to pray, with tears in his eyes, might not come till the German people were ready, has come, and the German people are ready. Verily God is just, and rules too; whatever the press may think to the contrary. My only fear is, lest the Germans should think of Paris, which cannot concern them, and turn their eyes away from

that which does concern them, the re-taking Elsass (which is their own), and leaving the Frenchman no foot of the Rhine-bank. To make the Rhine a word not to be mentioned by the French henceforth, ought to be the one object of wise Germans, and that alone. In any case, with love to dear G——, I am yours, full of delight and hope for Germany."

To Sir Charles Bunbury. — "And now a few words on this awful war. I confess to you, that were I a German, I should feel it my duty to my country to send my last son, my last shilling, and after all, my own self to the war, to get that done which must be done, done so that it will never need doing again. I trust that I should be able to put vengeance out of my heart — to forget all that Germany has suffered for two hundred years past, from that vain, greedy, restless nation; all even which she suffered, women as well as men, in the late French war: though the Germans do not forget it, and some of them, for their mothers' or aunts' sakes, ought not. But the average German has a right to say: — Property, life, freedom, has been insecure in Germany for two hundred years, because she has been divided. The French kings have always tried to keep her divided, that they might make her the puppet of their ambition. Since the French Revolution, the French people (all of them who think and act, viz., the army and the educated classes) have been doing the same. They shall do so no longer. We will make it impossible for her to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany. We will make it an offence on her part — after Alfred de Musset's brutal song — to mention the very name of the Rhine. As for the present war, it was inevitable, soon or late. The French longed for it. They wanted to revenge 1813–15, ignoring the fact that Germany was then avenging — and very gently — 1807. Bunsen used to say to me — I have seen the tears in his eyes as he said it — that the

war must come; that he only prayed God that it might not come till Germany was prepared, and had recovered from the catastrophes of the great French war. It has come, and Germany is prepared — and would that the old man were alive, to see the 'battle of Armageddon,' as he called it, fought, not as he feared on German, but on French soil. It must have come. The Germans would have been wrong to begin it; but when the French began, they would have been 'niddering' forever not to have accepted it. If a man persists for years in brandishing his fist in your face, telling you that he will thrash you some day, and that you dare not fight him — a wise man will, like Germany, hold his tongue till he is actually struck; but he will, like Germany, take care to be ready for what *will* come. As for Prussia's being prepared for war being a sort of sin on her part — a proof that she intended to attack France, such an argument only proves the gross ignorance of history, especially of German history, which I remark in average Englishmen. Gross ignorance, too, or willing oblivion of all that the French have been threatening for years past, about 'rectifying their frontier.' The Germans had fair warning from the French that the blow would be struck some day. And now that it is struck, to turn the other cheek in meekness may be very 'Christian' toward a man's self; but most unchristian, base, and selfish, towards his women, his children, and his descendants yet unborn. There can be no doubt that the French programme of this war was, to disunite Germany once more, and so make her weak, and at the mercy of France. And a German who was aware of that — as all sensible Germans must have been aware — had to think not of the text which forbids us to avenge private injuries, but of that which says, 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword;' not of the bodily agony and desolation of the war, but of Him who

said, 'Fear not them that can kill the body,' and after that have nothing left to do; but fear him — the demon of selfishness, laziness, anarchy, which ends in slavery, which can kill both body and soul in the hell of moral and political degradation. As for this being a 'dynastic war,' as certain foolish workingmen are saying — who have got still in their heads the worn-out theory that only kings ever go to war — it is untrue. It is not dynastic on the part of Germany. It is the rising of a people from the highest to the lowest, who mean to be a people, in a deeper sense than any republican democrat, French or English, ever understood that word. It is not dynastic on the part of France. The French Emperor undertook it to save his own dynasty; but he would never have done so, if he had not been of opinion (and who knows the French as well as he?) that it would not be a dynastic war, but a popular one. Else, how could it save his throne? What could it do but hasten his fall, by contravening the feelings of his people? But it did not contravene them. Look back at the papers, and you will find that Paris and the army (which between them, alas! constitute now the French people) received the news of war with a delirium of insolent joy. They were mistaken, and have received Trulla's answer to Hudibras:

> 'And mounting on his trunk astride,
> Quoth she, "I told you this would come
> Of all your vaporing vile scum."'

The Emperor was mistaken . . . in spite of all his cunning. He fancied that after deceiving the French people — after governing them by men who were chosen because they could, and dared deceive, that these minions of his, chosen for their untruthfulness, would be true, forsooth, to him alone; that they would exhibit, unknown, in a secret government, virtues of honesty,

economy, fidelity, patriotism, which they were forbidden to exercise in public, where their only function was, to nail up the hand of the weather-glass, in order to insure fine weather; as they are doing to this day in every telegram. So he is justly punished, and God's judgments are, as always, righteous and true. . . .

September 5. — "Since Waterloo, there has been no such event in Europe. I await with awe and pity the Parisian news of the next few days. As for the Emperor, while others were bowing down to him, I never shrank from expressing my utter contempt of him. His policy is now judged, and he with it, by fact, which is the 'voice of God revealed in things,' as Bacon says; and I at least, instead of joining the crowd of curs who worry where they lately fawned, shall never more say a harsh word against him. Let the condemned die in peace if possible, and he will not, I hear, live many months — perhaps not many days. Why should he wish to live? This very surrender may be the not undignified farewell to life of one who knows himself at his last."

TO ALFRED WALLACE, ESQ., F.L.S.

"*October* 22, 1870.— I have read your 'Essay on Natural Selection' with equal delight and profit. . . . The facts, of course, are true, as all yours are sure to be; but I have never been able to get rid of the belief, that every grain of sand washed down by a river — by the merest natural laws — is designedly put in the exact place where it will be needed some time or other; or that the ugliest beast (though I confess the puzzle here is stranger), and the most devilish, has been created because it is beautiful and useful to some being or other. In fact, I believe not only in 'special providences,' but in the whole universe as one infinite complexity of special providences. I only ask you to extend to all

nature the truth you have so gallantly asserted for man —'That the laws of organic development have been occasionally used for a special end, just as man uses them for his special ends.' Page 370. Omit 'occasionally,' and say 'always,' and you will complete your book and its use. In any case, it will be a contribution equally to science and to natural theology."

CHAPTER XXV

1871

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LECTURE AT SION COLLEGE — CORRESPONDENCE — IDEAL FEUDALISM — SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE — WORDS OF CONDOLENCE — EXPEDITIONS OF THE CHESTER NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY — LECTURES ON TOWN GEOLOGY — A LUMP OF COAL — THE RACE WEEK AT CHESTER — LETTERS ON BETTING — CAMP AT BRAMSHILL — PRINCE OF WALES'S ILLNESS — SERMON ON LOYALTY AND SANITARY SCIENCE — LECTURES AT BIDEFORD, WOOLWICH, AND WINCHESTER.

"To conclude, therefore, let no man, out of a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works, divinity or philosophy, but rather let men endeavor at endless progress or proficience in both."

BACON, ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

"Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not! Look up, my wearied brother. To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind. Heaven is kind, as a noble mother, as that Spartan mother, saying when she gave her son his shield, 'With it, my son, or upon it!' Thou, too, shalt return home in honor. Doubt it not, — if in the battle thou keep thy shield."

CARLYLE.

IN January he gave a lecture on "The Theology of the Future,"[1] at Sion College; which made a profound impression, and brought hope and comfort to many. In it he asserted his own belief in final causes, and urged on the clergy

[1] This lecture, or rather part of it, is incorporated into the preface of his "Westminster Sermons," published in 1874.

the necessity of facing the scientific facts of the day, and accepting the great work of reconciling science and the creeds.

"I wish to speak," he says, "not on natural religion, but on natural theology. By the first I understand what can be learnt from the physical universe of man's duty to God and his neighbor; by the latter I understand what can be learned concerning God Himself. Of natural religion I shall say nothing. I do not even affirm that a natural religion is possible; but I do very earnestly believe that a natural theology is possible; and I earnestly believe also that it is most important that natural theology should, in every age, keep pace with doctrinal or ecclesiastical theology. . . ."

He goes on to speak of Bishop Butler, Berkeley, and Paley, as three of our greatest natural theologians, and of the important fact, that the clergy of the Church of England, since the foundation of the Royal Society in the seventeenth century, have done more for sound physical science than the clergy of any other denomination; and expresses his conviction that if our orthodox thinkers for the last hundred years had followed steadily in the same steps, we should not now be deploring the wide and, as some think, widening gulf between science and Christianity. He very strongly recommends to the younger clergy "Herder's Outlines of the Philosophy of the History of Man" as a book, in spite of certain defects, full of sound and precious wisdom. He presses the study of Darwin's Fertilization of Orchids (whether his main theory be true or not) as a most valuable addition to natural theology. He speaks of certain popular hymns of the present

day as proofs of an unhealthy view of the natural world, with a savor hanging about them of the old monastic theory of the earth being the devil's planet instead of God's, giving characteristic instances, and contrasting their keynote with that of the 104th, 147th, and 148th Psalms, and the noble *Benedicite Omnia Opera* of our Prayer-book. He contrasts the Scriptural doctrine about the earth being cursed with the popular fancies on the same point. He speaks of the 139th Psalm as a "marvellous essay on natural theology," and of its pointing to the important study of embryology, which is now occupying the attention of Owen, Huxley, and Darwin. Then he goes on to "Race," and "the painful and tremendous facts" which it involves, which must all be faced; believing that here, too, Science and Scripture will not ultimately be found at variance. Then, after an eloquent protest against the "child-dream of a dead universe governed by an absent God," which Carlyle and even Goethe have "treated with noble scorn," he speaks of that "nameless, invisible, imponderable, yet seeming omnipresent thing which scientific men are finding below all phenomena which the scalpel and the microscope can show" — the life which shapes and makes — that "unknown and truly miraculous element in nature, the mystery of which forever engrossing, as it does, the noblest minded of our students of science, is yet forever escaping them while they cannot escape it." He calls on the clergy to have courage to tell them — what will sanctify, while it need never hamper, their investigations — that this perpetual and omnipresent miracle is no other than the Breath

of God — The Spirit who is The Lord, and the Giver of Life. "Let us only wait," he says — "let us observe — let us have patience and faith. Nominalism, and that 'sensationalism' which has sprung from Nominalism, are running fast to seed; Comtism seems to me its supreme effort, after which the whirligig of Time may bring round its revenges; and Realism, and we who hold the Realist creeds, may have our turn. . . ."

"I sometimes dream," he adds, "of a day when it will be considered necessary that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought. And if it be said that the doctrine of evolution, by doing away with the theory of creation, does away with that of final causes — let us answer boldly, Not in the least. We might accept what Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley have written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do. . . ."

The correspondence of this year shows that his West Indian experiences and his Chester life acted as a fresh stimulus to his accustomed rapid thinking on every sort of subject. He was much occupied with the distribution of plants — with the existence of a Palæo-tropic belt of land round the world — a Palæo-tropic civilization of an immensely remote epoch — with raised beaches — and sunken forests, &c., &c., besides the questions of the day, social, sanitary, political. His lectures were more brilliant than ever. And but

for his power of sleeping at any moment and for any length of time, the brain could not have held out even so long against the amount of intensity which he carried into his varied work. For some years past he had been in the habit of sleeping profoundly for two hours before dinner.

To Sir C. Bunbury, *Feb.* 7, 1871. — "I received your most pleasant letter at Sandringham, whence I had hoped to have come to Barton, even if only for an hour or two; but I had to run all the way home yesterday.

"I do not think I undervalue, or have overlooked, any difficulties in the supposed junction of the South American and African lands; but I find just as great difficulties in the other theory of Oliver's, of a junction between the sunken 'Lemuria' of the Indian Ocean with South America *vid* Polynesia. Not that I deny it. I rather hold to a past belt of land all round the tropics, at an immensely remote epoch; for when I see a Ravenala (Urania) in Guiana, and another in Madagascar (with none between either way), common sense makes me suspect the former has travelled from Madagascar to Guiana, or *vice versâ;* but at what an antiquity! Before the Andes rose, before humming birds existed, &c. —— When, on the other hand, I see the jaguar, ocelot, and other spotted cats in South America, I cannot but suspect them of having come from Africa, the home of the leopard; and if it is answered that the leopard and spotted cats are also Indian, and may have come across the Pacific, I must demur, from the fact, that not only no cats, but no mammals at all are left in Polynesia: a very serious difficulty. . . .

To Professor Max Müller. — "About St. Michael's Mount, I believe that the present general form of the Mount is owing entirely to rain-wash and tide-wash. There was land between it and Marazion, and beyond it

to S. and S. W. a whole continent, in fact, for ages, during which the flora and much of the fauna was the same as at present. But —

"Since the Mount assumed its (general) present form and size, there was a period during which oak, &c., forests formed all along the lowlands close to the sea. Then a subsidence (as between the Mount and the shore, and a dozen other places,) put those forests far below low-tide mark; then an elevation which carried them up again close to low-tide mark, and lifted the beaches, which had been formed behind them, high and dry. How deep the forests sank I cannot tell. The last 'sob' of the earth lifted the beaches above them fifteen or twenty feet. As for time, I know nought of it. I always count by hundreds of thousands of years, and believe man to be of any antiquity which he may be proved to be of. . . ."

To Dr. Rigg. — "I return your proofs of the Lecture on Pantheism. I think them excellent and true; but I think you speak in too hard a tone of the Germans. Be sure that they will be needed to be revived — all of them which can live and should live — if we are to be delivered out of the Positivist Materialism of the day. I could have wished, but it is too late, that you had defined Pantheism, not only from Theism and Atheism but from Positivism. It is Positivism — of a loose maundering kind — which is really growing among young men. When Huxley proclaims himself a disciple of Kant and Berkeley, they think in their hearts, then he is a retrograde dreamer — 'almost as bad as that fool of a Christian, Kingsley.'

"But I warn you that your words will be of little use. The desire to get rid of a personal God is based on grounds which the many do not talk of, and which you do not touch. They say, boldly enough among themselves,

and sometimes to me as civilly as they can, 'We will have nothing to do with God, as long as He is one who sends the many to Tartarus, the few to Olympus. We will have nothing to do with a future state, as long as it is said to contain a Tartarus, and that an endless and irremediable one. The Olympus is beautiful, possible, but unprovable. The Tartarus is horrible to our moral sense, and shall be exterminated from the human mind.' . . ."

To Sir Charles Bunbury. — "As to '*La petite Culture*,'. . . I hold that there should be large farms and small farms; and the proportion of one to the other should be left very much to the demands of the markets, and the experience of which culture is the most profitable on a given estate. Here the landlord could exercise a discretion, and say to the large farmer, 'You shall not absorb more land into a great farm; there are portions which would do better if cultivated on a more special system;' or to the small farmer, 'You shall not subdivide my land into 10 to 40 acre holdings, because you will be compelled, from the lightness of the soil, merely to do (and do badly) with it what the large farmer is doing well, and with less outlay per acre.' . . .

"But this I do hold. That each tenant should be an hereditary tenant as much as possible: *g'ebæ adscriptus*. His landlord should have no power of ejection as long as the farm was properly cultivated, and as long as a fair rent — to be fixed by a court of arbitrators — was duly paid by him and his son after him. I would, if I could, restore the feudal system, the highest form of civilization — in ideal, not in practice — which Europe has seen yet. I would bind the tenant to the landlord, the landlord to the lord-lieutenant, and him and all to the Crown, by more than the old '*Trinoda Necessitas*' of military service, roads and bridges. I would add to them the duty of public education, of agricultural drain-

age on a large scale, and of sanitary reform or sanitary police. . . . In a word, I would make every man, as in the Middle Age, responsible to some superior who represented to him the Crown. . . .

" . . . I quite agree with you that my semi-feudal ideal has become impossible. But still, it is an ideal; and one which will probably 'realize' itself in some more highly civilized country hereafter. . . .

"And this brings in another and a painful thought. Are we not tending to that anarchy of irreverence which France is now paying for in tears and blood? The anarchy which is brought on by being governed by the Press, *i.e.*, by men who, having failed in regular labor of any kind, establish themselves as anonymous critics of all who labor, under an irresponsibility and an immunity which no despot ever enjoyed? Professing to speak the mind of the people, they live by pandering to its no-mind, *i.e.*, its merest fancies and prejudices. I see a possibility of all government becoming as impossible in England as it has been for two generations at least in France.

"But as an old supporter of the ballot (with the cynical reservation that it will do practically, *i.e.*, morally, neither good nor harm) I shall be glad to see the Ballot Bill carried, and an old grievance (even if a fancied one) removed."

To Miss Crawford. — "As a practical agriculturist, I have interested myself much for twenty-five years in the small farm question. The least extent of English soil on which a man and his family can live comfortably, *i.e.*, as well as an average day-laborer, is four acres. To do so he must have capital to start with of at least £10 per acre, equal to £40. Besides, he must have a house, barn, manure-reservoir, &c., ready made. He must be a powerful man, as he must use hand-labor (not plough)

almost entirely. He must also be a practical agriculturist and stock-raiser. Even then is a question whether he will succeed if he grows merely food. He ought to grow flax, or hemp, or both; and know how to prepare the former, at least, for the market — as in Belgium; and this is an art in itself. The French and German peasants, who own or rent little farms, have long hereditary skill in agriculture, which the English artisan has not. The crops which they raise per acre are miserably small compared to those on a large English farm. I speak from the sight of my own eyes; and that an immediate result of breaking up the present farms into little allotments would be to diminish the food-producing powers of this realm at least one half. For a single fact, the small farmer could never fat a single bullock; and English beef would disappear from the market, its place being taken (as in France and Germany) by veal — the calves being killed to save the expense of rearing. The foreign peasant in the north lives far worse than a good English laborer. Meat he never tastes, or white bread. Black rye bread and pottage is his staple food, and his wife, from early field-work, becomes a haggard old woman at twenty-five. God forbid that I should ever see in England such wives and mothers as are common on the Continent. Moreover, in France his land is mortgaged, usually heavily, to the attorney in the next town. Arguments drawn from the peasantry of warmer climates, *e.g.*, the S.E. of France, well known to Mr. J. S. Mill, will not hold good here, or in North France. In the S.E. a man grows *maize* as well as wheat, and has his mulberries for silk, his vines, his almonds, his olives, all bringing him in a good profit over and above his food-producing land. Flax and hemp would be the only non-eatable crops here; and they (as has been shown by repeated failures of experiment) are not in sufficient demand to command a high profit. Since I

took up scientific agriculture twenty-five years ago, in order to see if (as I hoped) some such scheme would not cure many social ills, I have gradually, but steadily, given up the hope. The only chance of deliverance from the present system which I see, and which may God send, is this: That science should discover some valuable raw article of manufacture, which can be grown freely on English soil, and which will require careful hand labor — like the vine, mulberry,[1] tea, coffee, cocoa, &c. Then, indeed, would the small farmer have a chance *if he had saved money to start with in the meantime.* As it is, were I a land-owner I should certainly try this experiment. I should let some four to five acre lots to the very ablest laborers at the usual low farmer's rent, on the condition that they used spade and fork, not plough, and give them all fair play, with the right of buying the land gradually from me if they saved money, which I fear they would not do. But if a town artisan came to ask me for a similar bit of land, I would say, 'Come in, my good fellow, and eat and drink with me, and go your way back to your own trade. For if you settled down on this bit of land, you would be either in the workhouse or the grave in twelve months, and the land a wilderness.' And if he were a sensible man I would make him see that I was right. The peasant on the Continent, nowhere more than in France, is, and must be, the slave of the government and of the clergy; because there is no strong land-owning class to stand between the poor man and the government officials who combine to oppress him. A French peasant grows up in barbarism and superstition. . . . No

[1] For many years he had given much time and thought to agriculture, he had tried experiments in growing maize, the white mulberry for silk culture, &c.; and had planned the cultivation of flax and cranberries on his own glebe. See "Agricultural Crisis" in his Miscellanies.

gentleman — and worse, no lady — speaks to him or his from the cradle to the grave; and his civilization is impossible. . . . "

The next letters will show with what a tender awe and with how few words he dared to approach the sorrows of his friends. He felt dumb, he said, in the presence of bereavement.

To Miss ——: *May*, 1871. — "We were shocked at the news, and all felt deeply for you. And now, what shall I say? I am not going to tell you impertinent commonplaces as to how to bear sorrow. I believe that the wisest plan is sometimes not to try to bear it — as long as one is not crippled for one's every day duties — but to give way to sorrow utterly and freely. Perhaps sorrow is sent that we *may* give way to it, and in drinking the cup to the dregs, find some medicine in it itself, which we should not find if we began doctoring ourselves, or letting others doctor us. If we say simply, I am wretched — I ought to be wretched; then we shall perhaps hear a voice, 'Who made thee wretched but God? Then what can He mean but thy good?' And if the heart answers impatiently 'My good? I don't want it, I want my love;' perhaps the voice may answer, 'Then thou shalt have both in time.' . . . "

To Mrs. —— ——. — "I write to you because I know that every expression of human sympathy brings some little comfort, if it be only to remind such as you that you are not alone in the world, but that your loss draws towards you all the more those who love or even esteem you. I know nothing can make up for such a loss as yours. But you will still have love on earth all round you; and *his* love is not dead. It lives still in the next world for you, and perhaps with you. For, why should not those who are gone, if they are gone to

the Lord, be actually nearer us, not further from us, in the heavenly world, praying for us, and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways, of which we, in our prison-house of mortality, cannot dream? Yes! Do not be afraid to believe that he is near you, and you near him, and both of you near God, who died on the cross for you. That is all I can say. But what comfort there is in it, if one can give up one's heart to believe it! May God bless you, and give you strength and faith to bear and to believe."

To —— ——, Esq. — " . . . One thing you know as well as I, and it is the only thing of which I can remind you, that in such a world as this, with such ugly possibilities hanging over us all — there is but one anchor which will hold, and that is utter trust in God. Keep that, and we may both get to our graves yet, without *misery* though not without *sorrow*."

The work at Chester this year assumed larger proportions, for the successful botanical class of 1870 had been the nucleus of the Scientific Society in 1871, and he followed it up this year by one for geology; these geological lectures were still more fully attended; not only the number of members increased, but each member was allowed to bring a lady friend. Consequently, in preparation for walks and field lectures, he had to go over the ground himself a day or two before, to judge of its capabilities for geology and botany, and also to arrange for a place of rest and refreshment for the class. In these researches he was accompanied by some member of the Cathedral body, always ready with loyal and intelligent help. Expeditions now were taken to more distant spots; the railway authorities had

to be consulted about trains — they, too, gave most willing assistance; and, at the appointed place and hour, a happy party, numbering sometimes from sixty to a hundred, would find the Canon and his daughters waiting for them on the platform of the railway, he with geological hammer in hand, botany box slung over his shoulder, eager as any of his class for the day's holiday, while feeling the responsibility of providing teaching and amusement for so many, who each and all hung upon his words. Those were bright afternoons, all classes mingling together; people who had lived next door to each other in Chester for years perhaps without exchanging a word, now met upon equal and friendly terms, in pursuit of one ennobling object, and travelled in second class carriages together without distinction of rank or position, to return at the end of the long summer evening to their old city, refreshed and inspirited, — with nosegays of wild flowers, geological specimens, and happy thoughts of God's earth and of their fellow-creatures. Perhaps the moral gain of these field lectures was as valuable as their scientific results, uniting Cathedral and town as they did in closer bonds. In order to give importance to the Society, he wrote to Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Philip Egerton, Dr. Hooker, Professors Huxley, Tyndall, Hughes, &c., to beg permission to enrol their names as honorary members.

The room hitherto used at the City Library had now to be given up, and by the Dean's kindness the King's School was used as lecture-room. A preliminary lecture on the subject of physical science was given and followed by six, which will long be remembered in Chester; on The

Soil of the Field, The Pebbles in the Street, The Stones in the Wall, The Coal in the Fire, The Lime in the Mortar, The Slates on the Roof.[1] The blackboard was in constant use. Many of those who were present at the lecture on coal must recall the look of inspiration with which his burning words were accompanied, and the poetry he threw into his theme, as he went through the various transformations of the coal, till it reached the diamond; and with what kindling eyes he lifted a lump of coal off the table and held it up to his breathless listeners:

"A diamond, nothing less! — We may consider the coal upon the fire as a middle term of a series, of which the first is live wood, and the last diamond; and indulge safely in the fancy, that every diamond in the world has probably, at some remote epoch, formed part of a growing plant. A strange transformation, which will look to us more strange, more poetical, the more steadily we look at it. The coal on the fire, the table at which I stand, what are they made of? Gas and sunbeams, with a small percentage of ash, or earthy salts, which need hardly be taken into account.

"Gas and sunbeams! Strange, but true. The life of the growing plant — and what that life is who can tell? — laid hold of the gases in the air and in the soil, of the carbonic acid, the atmospheric air, the water, for that too is gas. It drank them in through its rootlets; it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distil them into sap, and bud, and leaf, and wood. But it had to take in another element, without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams, and absorbed

[1] These lectures, published in 1872 as "Town Geology," were dedicated to the members of his class.

them, buried them in itself — no longer as light and heat, but as invisible chemical force, locked up for ages in that woody fibre.

"So it is. Lord Lytton told us, in a beautiful song, how 'The wind and the beam loved the rose.' But Nature's poetry is more beautiful than man's. The wind and the beam love the rose — or rather the rose takes the wind and the beam, and builds up out of them, by her own inner life, her exquisite texture, hue and fragrance. What next? The rose dies; the timber-tree dies — decays down into vegetable fiber, is buried, and turned to coal: but the plant cannot altogether undo its own work. Even in death and decay it cannot set free the sunbeams imprisoned in its tissue. The sun-force must stay, shut up age after age, invisible, but strong; working at its own prison-cells, transmuting them, or making them capable of being transmuted by man, into the manifold products of coal, coke, petroleum, mineral pitch, gases, coal-tar, benzole, delicate aniline dyes, and what not, till its day of deliverance comes. Man digs it, throws it on the fire, a black dead-seeming lump. A corner, an atom of it, warms till it reaches the igniting point; the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen. And then, like a dormant live thing, awaking after ages to the sense of its own powers, its own needs, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost centuries since in the bottom of the earth. It drinks the oxygen in at every pore; and burns. And so the spell of ages is broken. The sun-force bursts its prison-cells, and blazes with the free atmosphere as light and heat once more, returning in a moment into the same forms in which it entered the growing leaf a thousand centuries since. Strange it all is, yet true. But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands — that truth is stranger than fiction."

No man ever had a more appreciative audience — intelligent, enthusiastic, affectionate. "They spring to touch," he would say, "at every point," and never did he receive such a warm grasp of the hand as from men of all ranks in the beloved old city. The Chester residence was one of the dearest episodes of his life, and after he was transferred to Westminster he could never speak of it without tears in his eyes.

It so happened that the first week of his annual three months in Chester, being always in May, was the race week, which for the time being turned the streets of the venerable old town into a sort of pandemonium; and the temptations of the young men in the middle and lower classes from betting and bad company, with the usual ending of a suicide, and the ruin of many, weighed heavily on his heart, as on that of the Dean and many of the residents. Most of the respectable tradesmen deplored the effect of the race-week, not only on the higher ground of morality, but because the stagnation of all trade except in the public-houses, and the losses to the working-classes which resulted from it were so serious. The Dean started a series of short papers on "Chester Races and their Attendant Evils" and gave Mr. Kingsley the subject of Betting, upon which he wrote this characteristic letter "To the Young Men of Chester:" [1]

"My dear Young Men, — The human race may, for practical purposes, be divided into three parts: 1. Honest men: who mean to do right; and do it. 2. Knaves:

[1] This letter was published later in a tract form by Messrs. C Kegan Paul & Co.

who mean to do wrong; and do it. 3. Fools: who mean to do whichever of the two is the pleasanter. And these last may be divided again into —

"Black fools: who would rather do wrong; but dare not; unless it is the fashion.

"White fools: who would rather do right; but dare not; unless it is the fashion.

"Now the honest men do not need my advice; and the knaves will not take it; neither, I fear, will the black fools. They will agree, in their secret hearts, most of them, that every word I say is true. But they do not wish it to be true; and therefore they will tell every one that it is not true, and try to wriggle out from under it by far-fetched excuses, and go back next races, 'like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire,' and bet and gamble boldly, because then that will be the fashion. But of the white fools I have hope. For they are not half bad fellows: some of them, indeed, are very near being very good fellows, and would like so much to do anything which is right and proper — only it takes so much trouble; and perhaps it might look rather odd now and then. Now let me ask them — and really I have so much liking for them, that I fear at times I must be one of them myself — in all friendliness and courtesy — Why do you bet and gamble at the races? Consider well what your answer will be. Certainly it will not be that you do so to avoid trouble, which you so much dislike in general. For you must confess at once that it is more trouble to bet, more anxiety, and often more grief and sorrow, than it is not to bet, but to leave the matter alone. And while you are preparing your reasons, I will give you two at least of mine, for leaving the matter alone. The first reason (which seems to me the strongest reason which can be given against any matter whatsoever) is this — that betting, and gambling of every kind, is in

itself wrong and immoral. I do not say that every man who bets is an immoral man. Far from it: many really honest men bet; but that is because they have not considered what they are doing. Betting is wrong: because it is wrong to take your neighbor's money without giving him anything in return. Earn from him what you will, and as much as you can. All labor, even the lowest drudgery, is honorable; but betting is not laboring nor earning: it is getting money, without earning it, and more, it is getting money, or trying to get it, out of your neighbor's ignorance. If you and he bet on any event, you think that your horse will win: he thinks that his will; in plain English, you think that you know more about the matter than he: you try to take advantage of his ignorance, and so to conjure money out of his pocket into yours — a very noble and friendly attitude in which to stand to your neighbor, truly. That is the plain English of it: and look at it upwards, downwards, sideways, inside out, you will never make anything out of betting, save this — that it is taking advantage of your neighbor's supposed ignorance. But says some one, 'That is all fair, he is trying to do as much by me.' Just so: and that again is a very noble and friendly attitude for two men who have no spite against each other; a state of mutual distrust and unmercifulness, looking each selfishly to his own gain, regardless of the interest of the other. I say, regardless. You know whatever you lose, he will expect you to pay, however much it may inconvenience you; while if he loses you expect him to pay, however much it may inconvenience him. Thus betting is founded on selfishness; and the consequence is, that men who live by betting are, and cannot help being, the most selfish of men, and (I should think) among the most unhappy and pitiable; for if a man who is given up to selfishness, distrust, and cunning, who is tempted every hour to

treachery and falsehood, without the possibility of one noble or purifying feeling throughout his whole day's work, or the consciousness that he has done the slightest good to a human being — not even as much good as an old woman at a stall has by selling a penny-worth of apples — if that man is not a pitiable object, I do not know what is.

"But some will say, 'It is not the money I care for, but the amusement.' Excuse me: but if so, why do you bet for money? That question I have asked again and again, and have never got an answer. Why do you bet for money, and not counters, or pins, or pebbles? Why, but because you want the money, to buy with it money's worth?

"Of course, I know well enough that plenty of bets pass on every race, which are practically quite harmless. A dozen of kid gloves to a lady — when you know that she will expect you to pay her, while you are bound not to ask her to pay you — he would be a very strait-laced person who could see any great harm in that; any more than in a rubber of sixpenny whist. And yet it would be better for many a young man, for some of the finest fellows of all, men of eager temper, high spirit, delicate honor, if they would make up their mind never to bet, even a shilling; never to play cards, except for love. For gambling, like drinking, grows upon some men, and upon the very finest natures too. And remember, that in betting and gambling, the more honorable man you are, the worst chance you have; gambling is almost the only thing in the world, in which the bad man is the stronger by very virtue of his badness, the good man the weaker by very virtue of his goodness. The man who will not cheat is no match for the man who will. The honorable man who will pay his debts, is no match for the dishonorable man who will not. No match indeed: not even in that last sad catastrophe, which I have seen

too often: when the honorable man, throwing good money after bad to recover his losses, grows desperate, tries his hand just once at foul play, and sells his soul — for nothing. For when he borrows the knave's tools, he cannot use them; he is ashamed of himself, hesitating, clumsy; is found out — as I have known such found out: and then — if he does not put a pistol to his own head, and blow his brains out, it is not because he does not long, poor wretch! to do so.

"I hold, then, that betting is itself more or less wrong and immoral. But I hold, too, that betting, in three cases out of four, is altogether foolish; so foolish that I cannot understand why the very young men who are fondest of it, should be the very men who are proudest of being considered shrewd, knowing, men of the world, and what not. They stake their money on this horse and on that. Now judging of a horse's capabilities is an art, and a very delicate and difficult art, depending first on natural talent, and next on experience, such as not one man in a thousand has. But how many betting young men know anything about a horse, save that he has four legs? How many of them know at sight whether a horse is sound or not? Whether he can stay or not? Whether he is going in good form or not? Whether he is doing his best or not? Probably five out of six of them could not sit on a race-horse without falling off; and then such a youth pretends to himself that he is a judge of the capabilities of a noble brute, who is a much better judge of the young gentleman's capabilities, and would prove himself so within five minutes after he had got into the saddle.

"'But they know what the horse has done already.' Yes; but not what the horse might have done. They do not know — no one can, who is not in the secrets of the turf — what the horse's engagements really are; whether he has not been kept back in view of those engagements; whether he will not be kept back

again; whether he has not been used to make play for another horse; and — in one word — whether he is meant to win. 'But they have special information: they have heard sporting men on whom they can rely, report to them this and the other wonderful secret.' Of all the various follies into which vanity, and the wish to seem knowing, and to keep sporting company, lead young men — and mere boys often — this I think is about the most absurd. A young lad hangs about the bar of a sporting public-house, spending his money in drink, in hopes of over-hearing what the initiated Mr. This may say to the initiated Mr. That — and goes off with his hearsay, silly fellow! forgetting that Mr. This probably said it out loud to Mr. That in order that he might overhear; that if they have any special information, they will keep it to themselves, because it is their stock-in-trade whereby they live, and they are not going to be foolish enough to give it away to him. Mr. This and That may not be dishonest men; but they hold that in betting, as in love and war, all is fair; they want to make their books, not to make his; and though they very likely tell him a great deal which is to their own advantage, they are neither simple enough, nor generous enough, to tell him much that is to his advantage; or to prevent him from making the usual greenhorn's book by which he stands sure to lose five pounds, and likely to lose fifty.

"'Ah, but the young gentleman has sent his money on commission to a prophet in the newspaper, in whom he has the highest confidence; he has prophesied the winner two or three times at least; and a friend of his sent him money to lay on, and got back ever so much; and he has a wonderful Greek name, Lynceus, or Polyphemus, or Typhlops, or something, and so he must know.' Ah! fool, fool. You know how often the great Polyphemus prophesied the winner, but you do not know

how often he did not. Hits count of course; but misses are hushed up. And as for your friend getting money back, if Polyphemus let no one win, his trade would stop. The question is, not whether one foolish lad won by him, but whether five-and-twenty foolish lads did not lose by him. He has his book to make, as well as you, and he wants your money to pay his own debts with if he loses. He has his bread to earn, and he wants your money to earn it with; and as for sending him money, you may as well throw a sovereign down a coal-pit and expect it to come up again with a ton of coals on its back. If any young man will not believe me, because I am a parson, let him read, in the last chapter or two of 'Sponge's Sporting Tour,' what was thought of the Enoch Wriggles and Infallible Joes, by a better sportsman and a wiser man than any Chester betting young gentleman is likely to be.

"'Ah, but the young gentleman has a private friend. He knows a boy in Mr. So-and-So, or Lord the Other's stables, and he has put him up to a thing or two. He is with the horse day and night; feeds him; knows the jockey who will ride him.' Does he then? What a noble and trustworthy source of information! One on the strength of which it would be really worth a lad's while to disobey his father, make his mother miserable, and then rob his master's till, so sure must he be to realize a grand haul of money! A needy little stable-boy, even a comfortable big groom, who either tells you what he does not know, and so lies, or tells you what he does know, and so is probably a traitor; and who in any case, for the sake of boasting and showing off his own importance, or of getting half-a-crown and a glass of brandy-and-water, will tell you anything which comes uppermost. I had almost said he is a fool if he does not. If you are fool enough to buy his facts, his cheapest and easiest plan must be to invent sham facts,

and sell them you, while he keeps the real facts for his own use. For he too has his little book to make up; and like every one who bets, must take care of himself first, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.

"I could say much more, and uglier things still. But to what I have said, I must stand. This used to be the private history of small bettings at races thirty years ago; and from all I hear, things have not grown better, but worse, since that time. But even then, before I took Holy Orders, before even I thought seriously at all, things were so bad that I found myself forced to turn my back on race-courses, not because I did not love to see the horses run in that old English pleasure, taken simply and alone, I can fully sympathize — but because I found that hey tempted me to betting, and that betting tempted me to company, and to passions, unworthy not merely of a scholar and a gentleman, but of an honest and rational bargeman or collier. And I have seen what comes too often of keeping that company, of indulging those passions. I have known men possessed of many virtues, and surrounded with every blessing which God could give, bring bitter shame and ruin, not only on themselves, but on those they loved, because they were too weak to shake off the one passion of betting and gambling. And I have known men mixed up in the wicked ways of the world, and too often yielding to them, and falling into much wrong doing, who have somehow steered through at last, and escaped ruin, and settled down into a respectable and useful old age, simply because they had strength enough to say — 'Whatever else I may or may not do, bet and gamble I will not.' And I very seriously advise my good friends the White Fools to make the same resolution, and to keep it. Your very good friend,

"*February* 1, 1871. C. KINGSLEY."

The following letter was written many years before, to his eldest son when a school-boy, on his telling his father he had put into a lottery for the Derby without thinking it any harm:

"My dearest Boy, — There is a matter which gave me much uneasiness when you mentioned it. You said you had put into some lottery for the Derby, and had hedged to make safe. Now all this is bad, bad, nothing but bad. Of all habits gambling is the one I hate most and have avoided most. Of all habits it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits, however much civilized men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically *savage*. Historically it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally it is unchivalrous and unchristian. 1. It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbor's pocket without giving him anything in return. 2. It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits — or anything else — to your neighbor's harm. If you know better than your neighbor you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits — I say the devil is the only father of it. I hope you have not won. I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won I should not congratulate you. If you wish to please me, you will give back to its lawful owners the money you have won. If you are a loser in gross thereby, I will gladly reimburse your losses this time. As you had put in, you could not in honor draw back till after the event. Now you can give back your money, saying you understand that Mr. B. and your father disapprove of such things, and so gain a very great moral influence. Recollect always that

the stock argument is worthless. It is this: 'My friend would win from me if he could, *therefore* I have an equal right to win from him.' Nonsense. The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man if only I give him leave to maim or kill me if he can and will.

"I have spoken my mind once and for all on a matter on which I have held the same views for more than twenty years, and trust in God you will not forget my words in after life. I have seen many a good fellow ruined by finding himself one day short of money, and trying to get a little by play [1] or betting — and then the Lord have mercy on his simple soul, for simple it will not remain long. Mind, I am not the least *angry* with you. Betting is the way of the world. So are all the seven deadly sins under certain rules and pretty names, but to the devil they lead if indulged in, in spite of the wise world and its ways. YOUR LOVING FATHER."

In addition to his course of lectures in the King's School, he gave one, by urgent request, at Crewe, to the men connected with the railway works, on "The Aristocracy of the Future." Also one on "Primeval Man" in Chester. This year he succeeded Mr. Froude, his "friend, and more than friend," as he calls him in his address, as President of the Devonshire Literary and Scientific Association at Bideford:

"It is not," he said, "without solemn memories that I find myself here, revisiting the scenes which have in-

[1] So strong was his feeling about gambling, that, though to rest his brain, he always played dominoes, backgammon, patience, whist, or some other game of cards, with his children in the evening for an hour or two, he would never allow play for money in his own house.

spired me for more than forty years with all that Nature can teach of her purest and noblest—scenes which first taught me to sympathize with and then to learn from the genius of Wordsworth, and to find in him, while watching the contact between his soul and Nature, not merely a great poet but a great philosopher. And after forty years, thanks to that magnificent patience—tardiness if you will—of Nature, which my dear and honored friend Sir Charles Lyell, first in our later centuries, has seized as the true basis for all geological thought—thanks, I say, to Nature's tardiness, I find all the beloved natural objects, at least to my hasty glance, unchanged. With a sigh of relief, I find still unabolished the Torridge and the Hubbastone, and Tapeley, and Instow, and the Bar, and the Burrows, and the beloved old Braunton Marshes and Sandhills, and doubt not that the raised beach under Santon is as safe as it has been any time this 20,000 years, and that not an ounce of rock has been worn off the Morte stone since I first steamed past it as a boy. We abolish many things, good and evil, wisely and foolishly in these fast-going times; but, happily for us, we cannot abolish the blue sky, and the green sea, and the white foam, and the everlasting hills, and the rivers which flow out of their bosoms. They will abolish themselves when their work is done, but not before. And we, who, with all our boasted scientific mastery over nature, are, from a merely mechanical and carnal point of view, no more than a race of minute parasitic animals burrowing in the fair Earth's skin, had better, instead of boasting of our empire over Nature, take care lest we do not become parasites too troublesome to Nature, by creating, in our haste and greed, too many great black countries through which I have too lately passed, and too many great dirty warrens of houses, miscalled cities, peopled with savages and imps of our own mis-creation; in which case Nature, so far from allowing

us to abolish her, will by her inexorable laws abolish us. Therefore, I rejoice to see so little abolished here. . . ."

In the course of his address he expresses, with deepest respect for Mr. Darwin, his regret at certain of his speculations on the descent of man, and says at the close:

"The question of the physical 'Origin of Man' I decline to touch here. It is strictly a physiological and anatomical question, not to be discussed in a mixed assembly. It seems, moreover, less important to me than it does to many persons on both sides, whom I revere and love. However physical science may decide the controversy, I say boldly, as a man and as a priest, that its decision will not affect one of my duties here, one of my hopes for hereafter. . . ."

On his return from Chester the quiet parish of Eversley was startled into new life by the formation of a military camp in Bramshill Park and on Hartford Bridge Flats, at the opening of the autumn manœuvres, during which the Prince of Wales camped out with his regiment, the 10th Hussars. The tumult of enthusiasm and pride of the little parish at the Prince's presence and gracious courtesy (which will never be forgotten in Eversley), had scarcely subsided, when the country was electrified by the news of H.R.H.'s being struck down with fever and at the point of death, and rector and parishioners grieved and prayed and wept together. When all danger was over, and the heart of the whole nation rebounded with joy, Mr. Kingsley preached on the day of Thanksgiving at the Chapel Royal, St.

James's, a sermon on Loyalty, in which he presses the subject of Sanitary Reform. The "Times" acknowledged, in strong terms, the eloquent and practical use he made of the occasion.

"But," says the writer, "our immediate purpose in referring to this grand sermon is to be found in its sequel. 'Let our hearts,' said the Canon,[1] 'be bowed as the heart of one man, to say that, so far as we have power, so help us God, no man, woman, or child in Britain, be he prince or be he beggar, shall die henceforth of preventible disease. Let us repent of and amend that scandalous neglect of the well-known laws of health and cleanliness which destroys thousands of lives yearly in this kingdom without need or reason, in defiance alike of science, of humanity, and of our Christian profession. Two hundred thousand persons, I am told, have died of preventible fever since the Prince Consort's death a few years ago. Is not that a national sin to bow our hearts as the heart of one man? Oh, if his Royal Highness's foul and needless disease, by striking at once at the very highest, shall bring home to us the often-told, seldom-heeded fact, that this same disease is striking perpetually at hundreds among the very lowest, whom we leave to sicken and die in dens unfit for men, unfit for dogs — if this illness shall awaken all loyal citizens to demand and to enforce, as a duty to their Sovereign, their country, and their God, a sanitary reform in town and country, immediate, wholesale, imperative — if it shall awaken the ministers of religion to preach *that* — I hardly ought to doubt it — till there is not a fever alley or a malarious ditch left in any British city; then indeed, this fair and precious life will not have been imperilled in vain; and generations yet unborn will bless the memory of a prince who sickened as poor men

[1] "All Saints' Day and other Sermons."

sicken, and all but died as poor men die; that his example and, it may be, hereafter his exertions, might deliver the poor from dirt, disease, and death.'"

In the autumn he was invited to give a lecture at the Woolwich Royal Artillery Institution. His subject was "The Study of Natural History," in which he pressed upon his hearers the importance of the "inductive habit of mind" which, working steadily and by rule from the known to the unknown, is so specially valuable to military men, to whom the advantage of the knowledge of botany — for instance, when leading an exploring party or engaged in bush warfare — would be great, if only from knowing what plants are poisonous, what are eatable, what would yield vegetable acids as preventives of scurvy, what for medicine or styptics, what timbers are available to resist wet or the attacks of insects, &c., &c. Again, how great the use of "geology and mineralogy and meteorology, in finding limestone, building stone, road metal — in finding water, of what sort and at what depth — and in ascertaining, with a view to malaria, rainfalls, and all those questions which so deeply affect the health of troops, whose lives are too often ignorantly sacrificed in these days by being placed in barracks built in spots purely pestilential." He reminded them of one significant fact, that the greatest captain of the old world was trained by the greatest philosopher of the old world, the father of Natural History; that Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander of Macedon —

"But why? What need for the soldier and the man of science to fraternize just now. This need. The two

classes which will have an increasing influence on the fate of the human race for some time will be the men of science and the soldiers. . . . They will be left to rule; because they alone have each in his own sphere learnt to obey. . . . I may be a dreamer: and I may consider, in my turn, as wilder dreamers than myself, certain persons who fancy that their only business in life is to make money, the scientific man's only business to show them how to make money, and the soldier's only business to guard their money for them. Be that as it may, the finest type of civilized man which we are likely to see for some generations to come, will be produced by a combination of the truly military with the truly scientific man. I say, I may be a dreamer: but you at least, as well as my scientific friends, will bear with me; for my dream is to your honor. . . ."

At Christmas he gave a lecture for the Winchester Scientific Society on Bio-geology, which, while rich in facts, was still the very poetry of science; and after a masterly review of the Bio-geology of Hampshire — its plants, reptiles, &c., and glances at the European and Atlantic flora, he wound up, as usual, with theology, which to his mind was taught even by the law of natural selection:

"My friends, whether you will be the happier for it, or for any knowledge of physical science, or for any other knowledge whatsoever, I cannot tell: that lies in the decision of a Higher Power than I; and, indeed, to speak honestly, I do not think that bio-geology or any other branch of physical science is likely, at first at least, to make you happy. Neither is the study of your fellow-men. Neither is religion itself. We were not sent into the world to be happy, but to be right — at least, poor

creatures that we are—as right as we can be, and we must be content with being right, and not happy. . . . And we shall be made truly wise if we be made content—content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call (and rightly) faith in God, true and solid faith which comes often out of sadness, and out of doubt, such as bio-geology may well stir in us at first sight. For our first feeling will be—I know mine was when I began to look into these matters—one somewhat of dread and of horror. Here were all these creatures, animal and vegetable, competing against each other. 'Woe to the weak' seems to be Nature's watchword. The Psalmist says—'The righteous shall inherit the land.' If you go to a tropical forest, or, indeed, if you observe carefully a square acre of any English land, cultivated or uncultivated, you will find that Nature's text at first sight looks a very different one. She seems to say—not the righteous, but the strong, shall inherit the land. Plant, insect, bird, what not—find a weaker plant, insect, bird, than yourself, and kill it. . . . This is Nature's law, and is it not at first sight a fearful law? Internecine competition, ruthless selfishness, so internecine and so ruthless that, as I have wandered in tropic forests where this temper is shown more quickly and fiercely, though not in the least more evilly, than in our slow and cold temperate one, I have said—really these trees and plants are as wicked as so many human beings. Throughout the great republic of the organic world the motto of the majority is and always has been, as far back as we can see, as it is, and always has been, with the majority of human beings—'Every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.' Selfish competition, overreaching tyranny, the temper which fawns and clings, and plays the parasite as long as it is down; and, when it has risen, fattens on its patron's

blood and life. These, and the other works of the flesh, are the works of average plants and animals as far as they can practise them. At least, so says at first sight the science of bio-geology, till the naturalist, if he be also human and humane, is glad to escape from the confusion and darkness of the universal battle-field of selfishness into the order and light of Christmas-tide. For then there comes to him the light. And are these all the facts? And is this all which the facts mean? That mutual competition is one law of Nature we see too plainly. But is there not, besides that law, a law of mutual help? True, it is, as the wise man has said, that the very hyssop on the wall grows there because all the forces of the universe could not prevent its growing. All honor to the hyssop — a brave plant. It has fought a brave fight, and has its just deserts (as everything in Nature has), and so has won. But did all the powers of the universe combine only to prevent it growing? Is not that a one-sided statement of facts? Did not all the powers of the universe also combine to make it grow, if only it had valor and worth wherewith to grow? Did not the rains feed it, the very mortar in the wall give lime to its roots? Were not electricity, gravitation, and I know not what of chemical and mechanical forces, busy about every cell of the little plant, kindly and patiently ready to help it, if it would only help itself? Surely this is true — true of every organic thing, animal and vegetable, and mineral, too, for aught I know; and so we must soften our sadness at the sight of the universal mutual war by the sight of an equally universal mutual help. But more. It is true — too true if you will — that all things live *on* each other. But is it not, therefore, equally true that all things live *for* each other? That self-sacrifice, and not selfishness, is at the bottom the law of Nature, as it is the law of grace, and the law of bio-geology, as it is the law of all religion and virtue worthy

of the name? Is it not true that everything has to help something else to live, whether it knows it or not? — that not a plant or an animal can turn again to its dust without giving food and existence to other plants, other animals? . . . And so, the longer one watches the great struggle for existence, the more charitable, the more hopeful one becomes, as one sees that consciously or unconsciously, the law of Nature is, after all, self-sacrifice. Unconscious in plants and animals — as far as we know — save always those magnificent instances of true self-sacrifice shown by the social insects, by ants (*Termites*), bees, and others, which put to shame by a civilization truly noble — why should I not say divine, for God ordained it — the selfishness and barbarism of man. But be that as it may, in man the law of self-sacrifice — whether unconscious or not in the animals — rises into consciousness just as far as he is a man — and the crowning lesson of bio-geology may be — when we have worked it out — after all, the lesson of Christmas-tide — of the infinite self-sacrifice of God for man. . . ."

And so his keynote, whether at Sion College to the clergy, at Chester to his middle-class pupils, at Woolwich to military men, or to the scientific societies of Devon and Hampshire, was the same, that Science is the Voice of God — her facts, His words — to which as we listen we must each and all reply, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

CHAPTER XXVI

1872

AGED 53

OPENING OF CHESTER CATHEDRAL NAVE — DEATHS OF MR. MAURICE AND NORMAN MCLEOD — CATHEDRAL STALLS AND LEARNED LEISURE — BISHOP PATTESON — NOTES ON MODERN HYMNOLOGY — LECTURE AT BIRMINGHAM AND ITS RESULTS — LECTURES AT CHESTER — CORRESPONDENCE ON THE ATHANASIAN CREED — ON DISESTABLISHMENT — A POEM.

"No man can justly blame me for honoring my spiritual mother, the Church of England, in whose womb I was conceived, at whose breast I was nourished, and in whose bosom I hope to die. Bees by the instinct of Nature do love their hives, and birds their nest. But, God is my witness, that, according to my uttermost talent and poor understanding, I have endeavored to set down the naked truth impartially, without either favor or prejudice, the two capital enemies of right judgment. The one of which, like a false mirror, doth represent things fairer and straighter than they are; the other, like the tongue infected with choler, makes the sweetest meats to taste bitter. My desire hath been to have Truth for my chiefest friend, and no enemy but Error."

BISHOP BRAMHALL.

THE year began at Eversley with the usual winter's parish work, night-schools, penny Readings, &c., which were only interrupted for a few days by his going to Chester for the opening of the Cathedral nave.

CHESTER: *January* 24, 1872. — "Service this afternoon magnificent. Cathedral quite full. Anthem, 'Send out Thy Light.' Collection, £105. Cathedral looks lovely, and I have had a most happy day. Every

one glad to see me, and inquiries after you all. I do love this place and people, and long to be back here for our spring residence."

Mr. Maurice's death and Dr. Norman McLeod's saddened him, and warned him of the consequences of an overworked brain. Of the former he said in writing to a friend, "You too saw that his work was done. I had seen death in his face for almost two years past, and felt that he needed the great rest of another life, and now he has it;" of the latter, "he is an instance of a man who has worn his brain away, and he is gone, as I am surely going." At the great gathering round Mr. Maurice's grave at Highgate, many eyes were fixed on Charles Kingsley, his much-loved disciple.

"As I think," said one of those present, "of that warrior face of his, like the countenance of one of those old Vikings, whose glories he loved to sing of, with the light of the western sky shed on it, as he stood, strong as he was, with ill-concealed emotion, by the grave of his beloved master, Frederick Maurice, on Easter Monday, 1872, the man's whole aims, character, and work seemed revealed to one in a moment."

Work of all kinds seemed now to redouble; and the mere letters refusing sermons, lectures, church openings, and kind invitations from friends in England and Scotland, who were eager to give him the rest and refreshment which he so sorely needed, gave constant employment to his home secretary. On returning to Chester, he found the Natural Science Society so well established that though he still arranged all the expe-

ditions, he gave fewer lectures; for over-work of brain had brought on a constant lassitude and numbness of the left side, which led him to apprehend coming paralysis, and forced him to confine his work more to preaching and the never-ceasing correspondence. He gave his President's address to the Natural Science Society, then numbering 250 members, on his return from his first sight of the English Lakes, and told them of the feelings which the grave of Wordsworth, that "great poet, great philosopher, great divine," called up in him. After speaking of the grand and sacred physical laws, whether of light, heat, gravitation, &c.,

"they are," he says, "but the dead body, at least, the dead machinery of the universe; and grander to us and still more sacred is the living soul of the universe, which the microscope and the scalpel can show no man, which the microscope and the scalpel may have tempted him in grim hurry to forget; grander and more sacred than all the machinery of nature is the poetry of nature.

> "'A presence that disturbs us with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense of something
> Still more deeply interfused.'"

He quoted the whole passage from Wordsworth's Ode, expressing his gratitude that his own "soul had been steeped from boyhood in that poetry, had learnt from it how to look at and feel with Nature, and had been preserved by Wordsworth's influence from those shallow cynical and materialist views of the universe, which tempt the eager student of science in his exclusive search after the material and the temporary to neglect the spiritual and eternal. . . ."

"... Go forth, my dear friends, with microscope, hammer, dredge, and collecting box; find all you can, learn all you can. God speaks to you through physical facts; but do not forget to take with you at times a volume of good poetry — say 'Wordsworth's Excursion,' above all modern poetry. For so you will have a spiritual tonic, a spiritual corrective, which will keep your heart healthy and childlike, to listen to that other and nobler voice of God which speaks through the æsthetical aspects of nature. ... So, instead of bewailing, like poor Keats, that there was an awful rainbow once in heaven, whose charm was gone now that the laws of refraction had been discovered, you will be ready to say with Wordsworth, however thoroughly you may be acquainted with those laws,

"'My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die.'"

And so he toiled on, dreaming of that time of "learned leisure" rather than of "increased activity," for which a Canonry he held should provide; but which did not as yet fall to his lot; and those who watched him most closely and loved him best felt that if rest ever came it would come too late. "Better," however, he said, "to wear out than rust out." He agreed with Dean Goulburn in thinking that the proposed changes in cathedral establishments would involve with increasing work, decreasing scholarship, and writes to him:

February 28, 1872. — "I have long seen a desire, on the part of certain bishops, to acquire, under the name

of organization, powers hitherto unknown in the Church of England, to be exercised not directly by themselves, but by nominees and servants of their own, archdeacons and rural deans. That this encroachment, if allowed, would destroy the manly freedom which English rectors have long enjoyed . . . is clear. If, in addition to this, the bishops . . . remodel the cathedral bodies till they become mere working diocesan machines, then 'increased activity' may be obtained; but the Holy Orders of the English Church will have become no fit place for scholars. . . . Meanwhile, if you speak further on this matter, let me beg you to warn the rectors, that, when our liberty as canons goes, theirs will soon follow."

To Professor Max Müller. — "I have read your gallant words about Bishop Patteson in the *Times*. I did not know him; but it is at least a comfort to me to read words written in such a tone in this generation. By all means let us have a memorial to him. But where? In a painted window, or a cross here in England? Surely not. But on the very spot where he died. There let the white man, without anger or revenge, put up some simple and grand monolith, if you will; something at least which the dark man cannot make, and which instead of defacing he will rather worship as a memorial to the Melanesian and his children, which they would interpret for themselves. So, indeed, 'he being dead would yet speak.' Think over this."

This spring Dr. Monsell requested Mr. Kingsley and other friends to help him with suggestions for a new Hymnary. Being much over-worked, he had only time to make a few brief notes in the book sent for his remarks, from which the following are selected:

"36. — O Paradise, O Paradise!

"Whence did the author of this hymn learn that 'the world is growing old?' I object much to the use of 'I want to,' instead of 'I long' or desire.

"No. 40. — Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling.

"I object to this hymn, as a direct invocation of angels, and as also 'unreal.' People do *not* hear the angels singing over fields and seas.

"No. 61 — For thee, O dear, dear country, our eyes their vigils keep.

"Congregations do *not* lie awake or weep, thinking of heaven. I dread all exaggerated language.

"No. 102 is exaggerated for a whole congregation:

> "Lord, in Thy mercy's day,
> Holy Jesus, *grant us tears.*

"I object to 'grant us tears.' It savors of the old '*donum lachrymarum*,' which had a special virtue in itself; wherefore witches could never cry.

"No. 124. — Sacred heart of Jesus, heart of God in man.

"Should not this be 'Heart of man in God'? Not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God. A beautiful poem; but not a congregational hymn.

"I shrink from the two Litanies of the Passion and to the Sacred Heart, especially from the former. They are, historically, connected with a creed which we have renounced, and all imitations of which I at least dread; and they are quite alien in tone to any speech of St. Paul or St. John concerning our Lord's person, either in the epistles or the Revelations.

"No. 189, 192. — Save me by the Passion of Thy bleeding feet.
"Sacred Heart of Jesus, pour Love on me while I adore.

"In No. 170 ('Praise to God, immortal praise') I regret the use of 'vine,' 'olive,' and 'fig' in the hymns of a country in which those crops are not cultivated. 'Reality' (as it is now called) in the service of God is very important, if we are to counterbalance the unreality of sensational hymns.

"With regard to hymns 112, 'Long in Darkness did He wait,' and 121, 122, for Good Friday, beginning 'O, Sacred head once Wounded,' and 'Jesus, gentle Sufferer, say.' — I cannot but feel that hymns to Christ, as the ascended and triumphant King of the universe, are more fitting, because more *true* than any which, by a stretch of dramatic imagination, fancy Him still in His humiliation. Let it be always remembered that the Church in the Collects, and we in our name *Good* Friday,' give the keynote for devotion on this day. With regard to the one for Holy Communion, My love is like the Rose,' I humbly deprecate all hymns adapted from the canticles. The 'Miserere Domine,' No. 196, is a most beautiful poem, though not a congregational hymn; but I do not understand the allusions in the last two verses to our Lord's *fast*.

"Thy fast, Thy fast, O God, Thy fast.

"Christ is not represented as having fasted for man, but as having died for man, and I think words concerning his death would be preferable. For by His death we are forgiven.

"You will forgive my not having put A against '*Hic breve vivitur*' — 'Jerusalem the golden.' 'For thee, oh! dear, dear country,' and several of that cycle. I may be fastidious; but I cannot approve of them; their very popularity makes their soundness the more suspected by me. In the Church of God I shrink from singing hymns to 'heaven,' just as to angels. We are there to worship God, not heaven, which is a created *thing*."

These fragments of criticism may seem superfluous: but it would be doing him an injustice to suppress all notice of his strong views on Modern Hymnology, there being no other allusion to the subject except in his preface to the Westminster Sermons. He regretted deeply the adoption of hymns, which he considered combined the faults of Puritanism, Mysticism, and Romanism; he deplored words being put into the mouths of a general congregation which were unreal to them — individual confessions of sin, too solemn to be sung, especially in the part of the service which is set apart for praise; and ardent expressions of a love almost amounting to passion, which if not felt must therefore be an unconscious insult to Him to whom they were addressed. This unfitness shocked him so, that he considered even selections from the discarded old and new version of the Psalms of David in the Prayer-book would be less objectionable than some of the new hymnologies.

In the autumn, being President of the Midland Institute for the year, he went to Birmingham to give his inaugural address. It was on the Science of Health — one of his best and most suggestive lectures, which bore fruit at once, in the noble response made to it. A gentleman of Birmingham (a manufacturer), who had been long wishing to promote scientific knowledge among the working-classes of Birmingham, and deplored the ignorance prevailing on the subject of health, without its having occurred to him that it might be made a distinct object of study, immediately on hearing the address decided to devote the sum of 2,500*l.* to found classes and

lectures on Human Physiology and the Science of Health. He believed, with Mr. Kingsley, that if people's interest could only be excited on the subject, physical improvement would be followed by moral and mental improvement, and that hospitals, and even prisons and madhouses, would be relieved of many cases which have their origin in mere ignorance of the laws of health and physiology. A draft scheme of the application of the gift to lectures, open to artisans on the lowest possible scale of payment for admission, etc., was made and submitted to Mr. Kingsley, who replied:

October 31.—"I beg to return the paper which you have sent me, with the expression of my deep satisfaction, and I may say personal gratitude. Your friend will be doing, I believe, solid and lasting good to generations yet unborn, and I trust that his noble example may be followed in every great town of these realms. I think the first title, 'The Teaching of Physiology to the Working Classes,' is the better of the two. But I would define it as 'Human Physiology,' or, better, as 'The Science of Health.' . . . A grant might be given to a mothers' or married women's class, from which men would be excluded. I am solicitous for some such exclusively woman's teaching. . . . An essay, now and then, on the subject, open to all comers of a certain grade, would be most useful, and stir up many minds even more than lectures. It will be necessary to take care that the lectures are really practical lectures on the science and art of health, and not on mere scientific physiology. If not they are likely to become mere lectures on comparative anatomy, or other non-practical, or at least, purely scientific branch. You will have to find, and you will have some trouble in finding, men who really know about

drains and bedrooms, etc., and who are not above talking of them. Let me be so bold as to advise your friend to look at Dr. Edwin Lankester's admirable little 'Practical Physiology,' to see what should be taught, and how. . . ."

The immediate result of this lecture was perhaps the highest earthly reward ever granted to him, *the* blue ribbon of his life, and had he lived to see how the work has been since carried out at Saltley College and elsewhere, his soul would have been satisfied. He may see it now — God knows!

The particulars of a further proposal to found a trust for promoting the teaching the laws of health to teachers in common schools, was submitted to Mr. Kingsley in October, 1874, and he concludes his letter, after pointing to the scheme which he thought would give the whole subject a fixed academical status, with these characteristic words: "Alas! alas! why can we not have a professor of it at Cambridge and another at Oxford, and make every young landowner and student for holy orders attend their lectures?"

Many of his dreams — social, sanatory, and others — equally improbable as they seemed at one time, have been realized; perhaps this may, too, when the day dawns in which man's body — the temple of the Holy Ghost — will be considered as divine as his soul — the workmanship of Him, in whose sight both are equally sacred.

In November he gave a lecture on Heroism, for the Chester City Library and Reading-room, both at that time low in funds. The Duke of Westminster, foremost as usual in giving the

lead to all noble thought and noble work in the old city, took the chair. It was intended to be the prologue to a course he hoped to give in his next spring residence, and the next evening, after attending the last Chapter at which he was ever present, he gave a final lecture to the Scientific Society, of which he was still President, on Deep-Sea Dredging.

He was asked this year to join the committee for the defence of the Athanasian Creed, which gave him the opportunity of expressing more forcibly the views he had held for years on the intermediate state and his hopes of the future life. The following are extracts from the correspondence which ensued:

"This seems to me the time for sound Churchmen to use a fresh weapon in defence of the Athanasian Creed, by bringing forward a somewhat neglected Catholic doctrine — that of the intermediate state, or states. Thus, too, I may say in passing, the Church would be shown to be on this — as on other points — more and not less liberal than her dissenting opponents.

. . . . . .

"I have long held that the maintenance of the Athanasian Creed by the Church of England will exercise a most potent and wholesome influence, not only on the theology, but on the science, both physical and metaphysical, of all English-speaking nations for generations to come. I feel for, though I cannot feel with, the objections of many excellent persons to the so-called damnatory clauses; but I believe that those objections would gradually die out, if there were appended to the Creed, in our Prayer-Book, an explanatory clause, which expressed, or at least allowed, the true and ancient Catholic doctrine concerning the future state."

". . . My rule has been to preach the Athanasian Creed from the pulpit in season and out of season; to ground not merely my whole theological, but my whole ethical teaching, formally and openly on it; to prevent, as far as I could, people from thinking it a dead formula, or even a mere string of intellectual dogmas. And if I were (from my experience) to dare to offer a suggestion, it would be to call on all clergy who value the Creed to preach it continually, and make their congregations feel something at least of its value. But I only speak with hesitation, and am ready to be convinced if I am wrong."

. . . . . .

"The Athanasian Creed is now construed by the people, in the light of Puritan Eschatology — *i. e.*, of the doctrine which the Puritans (as far as I know) introduced first, namely, that the fate of every man is irrevocably fixed at the moment of death. I need not tell you that this is not the Catholic doctrine; that the Church has held, from a very early age, the belief in an intermediate state. That belief was distorted and abused, in later times, as the Romish doctrine of purgatory. But the denunciation of that doctrine in the Thirty-nine Articles (as Dr. Newman pointed out, if I recollect rightly, in Tract 90) does not denounce any primitive doctrine of purgatory, nay, rather allows it, by the defining adjective 'Romish.' That this Puritan Eschatology is no part of the Creed of the Church of England, is proved by her final rejection of the Article affirming endless punishment. . . .

"Now, it is plain again that men have no right to read the Athanasian Creed in this Puritan sense. In whatsoever age it was composed, it was composed by one who believed in the intermediate state; and there is nothing in its language to hint that he held that there was no hope in that state for the unorthodox whom he denounced; nothing to hint that he held, with the old

Crusaders, that an infidel went straight to hell. So guardedly vague are the expressions of the Creed, as to 'perishing everlastingly,' and 'everlasting salvation,' that it might be believed and used honestly by one who did not hold the 'necessary immortality of the soul,' and therefore thought the final annihilation of the wicked possible.

"The Creed says, and truly, that the knowledge of God, and it alone, is everlasting life. It does not say that that knowledge may not be vouchsafed hereafter to those who have sought honestly for it, in this life, but through unfortunate circumstances, or invincible ignorance, have failed to find it. Provided the search be honestly continued in the unknown realms beyond the grave, the Athanasian Creed does not deny that the seeker, it may be after heavy pains and long wanderings, shall at last discover his Saviour and his God, and discover that for him he had been yearning though he knew it not. It is almost needless for me to point out how such an interpretation of the Athanasian Creed would relieve the consciences of thousands, without (it seems to me) forfeiting our strict honesty, or our claim to Catholic orthodoxy — how it would make the Creed tolerable to thousands to whom (under its Puritan misrepresentation) it is now intolerable; and would render unnecessary that alteration of the so-called 'damnatory clauses,' to which I have consented with much unwillingness, and only as a concession to the invincible ignorance of modern Puritanism.

"I have reason to believe that the English mind (and possibly the Scotch) is specially ripe just now for receiving once more this great Catholic doctrine of the intermediate state, and that by preaching it with all prudence, as well as with all manfulness, we should cut the ground from under our so-called 'Liberal' adversaries' feet. I say — with all prudence. For it is plain that unguarded

latitude of expression might easily awaken a cry that we were going to introduce 'the Romish doctrine of purgatory,' and to proceed to 'pardons' and 'masses for the dead.' But that if we keep cautiously within the limits permitted by truly Catholic antiquity, we shall set in motion a mighty engine for the Church's help in her need, I, as a student of public opinion, have no doubt whatsoever.

. . . . . .

"It is not for me, a private clergyman, to lay down the law, as I have been asked to do, what is the Catholic doctrine on this, or any other matter, save as I find it expressed in the formularies of the Church of England, as by law established. Now the Church of England has left this question of the future state, in many points, an open question; the more markedly so, because the Puritan influences of the sixteenth century were pressing her to define and narrow her formularies about it. Those influences, though they failed, thank God, in narrowing her formularies, have actually succeeded till very late years, in narrowing her public opinion about this most important question, among the majority of her members. In the face of that public opinion, I intended to reopen the whole question; to set the clergy searching for themselves, Scripture, Catholic antiquity, and whatsoever of wisest and soundest has been written by our great English divines; to make them think for themselves, and judge for themselves, instead of asking me, or any man, to think and judge for them. For only so will any wider and sounder belief on this, or any other matter, be a real belief of the heart and reason, and not a mere party cry, repeated parrot-like and unintelligently.

"If God should ever give me grace and wit to express clearly my opinion on this matter, I shall do so, after that full research and deliberation which befit so important and awful a subject. But I look to wiser and more

learned men than myself to speak better sense upon it than I shall ever speak meanwhile; certain that even though they may differ in details, and even some of them err, they will at least prepare the mind of the Church for the reception of eternal truth. . . ."

. . . . . .

In his last letter to Thomas Cooper, thanking him for his volume of "Plain Pulpit Talk," he says that, in it,

"I see the thorough right old morality — common to Puritans, old Anglican Churchmen, apostles, and prophets; that you hold right to be infinitely right; and wrong ditto wrong; that you call a spade a spade, and talk to men about the real plagues of their own hearts; as Carlyle says, you 'do not rave against extinct Satans, while quite unaware of the real man-devouring Satan at your elbow.' My dear friend, go on and do that, and whether you call yourself Baptist or Buddhist, I shall welcome you as one who is doing the work of God, and fighting in the battle of the Lord, who makes war in *righteousness*. But more. You are no Buddhist. . . . I happen to be, from reason and science as well as from Scripture and Catholic tradition (I use a word I don't like), I happen to be, I say, an orthodox theologian, and to value orthodoxy more, the more I think, for its own sake. And it was a solid pleasure to me to find you orthodox, and to find you deriving your doctrines concerning right and wrong, and the salvation of men, from orthodox theology. — Pp. 128, 131, is a speech of which no sound divine, either of the Church of England or of the middle age, ought to be ashamed. . . . But, my dear friend, whatever you do, don't advocate disestablishing us. We are the most liberal religious body in these realms. In our pale men can meet who can

meet nowhere else. . . . But if we — the one remaining root of union — disestablish and become a sect like the sects, then competition, not Christ, will be God, and we shall bite and devour one another, till atheism and M. Comte are the rulers of modern thought. I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness; and remember (I am sure you will, though orators at public meetings would not) that my plea is quite disinterested. If the Church of England were disestablished and disendowed to-morrow, vested interests would be respected, and I and others living on small incomes till our deaths. I assure you that I have no family livings, or an intention of putting my sons into them. My eldest son — a splendid young fellow — is roughing it successfully and honorably as an engineer anywhere between Denver, U. S., and the city of Mexico. My next and only other son may possibly go to join him. I can give no more solid proof that, while Radical cockneys howl at me as an aristocrat and a renegade, I am none; but a believer in the persons of my own children, that a man's a man for a' that."

While paying a visit in Weybridge this year, he was asked to write some answers to the following questions in a book kept for the autographs of literary men. The answers are genuine and characteristic:

"Favorite character in history? David.
"The character you most dislike? Myself.
"Favorite kind of literature? Physical science.
"Favorite author? Spenser.
"Favorite artist? Leonardo da Vinci.
"Favorite composer? Beethoven.
"Favorite dramatic performance? A pantomime.
"Favorite kind of scenery? Wide flats or open sea.

"Place at home and abroad you most admire? Clovelly.

"Favorite reminiscence? July 6, 1839.

"Favorite occupation? Doing nothing.

"Favorite amusement? Sleeping.

"What do you dislike most? Any sort of work.

"Favorite topics of conversation? Whatever my companion happens to be talking about.

"And those you dislike most? My own thoughts.

"What you like most in woman? Womanliness.

"What you dislike most? Unwomanliness.

"What you like most in man? Modesty.

"What you dislike most? Vanity.

"Your ambition? To die.

"Your ideal? The One ideal.

"Your hobby? Fancying I know anything.

"The virtue you most admire? Truth.

"The vice to which you are most lenient? All except lying.

"Your favorite motto or proverb? 'Be strong.'

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

His year closed at Eversley with his three children round him, his eldest daughter having returned safe from a long visit to her brother in Colorado, and a perilous journey through Mexico, with him and some American friends who were "prospecting" for the carrying on through the heart of Mexico of the narrow-gauge railway lately built in Colorado. The report made by his son on this survey and the prospects it seemed to hold out for his advancement were a great pride and joy to Mr. Kingsley. It had been a year of hard work, and owing to the increasing infirmities of his mother, who was in her 85th year, and lived with him, he had scarcely left

home for more than a few days. The three months now at Chester and the four annual sermons at Windsor, Sandringham, Whitehall, and St. James's made him unwilling to give up his Eversley people for a single Sunday. So that he had no intermission of toil; indeed, since he returned from the West Indies, nearly three years before, he had preached every Sunday once if not twice. Towards winter his mother's dangerous illness and other anxieties weighed heavily on him; they were anxieties which, however, never touched the sacred innermost circle of his home.

"I am blessed in all my children, thank God," he writes, to a friend, who had lost his wife; "and though my beloved one is still with me, and all in all to me, yet I have my sorrows, such as God grant you may never taste."

Once again before clouds thickened, his heart had bubbled up into song, and after the last meet of the fox-hounds in front of Bramshill House at which he was ever present — a sight he dearly loved — he put these verses into his wife's hands:

November 6, 1872.

"THE DELECTABLE DAY.

"The boy on the famous grey pony
Just bidding good-bye at the door,
Plucking up maiden heart for the fences
Where his brother won honor of yore.

"The walk to 'the Meet' with fair children
And woman as gentle as gay, —
Ah! how do we male hogs in armor
Deserve such companions as they?

"The afternoon's wander to windward,
To meet the dear boy coming back;
And to catch, down the turns of the valley,
The last weary chime of the pack.

"The climb homeward by park and by moorland
And through the fir forests again,
While the southwest wind roars in the gloaming
Like an ocean of seething champagne.

"And at night the septette of Beethoven,
And the grandmother by in her chair,
And the foot of all feet on the sofa
Beating delicate time to the air.

"Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank Thee
For such a delectable day!
Though the fury, the fool, and the swindler,
To-morrow again have their way!"

CHAPTER XXVII

1873–4

AGED 54–5

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL — CANONRY OF WESTMINSTER — CONGRATULATIONS — PARTING FROM CHESTER — SERMONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND AT KING'S COLLEGE — VOYAGE TO AMERICA — EASTERN CITIES AND WESTERN PLAINS — LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER — NIAGARA — SALT LAKE CITY — YOSEMITE VALLEY AND BIG TREES — SAN FRANCISCO — ILLNESS — ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND COLORADO SPRINGS — LAST POEM — RETURN HOME.

"One of the kind wishes expressed for me is a long life. Let anything be asked for me except that. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace, get to our journey's end as soon as possible — then let the post-horse get his shoulder out of the collar. . . . I have lived long enough to feel, like the old post-horse, very thankful as the end draws near. . . . Long life is the last thing that I desire. It may be that, as one grows older, one acquires more and more the painful consciousness of the difference between what *ought* to be done and what *can* be done, and sits down more quietly when one gets the wrong side of fifty, to let others start up to do for us things we cannot do for ourselves. But it is the highest pleasure that a man can have who has (to his own exceeding comfort) turned down the hill at last, to believe that younger spirits will rise up after him, and catch the lamp of Truth, as in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, out of his hand before it expires, and carry it on to the goal with swifter and more even feet.

"C. K." (Speech at the Lotus Club, New York, February, 1874.)

SOME months of this year were spent at Harrow, where his youngest son was at school; a change to high ground having been recommended for some of his family, for which the

Bishop gave him leave of non-residence; but he went regularly for his Sundays to Eversley, and helped to prepare the candidates for confirmation. While at Harrow, he received this letter from Mr. Gladstone:

"I have to propose to you, with the sanction of her Majesty, that, in lieu of your canonry at Chester, you should accept the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. I am sorry to injure the people of Chester; but I must sincerely hope your voice will be heard within the Abbey, and in your own right."

"This is good news indeed," writes his friend Dean Stanley, from Westminster. "I had entertained some hope, but it was beginning to fade away. . . . How many waters, as the French say, have run under the bridge since we first met at Exeter College, many years ago. What a meeting of those waters here, and what a world of interest have they now to run through from this happy confluence!"

There was a strong battle in his heart between the grief of giving up Chester and the joy of belonging to the great Abbey, a position which included among many advantages the blessing he had long craved for, of laying down his pen as a compulsory source of income, at once and for all, and devoting his remaining writing powers and strength to sermons alone. He had just written to a member of his scientific class in Chester to say how he longed for May 1, to be back again among them. And a few days later he writes:

"The programme of your Society for the year makes me at once proud and envious. For now I have to tell you that I have just accepted the vacant stall at West-

minster, and shall, in a week or two, be Canon of Chester no more. Had I been an old bachelor, I would never have left Chester. I look back longingly to Chester. Shall we ever go up Hope Mountain, or the Halkin together again, with all those dear, courteous, sensible people? My eyes fill with tears when I think of it. Give them all my love."

"You would have been both glad and sorry," writes a member of the scientific society to Mrs. Kingsley, "if you had been at the cathedral last night, and could have seen the sorrowful little groups all discussing the news that we had heard before, but which I, for one, had steadfastly refused to believe, till the dear Canon's own letter yesterday took away our last little hope. 'What will become of the Natural Science Society? Who will keep up our interest in it? What shall we do now, just as we wanted so much help with the museum?' I heard one group of people saying, 'Look what he has done for us socially!' 'Who will ever be to us what *he* has been in that respect?' said others. 'Well, we have had the honor of his presence among us — no one can take that from us — let us try and remember that.' The Bishop says that the Canon's removal is the greatest blow that the diocese could possibly receive. . . ."

"All Chester mourns. . . ."

The same note is struck in letters, which would fill a small volume, from men and women of all ranks, full of love and loyalty; and to one who had been with him in all his struggles upward, from the days of the earnest unknown curate life, through years of distrust, suspicion, and reproach from men of all parties in the Church, to find the same tone taken by Churchmen, from the Primate downwards, seemed but a just recog-

nition of his character and work. "It is a great sphere," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "for one who, like you, knows how to use it;" while Bishop Wilberforce wrote of his joy at his having received "so just an acknowledgment of his merits, and so much better a pedestal from which to enlighten many: I am proud to have you in my old Collegiate Church." Mr. Kingsley little thought when he read these words, that his first sermon in the Abbey after his installation would be one among many public lamentations for the sudden death of his diocesan ("The Silence of Faith," Westminster Sermons), and how soon he would follow him into the unseen world. Some of his friends in their congratulations expressed the hope that this distinction might be a stepping-stone to a higher post, but he replied:

"So far from looking on it as an earnest of future preferment, I acquiesce in it as all I want, and more than I deserve. What better fate than to spend one's old age under the shadow of that Abbey, and close to the highest mental activities of England, with leisure to cultivate myself, and write, if I will, deliberately, but not for daily bread? A deanery or bishopric would never give me that power. It cannot be better than it is; and most thankful to God am I for His goodness."

To him in his great humility the outburst of sympathy on all sides was simply a surprise: but to those who knew the history of his life it was a triumph which, while it wiped out many bitter passages in the past, still was tempered by the fear that the ease of circumstances which it seemed to promise came too late to save the over-

strained brain. The candle had already burnt down, and though light and flame still flared up, they flared as from the socket. His eldest son, who had just reached England, to his father's great joy, on his return from a railway survey in Mexico, was so much struck with his broken appearance, that he urged him to take the rest of a long sea voyage before he entered on a position of fresh responsibility. This, however, he refused, on account of the failing state of his mother, then in her 86th year, though it was strongly recommended by medical advisers: but after her death he yielded to the entreaties of his wife and son, who knew there could be no rest for him while within reach of the daily post in England, and decided to cross the Atlantic after Christmas, when the repairs of both homes — at Eversley and Westminster, would enable him to take a holiday.

"When Charles Kingsley was first appointed to the stall in Westminster," says Dean Stanley, "there was a great sense of triumph that a famous name was enrolled in the number of our body. It was felt down to the humblest verger. When he came to live amongst us, this feeling was deepened into a no less universal sentiment of grateful attachment. Every one felt that in him they had gained a friend. Every one was delighted with him, because he was delighted with everything. Much as he loved Eversley — much as he loved Chester, which he was leaving — he enjoyed Westminster as if he had never had anything else to enjoy. 'It was,' he said, 'like coming suddenly into a large inheritance of unknown treasures.' Short as was the time he spent here — but four months divided between the two years of his occupation of the Canonry — the impression which he left on

the place was, by the very reason of the brief space in which it was accomplished, a stronger proof perhaps of his power of fascination than the spell which he threw over the spots which were associated with him for longer periods of his life. I was myself absent during the larger portion of his residence — but I could judge of its effects from the glow which it left behind on every heart and face — the glow on the hills after the sun has just set."

He preached in the Abbey for the Temperance Society in April. This sermon was the foundation of an essay, "The Tree of Knowledge," in which, after speaking of Sunday drinking and some of its preventible causes, and of how far behind the Greeks and Romans we are in that education and recreation for the masses which the higher orders derive from works of art and objects of beauty, he says:

"Recollect the — to me — disgraceful fact, that there is not, through the whole of London, a single portico or covered place, in which people can take refuge [on the Sabbath day] during a shower. Where they do take refuge the publican knows but too well. . . . In such a world as this, governed by a Being who has made sunshine and flowers, and green grass, and the song of birds, and happy human smiles; and who would educate by them His human children, from the cradle to the grave; — will you grudge any particle of that education, even any harmless substitute for it, to those spirits in prison, whose surroundings too often tempt them, from the cradle to the grave, to fancy that the world is composed of bricks and iron, and governed by inspectors and policemen? . . . Preach to those spirits in prison — but let them have, besides, some glimpses of the

splendid fact that outside their prison-house is a world which God, not man, has made; wherein grows that tree of knowledge which is likewise the tree of life; and that they have a right to some such share of its beauty, and its wonder, and its rest, for their own health of body and soul, and for the health of their children after them." [1]

In July he went to Chester to say good-bye, and to join the Nave Choir and Scientific Society in an excursion into Wales. His kind friends insisted on his still keeping the office of President to the Scientific Society. Professor Hughes, who took his place in 1875, thus speaks of his predecessor in his inaugural lecture:

"Let us then try to carry on our Society in the spirit that pervaded all the work of him to whom this Society owes everything — whose loss we have had so recently to deplore; a spirit of fearless and manly grappling with difficulties — a spirit of vigorous, prompt, and rigorous carrying out of whatever was taken in hand — a spirit of generous and hearty co-operation with fellow-workers — a wide range of interests — not meaning by this, scattered desultory thought — but thought, like Napoleon's, ready to be concentrated at once where the battle must be fought."

[1] ". . . The deadliest foe of the craving for stimulants is the sanatory reformer; the man who preaches and — as far as ignorance and vested interests will allow him, procures — for the masses, pure air, pure sun-light, pure dwelling-houses, pure food. Not merely each fresh drinking fountain, but every fresh public bath and wash-house, every fresh open space, every fresh growing tree, every fresh open window, every fresh flower in that window — each of these is so much, as the old Persians would have said, conquered for Ormuzd, the god of light and life, out of the dominion of Ahriman, the king of darkness and of death. So much taken from the causes of drunkenness and disease, and added to the causes of sobriety and health. . . ." — *Health and Education.*

The new Canon's first residence at Westminster was during a time in which London was considered "empty," and he preached during September and November to vast congregations twice each Sunday. He preferred these quiet months, as his audience was composed chiefly of men of the middle and lower class, whose ear he wished to gain.

"I got through the sermons without any bodily fatigue, and certainly there were large congregations. But the responsibility is too great for me, and I am glad I have only two months' residence, and that in a quiet time. What must it be in May and June? . . ."

. . . . . .

"If I find I can get the ear of that congregation, it will be a work to live for, for the rest of my life. What more can a man want? And as for this house, it is most pleasant, and the beauty outside under this delicious gleamy weather, quite lifts my poor heart up awhile. . . . I regret much that I am leaving just as I seemed to be getting hold of the people. But I do not think I could have stood the intense excitement of the Sundays much longer."

In October, Dr. Barry, Principal of King's College, invited him to preach in the college chapel. He had often felt his severance from his old school, and it was with very mixed emotions that he entered that pulpit for the first time. The text was Genesis xlii. 18, "I fear God." As was his wont, he dealt hardly with himself.

"It is, as far as I can recollect, some five-and-thirty years since, I, then a young student, attended service in

this chapel. Ah! that I could teach you young men all that I have learnt — often paying a heavy price for bitter experience — during those five-and-thirty years. Ah! still more — that I could teach you all that I ought to have learnt by now, and have not; because laziness, temper, prejudice, conceit, and often mere stupidity, have prevented my interpreting my own experience, and seeing clearly the facts which God had put before me, and to which I was blind. For these and for all other follies, may God forgive me ere I speak to you! And yet — if I could only tell you even all I think I know — to what would it amount? and what would it avail you? Each of you — so I believe and fear — must see with your own eyes, and judge with your own brains, and then act with your own hearts, each of you judge, jury, witness, and alas! barrister at once, in your case. So help you God! and may God help you; for I fear more and more that neither I nor any man can. As you make your bed, so you must lie, in this world and in the next.

"But what is more, no man can make your bed for you, so you must make it for yourself. No man on earth, I believe, can really help you, in the long run. There is but One who can help you or me, or any one man, and that is — God; and He, I think, only helps those who help themselves. Even a Socrates could not train into a hero and a patriot — even an Alcibiades. The grandest of masters tried to save the grandest of pupils — and how that ended we all know. One of the saddest stories, as I think, which has come down to us from the great times of old. And Solomon the wise — he wrote his Proverbs — he wrote his Ecclesiastes — for the main part of both books I believe to be really his — for the sake of Rehoboam, and how that ended we know too well likewise. So, after such examples and such failures, what have I to say to you, save what poor

old Solomon said in the weariness of his heart, after all his wasted wisdom, 'Furthermore, my son, by this be admonished: of making many books there is no end and much study is a weariness to the flesh.' Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep His Commandments. For this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

His last sermon in 1873 in the Abbey was on "The Beatific Vision," and those who heard him were impressed by the deep solemnity of his words and manner as he, in prospect of leaving Europe, bade farewell to a congregation which he had already begun to love. After noble words on God's character, and intense prayer that He, the Glorious, the Just, the Powerful, the Merciful, the One Good, would teach him and his hearers His Name, and "gladden their souls by the beatific vision of Himself till they loved Him, worshipped Him, obeyed Him for His own sake, not for anything which they might obtain from Him, but solely because He is The perfectly Good who inhabits eternity, and yet dwells with him that is of a contrite spirit, and revives the heart of the feeble;" and after an ascription of adoration for "the glory of His justice, and the glory of His love," he closes:

"And now, friends — almost all friends unknown — and, alas! never to be known by me — you who are to me as people floating down a river; while I, the preacher, stand upon the bank, and call, in hope that some of you may catch some word of mine, ere the great stream shall bear you out of sight — oh! catch, at

least, catch this one word — the last which I shall speak here for many months, and which sums up all which I have been trying to say to you of late.

"Fix in your minds — or rather ask God to fix in your minds — this one idea of an absolutely good God; good with all forms of goodness which you respect and love in man; good as you, and I, and every honest man, understand the plain word good. Slowly you will acquire that grand and all-illuminating idea; slowly and most imperfectly at best: for who is mortal man that he should conceive and comprehend the goodness of the infinitely good God! But see, then, whether, in the light of that one idea, all the old-fashioned Christian ideas about the relation of God to man; whether Providence, Prayer, Inspiration, Revelation, the Incarnation, the Passion, and the final triumph of the Son of God — whether all these, I say, do not seem to you, not merely beautiful, not merely probable, but rational, and logical, and necessary, moral consequences from the one idea of an Absolute and Eternal Goodness, the Living Parent of the universe. And so I leave you to the grace of God." (*Westminster Sermons.*)

In the autumn he wrote three articles, one of them "Nausicaa in London" — all more or less on Sanitary science, to which and to his sermons he proposed to devote the remaining years of his life; and arranged some lectures to take with him to meet the expenses of his American journey, on which his eldest daughter went with him.

". . . We sail on the 29th," he writes to a friend; "we go in April or May (when the prairie is in flower) to San Francisco and then back to Denver and the Rocky Mountains south of Denver, and then straight home. . . ."

"On Board the 'Oceanic,' *January* 30, 1874.

"*The* blessed Psalms this morning! Weather bright and warm, like June. No wind or motion, and the Irish coast most lovely. This is the most luxurious ship I ever was in. All as yet has been most prosperous. The good Dean came from Chester to see us off."

Changes of wind and weather had long been a favorite study of his, and on the voyage he kept the following little log of both for his youngest boy:

"Left Queenstown the forenoon of Jan. 30. Had three days of charming warm April, or rather June, weather. . . . Off Cape Clear, ship rolled a good deal from the *calm*. The 3rd and 4th were two short runs, as we were retarded by an unexpected branch of the Gulf-stream, a knot an hour against us, water 53°, which lost us fifty miles in two days. 5th. A good run to the banks of Newfoundland, where the water shoals from 2,000 fathoms to 30–50, the sea becomes green instead of blue, and the water falls from 53° to 32° in a day. Here we met very cold north-west gales. We had had snow showers on the Gulf-stream, and wind veering and backing from N.W. to S.W. But on the banks the gale set in steadily from the N.W.; and has blown till now (Feb. 7, 2 P.M.) for more than seventy-two hours at an average of eight, all the cold air from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Newfoundland, the Carriboo barrens, and up to Hudson's Bay, rumpling itself into the Atlantic in a steady stream, as a Mistral does into the Mediterranean, or a Norte into the Gulf of Mexico. We are now past the banks; the water has risen to 40°: but the air is 29°, three degrees of frost, and the whole bow and fore-rigging coated with masses of white ice, very beautiful. The captain thinks we have escaped

some great cyclone jammed up between us and Cape Race, which can't get out into the Atlantic: *I* think this is rushing down to supply the heated air carried up by some cyclone far south, which will come to the Bay of Biscay, and France, and England as a S.W. gale. Please try and remember if you had a gale about now. Let Grenville work out the places on the map, if you have time. 8th, 12 P.M. Run 241 miles. Gale still continuing, but sea less, so that screw acts better. Temperature just freezing. Just passed Sable Island, about seventy miles W. Many Mother Cary's chickens have reappeared to-day — all flying *against* the gale — towards America. 2 P.M., air 31°. Water suddenly risen to 53°, and the sea covered with flying hot steam (called the Barber), which is melting the ice on the rigging and forecastle, now six inches thick and more. A shoot of the Gulf-stream again more northerly than the Admiralty charts. 9th. Touched beginning of Nantucket Shoals about 4 P.M. At 6 P.M. on the 10th captain called me up to see Nantucket light — first point of the United States; at noon on the 10th very hard breeze from N., going 12¼, were off the E. point of Long Island, 102 miles from New York, shall have come in 3,015 miles, the shortest possible great circle being 3,012. So we have steered very straight, though slow. Took in pilot at three. Got to Sandy Hook at about nine. Lay all night off bar, and got to New York at 9 A.M. Cold, bright and calm. *Floe ice* in river."

A few extracts of his letters to his wife will keep up the thread of his American journey. He wrote to no one else, and took no notes, not intending to publish anything on his return. His daughter, having been in America before, arranged all the details of his journeys from the moment they landed.

STATEN ISLAND: *February* 12. — "I have, thank God, nothing to say but what is pleasant and hopeful. We got here yesterday afternoon, and I am now writing in a blazing, sunny, south window, in a luxurious little room, in a luxurious house, redolent of good tobacco and sweet walnut-wood smoke, looking out on a snow-covered lawn, and trees, which, like the people, are all English, *with a difference.* I have met with none but pleasant, clever people as yet, afloat or ashore.

"As for health, this air, as poor Thackeray said of it, is like champagne. Sea-air (there is a mighty salt-water river, Papaio, at the bottom of the garden) and mountain-air combined, days already an hour longer than in England, and a blazing hot sun and blue sky. It is a glorious country, and I don't wonder at the people being proud of it. To-day we go into New York by steamer to see various people and do business. I enclose a log and chart of the voyage which should interest and teach Grenville. I dine with the Lotus Club on Saturday night, and then start for Boston."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *February* 19, 1874. "Here is a little haven of rest, where we arrived last night. Longfellow came to dinner, and we dine with him to-night. Yesterday, in Boston, dear old Whittier called on me and we had a most loving and likeminded talk about the other world. He is an old saint. This morning I have spent chiefly with Asa Gray and his plants, so that we are in good company.

"New York was a great rattle, dining, and speechifying, and being received, and so has Boston been; and the courtesy, and generosity, and compliments would really turn any one's head who was not as disgusted with himself as I always (thank God) am. Salem was very interesting, being next to Plymouth, *the* Pilgrim Fathers' town. People most intelligent, gentle,

and animated. They gave me a reception supper, with speeches after, and want us to come again in the summer to their Field Naturalists' Club. New England is, in winter at least, the saddest country: all brown grass, ice-polished rocks sticking up through the copses, cedar scrub, low, swampy shores; an iron land which only iron people could have settled in. The people must have been heroes to make what they have of it. Now, under deep snow, it is dreadful. But the summer, they say, is semi-tropic, and that has kept them alive. And, indeed already, though it is hard frost under foot, the sun is bright, and hot, and high, for we are in the latitude of Naples! I cannot tell you a thousandth part of all I've seen, or of all the kindness we have received; and I feel better than I have felt for years; but Mr. Longfellow and others warn me not to let this over-stimulating climate tempt me to over-work. One feels ready to do anything, and then suddenly very tired. But I am at rest now. . . ."

In a letter to Mrs. Kingsley, in 1876, Mr. Whittier the poet beautifully recalls the visit mentioned above:

"I shall never forget my first meeting with him in Boston. I began, naturally enough, to speak of his literary work, when he somewhat abruptly turned the conversation upon the great themes of life and duty. The solemn questions of a future life, and the final destiny of the race, seemed pressing upon him, not so much for an answer (for he had solved them all by simple faith in the Divine Goodness), as for the sympathetic response of one whose views he believed to be, in a great degree, coincident with his own. 'I sometimes doubt and distrust myself,' he said, 'but I see some hope for everybody else. To me the Gospel of Christ seems indeed

Good Tidings of great joy to all people; and I think we may safely trust the mercy which endureth *for ever*.' It impressed me strongly to find the world-known author ignoring his literary fame, unobservant of the strange city whose streets he was treading for the first time, and engaged only with 'thoughts that wander through eternity.' All I saw of him left upon me the feeling that I was in contact with a profoundly earnest and reverent spirit. His heart seemed overcharged with interest in the welfare — physical, moral, and spiritual — of his race. I was conscious in his presence of the bracing atmosphere of a noble nature. He seemed to me one of the manliest of men. In this country his memory is cherished by thousands, who, after long admiring the genius of the successful author, have learned, in his brief visit, to love him as a man.

"I forbear to speak of the high estimate which, in common with all English-speaking people, I place upon his literary life-work. My copy of his 'Hypatia' is worn by frequent perusal, and the echoes of his rare and beautiful lyrics never die out of my memory. But since I have seen *him*, the man seems greater than the author. With profound respect and sympathy,

"I am truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER."

NEW YORK: *March* 1. "Here, as at Boston, we have been seeing all the best people. Nothing can exceed the courtesy and hospitality everywhere. . . . On Thursday we are off to Philadelphia, then Washington. Here the streets are full of melting snow. But it is infinitely healthy, and I am suddenly quite well. . . . I never want medicine or tonic, and very little stimulant. But one cannot do as much here as at home. All say so and I find it. One can go faster for a while but gets exhausted sooner. As for the people, they are quite charming, and I long to see the New Englanders again

when the humming-birds and mocking-birds get there, and the country is less like *Greenland*. . . . I have been assisting Bishop Potter at an ordination. The old man was very cordial, especially when he found I was of the respectful and orthodox class. So that is well, but I will not preach, at least not yet."

His meeting with William Cullen Bryant, whose poetry he had loved in his boyhood, was a great interest to him. At Philadelphia he gave a lecture on Westminster Abbey in the Opera House to an audience of nearly 4,000 — every seat being occupied, and the aisles and steps crowded with people, who stood the whole time.

"On Monday the 9th, I was asked by the Speaker of the House of Representatives to open the session of the House with prayer,[1] and I simply repeated two collects from the English Prayer-book, mentioning, as is the custom, the President of the United States, the Senate, and the House of Representatives, and ended with the Lord's Prayer. . . . We are housed and feasted everywhere. I do not tire the least. — Sleep at night, and rise in the morning as fresh as a lark. I have not been so well for *years*, and am in high spirits. But I am homesick at times, and would give a finger to be one hour with you, and G., and M. I dream of you all every night. The Americans make themselves ill by hot-air and want of exercise; I, who sleep with my window open and get all the fresh air I can by day, am always well. . . . Sumner's death has been an awful blow here. I do not wonder, for he was a magnificent man. He and I were introduced to each other in the Senate

[1] This was considered a most unusual distinction, and the deep solemnity of manner and simplicity with which it was done struck every one present.

an hour before his attack. He was most cordial, and we had much talk about Gladstone, and the Argylls."

BOSTON.] — "Oh, dear, I wish spring would come, the winter here is awful. The grass as brown with frost as a table. But the blue-bird and the robin, as they call a great parti-colored thrush, are just beginning to come, to my intense delight. However, when we go north to-morrow we shall run into *Arctic* weather again. Don't frighten yourself at our railroads, they seem utterly safe."

MONTREAL: *March* 28. — "Here we are safe, in this magnificent city, in intense frost, snow, and sunshine, on what I hope is our dear Maurice's wedding-day, thank God. We ran through the wonderful tubular St. Lawrence bridge, one-and-a-half mile long, by moonlight, and got here at 10.30. I have been just walking on the St. Lawrence, where ocean steamers will be lying in two months' time. I read a poem just now in Whittier's new volume, which spoke to me so much of you that I must get the book and bring it to you. Tell G. there is a hill 400 feet high, mostly cliff, in front of my window now, (the old Mont Royal of the first settlers,) with a few pines 100 feet high on the top, and though they must be a mile off, they look as if you could touch them, the air is so clear. We came yesterday through grand scenery, though obscured by snow showers in the upper mountains, 5,000 to 6,000 feet high, but got such a crimson sunset behind the Adirondacks, across Lake Champlain, as made me long for you to see it with me. There, this is a disjointed letter: but I wanted you to know we were safe; and my heart is so full of you, and of all at home. . . ."

QUEBEC: *April* 1. — "In a beautiful little old city, with tin roofs and spires, we in the citadel, on the top of a cliff like St. Vincent's Rocks, with the blazing sun above and blazing snow below, and the St. Lawrence, a

mile wide of snowy ice, at our feet, with sledges crawling over it like flies. We have crossed the river in a tandem sledge and driven out to the Falls of Montmorency, which look two miles off, and are six or seven, and seen the most awful and beautiful thing I ever saw. The fall, 260 feet high, fringed with icicles 50 feet long, roaring into a horrible gulf of ice, under an exquisite white ice cone 100 feet high, formed of its own spray. I looked in silence. One had no more right — when we went to the top and looked *into* the gulf — to talk there than in church. Every one, as usual, is most kind. Dear Col. Strange is most charming. To-morrow we start for Ottawa to stay with Lord and Lady Dufferin, in quiet for Good Friday and Easter. The bishop here is a Hampshire man and a fisherman. All goes well. The cold is less than I expected. Tell G. I have eaten *moose*, but the Indians have only killed one this winter, because the snow is so light, only two feet instead of six! that the moose can get away from them. There was a plague of lynxes round the city last winter, who came to eat the cats, the hares being dead of distemper; and they killed seventeen close round; this year there are none. We saw a wolf track, and I think moose, from the railway."

In speaking of this incident, Colonel Strange wrote:

"You allude to his pleasure in seeing the semi-frozen fall of Montmorency, with its boiling caldron and marvellous cone of frozen foam, and it will seem so like him when I tell you that, as he stood on a little platform over the abyss, I left him to commune with the nature he loved so well. A little time afterwards he said, 'Thank you; *you understand me*. I would as soon a fellow talked and shouted to me in church as in that

presence.' I was afraid somebody would shout above the roar of the torrent how many cubic feet of water per second went down it, etc., or something of that sort. He knows many things now; what unconsciously he taught me and others. It may be some little consolation to you to know his kindly large-hearted presence seems to come sometimes in the silent night into my study in the old citadel, where I sit, and remember him pacing the little room with brave kind words to me, upon my dear mother's death, who also loved and reverenced him. He spoke then of his readiness to go to *his own place*. . . ."

. . . . . .

WASHINGTON: *April* 9. — "Here we are safe and sound, having run 500 miles in thirty hours to Baltimore, from the delightful Dufferins. . . . The long journeys do not in the least tire me, so have no fears for me. We have come out of intense winter into damp spring. The birds (such beauties) are coming fast from the Bahamas and Floridas; the maples are in crimson clouds of little flowers; the flowers are coming out in the gardens. I have seen two wasps like West India ones, an inch and a half long, and heard a tree-toad, and am warm once more. All goes well. We have a dinner-party to-night; we are staying with Senator Potter, and to-morrow a dinner-party with the President. So we shall have seen quasi-royalty, British and American, both in one week. . . . Thank God for our English letters. I cannot but hope that there is a time of rest and refreshing for us after I return. . . . To me the absence of labor and anxiety is most healthy. I am quite idle now for days together, and the rail itself is most pleasant idleness."

NIAGARA: *April* 23. — "At last we are here, safe and well, thank God, in the most glorious air, filled with the soft thunder of this lovely phantom, for such, and not

stupendous, it seems as yet to me. I know it could and would destroy me pitilessly, like other lovely phantoms, but I do not feel awed by it. After all, it is not a quarter of the size of an average thunderstorm, and the continuous roar, and steady flow, make it less terrible than either a thunderstorm or a real Atlantic surf. But I long for you to sit with me, and simply look on in silence whole days at the exquisite beauty of form and color. . . ."

CLERK'S HILL: "After a delightful time at Hamilton, we are here again, the loveliest house in the loveliest grounds, and as I write the whole rapids of Niagara roaring past 100 yards off, between the huge arbor vitæ, forty feet high, like a tremendous gray Atlantic surf rushing down-hill instead of up. I could not describe the beauty of this place in a week. I can see the smoke of the horse-shoe through a vista on my left, not half a mile off as I sit (sketch enclosed)."

ST. LOUIS, *May* 4. — "Safe and well, thank God, in the capitol of the West, and across the huge rushing muddy ditch, the Mississippi. Having come here over vast prairies, mostly tilled, hundreds of miles like the Norfolk fens, without the ditches, a fat, dreary, aguish, brutalizing land, but with a fine strong people in it, and here is a city of 470,000 souls growing rapidly. It is all very wonderful, and like a dream. But there is material civilization and comfort everywhere (except at the stations where the food is bad), and all goes well. Only I wish already that our heads were homeward, and that we had done the great tour, and had it not to do. However, we shall go West in comfort. And I cannot but feel that I have gained much if only in the vast experience of new people and new facts. I shall come home, I hope, a wider-hearted and wider-headed man; and have time, I trust, to read and think as I have not done for many years. At least, so runs my dream. We

are going out to see the Botanic Garden this afternoon, and there is plenty to interest us before we start for Omaha, where we pick up our party, and then away to Denver and Salt Lake, etc. Ah, that you were here! . . ."

"On the 15th," says his daughter, "we left Omaha in the magnificent Pullman car which was our home for the next fortnight, with a party of eleven American and five English for our Californian journey. Mr. Cyrus Field and Mr. J. A. C. Gray, of New York, organized the expedition. Our first halt was at Salt Lake City, where we arrived one day too late, unfortunately, for my father to take part in the consecration of St. Mark's, the first Episcopal church which has been built in Utah. On Sunday, the 17th, however, he preached the evening sermon at the church, to such a crowded congregation that there was not standing room in the little building, and numbers had to go away, the steps outside, and even the pavement, being crowded with listeners, among whom were many Mormons as well as 'Gentiles.' Brigham Young sent to offer my father the tabernacle to lecture or preach in, but of this offer he of course took no notice whatever."

To his Wife]: *May* 16. — "After such a journey of luxury — through a thousand miles of desert, plain, and mountain, treeless, waterless almost, sage brush and alkali. Then cañons and gorges, the last just like Llanberris Pass, into this enormous green plain, with its great salt lake; and such a mountain ring, 300 to 400 miles in circumference! The loveliest scene I ever saw. As I sit, the snow-peaks of the Wasatch tower above the

opposite houses five miles off, while the heat is utterly tropical in the streets. Yesterday we were running through great snowdrifts, at from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea (we are 5,000 here), and all along by our side the old trail, where every mile is fat with Mormon bones. Sadness and astonishment overpower me at it all. The 'city' is thriving enough, putting one in mind, with its swift streams in all streets, and mountain background, of Tarbes, or some other Pyrenean town. But, ah! what horrors this place has seen. Thank God, it is all breaking up fast. The tyrant is 70, and must soon go to his account, and what an awful one! I am deeply interested in the good bishop here, and his mission among the poor little children, whose parents are principally Cornish, Worcestershire, and South Welsh; and if I can do aught for him when I come home, I will do it with a will. Meanwhile our kind hosts insist on our being their guests right through, and let us pay for nothing. It is an enormous help, for they control both railways and telegraphs, and do and go exactly as they like. The flowers are exquisite, yellow ribes all over the cliffs, etc., and make one long to jump off the train every five minutes; while the geology makes me stand aghast; geologizing in England is child's play to this. R. is quite well, and the life of everything, and I am all right, but don't like a *dry* air at 95°, with a sirocco. Interrupted by a most interesting and painful talk with a man who has been United States Governor here. It is all very dreadful. Thank God we in England know what love and purity is. I preach to-morrow evening, and the Bishop of Colorado in the morning."

"On the 20th," his daughter writes, "our car was slipped during the night at Reno, and when we awoke at 5 A. M., we found ourselves on a

branch line at Carson city. After breakfast, we went up to Virginia city, and spent the day among silver mines and stamp mills, and dust, and drought, my dear father finding, even in the out-of-the-way spot, a warm and hearty welcome from many. We breakfasted at Summit, on the top of the Sierra Nevada next morning, and arrived at Sacramento at midday on the 21st. My father was delighted at finding himself once more in almost tropical heat, and spent all the afternoon driving about the city, and revelling in the gorgeous sub-tropical flowers which hung over every garden fence; that night we left Sacramento in our car, with a special engine, for Merced, which we reached before dawn. Next morning, the 22nd, we were all up about four, and before starting on our Yosemite trip, Mr. Cyrus Field sent off a telegram to the Dean of Westminster, to my mother, and various friends in England: — 'We are, with Canon Kingsley and his daughter and other friends, just entering Yosemite Valley, all in excellent health and spirits. Mr. Kingsley is to preach for us in Yosemite on Sunday.' We started at 6 A. M. in two open stages with five horses, and drove 54 miles that day through exquisite country, botanizing all the way to Skeltons, a ranch in the forest. On the 23rd we were all up betimes, my father, the earliest of all, came up with his hands full of new and beautiful flowers, after a chat with the guides, who had driven the mules and ponies in from their grazing ground, and were beginning to saddle them for our day's ride. At 6 we started, and my father said he felt a boy again, and thoroughly enjoyed the long day in

the saddle, which many of our friends found so tiring. We chose a new and unfrequented route, and having to climb two mountains and ride along precipices, and ford four rivers in flood in 29 miles, we were not sorry to reach the Valley at sunset. But rough as the ride was, it surpassed in beauty anything we had ever seen before, as we followed the windings of the Merced river between pine-clad mountains, still white with snow on their highest points, till we reached the mouth of the valley itself, and, emerging from a thicket of dogwood, pines, and azaleas, 'El Capitan,' just tipped with the rosy setting sun on one side, and the Bridal Veil Fall rushing in a white torrent, 900 feet high, over the gloomy rocks, on the other side, revealed themselves to us in a glow of golden rosy light. The next day (Whit-Sunday), we feasted our eyes on the almost overpowering scene around us, which seemed, if possible, to increase in beauty in every fresh phase of light or shade, sunlight or moonlight. At 5 P. M. the visitors at both hotels assembled, and my father gave a short service, after which we sang the 100th Psalm, and he preached a short sermon on verses 10–14, 16–18 of the 104th Psalm, the Psalm for the day.[1] We spent the 25th in riding all over the

[1] In Westminster Abbey, on Whit-Sunday, the Dean preached on Psalm civ., 2, 14, 15, 24: "On this very day," he says "(so I learnt yesterday by that electric flash which unites the old and new worlds together), a gifted member of this Collegiate Church, whose discourses on this and like Psalms have riveted the attention of vast congregations in this Abbey, and who is able to combine the religious and scientific aspects of Nature better than any man living — on this very day, and perhaps at this very hour, is preaching in the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth, where the glories of Nature are revealed on the most gigantic

Valley, and on Tuesday, 26th, we left it at 6 A. M., and rode 24 miles to Clarks Ranch, near the Mariposa Grove. It was bitterly cold, for the snow had not melted on some of the high passes, which were 7,000 feet above the sea; but we found blazing fires and a good supper, and rode out the next day to the Mariposa Grove of Sequoias (Wellingtonias). My father and I agreed to see the first one together, and riding on ahead of our party a little, we suddenly came upon its huge cinnamon-red stem standing up pillar-like, with its head of delicate green foliage among the black sugar pines and Douglas spruce, and I shall never forget the emotion with which he gazed silently — and as he said 'awe-struck' — on this glorious work of God. It was very cold, and we rode over snow for some two miles under the 'big trees,' and were glad to camp in a little empty shanty under a group of some of the largest of the sequoias. A roaring fire was soon lighted, and, seated on a bed of fragrant hemlock twigs, we warmed ourselves and ate our luncheon, and then rode back, with a collection of flowers that took our whole evening to dry. Next day,

scale — in that wonderful Californian Valley, to whose trees the cedars of Lebanon are but as the hyssop that groweth out of the wall — where water and forest and sky conjoin to make up, if anywhere on this globe, an earthly paradise. Let me, from this pulpit, faintly echo the enthusiasm which I doubt not inspires his burning words. Let us feel that in this splendid Psalm and this splendid festival, the old and the new, the east and the west, are indeed united in one."

On Whit-Tuesday, Mrs. Kingsley received the following telegraphic message from Mr. Cyrus Field: "Yosemite Valley, California, May 24th. — We arrived here safely Saturday evening, all delighted with the magnificent scenery. Canon Kingsley preached in the Valley this Sunday afternoon. We leave here Tuesday for the Big Trees. Arrive in San Francisco, Friday."

the 28th, we drove down to Merced, 65 miles, and there joined the railroad, arriving on the 29th in San Francisco. While at San Francisco my father was invited to see Berkeley University, where he made an address to the students on Culture."

"His speech," said the President, "so invigorating, and yet so simple, will long be remembered — like a draught of pure water in a thirsty clime. The man was inspired, and felt every word that he spoke. Though the tone of his voice was low, and his manner of delivery slow and quiet, there was a magnetism in his presence that held the attention of his hearers. They saw a new world beyond the new world, containing much that tends to make a world great and good. But behind this fact was one equally potent: the old world was the seat of culture and learning, and to her the young men could look for many useful lessons. He drew a line of demarcation between culture and learning. He pressed upon them not only technical knowledge, and moral as well as intellectual education, but the culture so highly appreciated by the ancient Greeks and Romans and the Japanese of to-day. Such an education would humble them in the present, and render them hopeful of the future. . . . The culture and knowledge of the old world must tell the student when, where, and how to rise. This University, he said, ought to be the glory of California and the coast, as a common civilizer of the Pacific. It should represent civilization itself in the highest sense. Mr. Kingsley was impressed with the fact that the University bore the name of the man who, next to Plato, had taught him himself the most instructive lessons in philosophy — Berkeley. The Bishop, he said, was one of the noblest, calmest, and kindest of all philosophers. No one can

read his works too often. He read them himself when he desired relaxation. If he could see a school of Berkeleyan philosophy founded on this side of the continent, he should think that California had done a great deal for the human race — a great deal for America, and for Europe likewise. He urged the students also to cultivate the æsthetic faculty — a taste for music and the fine arts; to learn to appreciate grace and manners, and beauty of form as studied by the Greeks, who produced the sculptors, painters, and musicians of old. He paid a special tribute to music. He trusted that music would reach the dignity of a science in this University. Not one student in one hundred might continue to give attention to music in after life, and yet the beneficial influence of the study would still be manifest. Music was necessary to the rounding and finishing of the perfect character. With the high regard for the eternal fitness of things that is peculiar to him, the Canon did not indulge in fulsome eulogies of the people and institutions of California, but talked of the future rather than of the present."

To his Wife: *May* 31. — "Safe at San Francisco after such adventures and such wonders in the Yosemite and the Big Trees, and found the dear English letters waiting for us. . . . Tell G. I will write to him all about the sea lions, which I saw this morning. All is more beautiful and wonderful than I expected — and oh! the flowers."

June 9. — "We start east to-morrow, thank God, and run the Sierras, and the desert back again, and beautiful as California is, (I think it destined to be the finest country in the world), I want to be nearer and nearer home. We have been so heaped with kindness that this trip will cost us almost nothing. I have got cones from

the big trees, with seeds in them; and we have collected heaps of most exquisite plants. The letters are delectable. Tell all the servants that I wish heartily I was through and safe home again, for there is no place like England."

"During the last few days of his stay in San Francisco, he caught a severe cold, which turning to pleurisy, the doctors ordered him to leave the city as quickly as possible; and after reaching Denver, he went south to Colorado Springs, by the narrow gauge railway, which his son had helped to build four years before. Here Dr. and Mrs. Bell received him and helped his daughter nurse him with the most devoted care, in their English home at the foot of Pike's Peak, and when he was equal to the move took him up to a mountain ranch for change. His chief amusement during these weeks of illness was botany, and though he was not able to get many specimens himself, he took a keen delight in naming those brought in to him every day. On Sunday, the 5th July, he had recovered enough to be able to read a short service in the large dining-room of the ranch, a service to which he often reverted with pleasure and emotion. He then moved down to Glen Eyrie to stay with his kind friends General and Mrs. Palmer, and on July 12 preached in the Episcopal Church at Colorado Springs, in which only one service had as yet been held. The church was crowded, many young Englishmen riding in, twenty miles and more, from distant ranches to hear him. He gave a lecture also in Colorado Springs for the benefit of the church, to a large audience. The

place was very dear to him from the fact of his eldest son having been one of the first pioneers there. From Manitou, June 18, he had written to his wife, from whom he desired that his illness might be carefully concealed:

"We are here in perfect peace, at last, after the running and raging of the last three weeks, and safe back over those horrid deserts, in a lovely glen, with red rocks, running and tinkling burn, whispering cotton woods, and all that is delicious, with Pike's Peak and his snow seemingly in the back garden, but 8000 feet over our heads. Oh, it is a delicious place, and the more so, because we have just got a telegram from M. Thank God! . . . The heat is tremendous, but not unwholesome. God's goodness since I have been out no tongue can tell. . . . Please God I shall get safe home, and never leave you again, but settle down into the quietest old theologian, serving God, I hope, and doing nothing else, in humility and peace."

June 29. — "A delightful party has clustered here; and we all go up to Bell's Ranch in Bergun's Park tomorrow, for a few days, to get *cool*, for the heat here is tropic, and we cannot move by day. That has given me rest, though, and a time for reading. God has been so gracious that I cannot think that He means to send my gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave, but will, perhaps, give me time to reconsider myself, and sit quietly with you, preaching and working, and writing no more. Oh! how I pray for that! Tell the Dean I have been thinking much of him as I read Arnold's life and letters. Ah, happy and noble man; happy life, and happy death! But I must live, please God, a little longer, for all your sakes."

BERGUN'S PARK: *July* 2. — "Oh, my Love, your birthday-letter was such a comfort to me, for I am very

home-sick, and counting the days till I can get back to you. Ah, few and evil would have been the days of my pilgrimage had I not met you; and now I do look forward to something like a peaceful old age with you. . . . This place is like an ugly Highland strath, bordered with pine woods. Air almost too fine to breathe, 7,200 feet high. Pike's Peak 7,000 feet more at one end, fifteen miles off; and, alas! a great forest-fire burning for three days between us and it; and at the other end wonderful ragged peaks, ten to twenty miles off. Flowers most lovely and wonderful. Plenty of the dear common harebell, and several Scotch and English plants, mixed with the strangest forms. We are (or rather Rose is) making a splendid collection. She and the local botanist got more than fifty new sorts one morning. Her strength and activity and happiness are wonderful; and M.'s letters make me very happy. Yes; I have much to thank God for, and will try and show my thankfulness by deeds. Love to G. Tell him there are lots of trout here; but it is too hot to catch them."

GLEN EYRIE: *July* 11. — "Thank God our time draws nigh. I preach at Colorado Springs to-morrow, and lecture for the church on Wednesday; Denver Friday, and then right away to New York, and embark on the 25th. . . . This is a wonderful spot; such crags, pillars, caves — red and gray — a perfect thing in a stage scene; and the flora, such a jumble — cactus, yucca, poison sumach, and lovely strange flowers, mixed with Douglas's and Menzies' pine, and *eatable* piñon, and those again with our own harebells and roses, and all sorts of English flowers. Tell Grenville I have seen no rattlesnakes; but they killed twenty-five here a year or two ago. Tell him that there are painted-lady butterflies here, just like our English, and a locust, which, when he opens his wings, is exactly like a white admiral butterfly; and with them enormous tropic but-

terflies, all colors, and as big as bats. We are trying to get a horned toad to bring home alive. There is a cave opposite my window which must have been full of bears once, and a real eagle's nest close by, full of real young eagles. It is as big as a cartload of bavins. I will write again before we start over the plains. Oh! happy day!"

GLEN EYRIE: *July* 14. — "I cannot believe that I shall see you within twenty-one days; and never longed so for home. I count the hours till I can cross the Great Valley, on this side of which God has been so good to me. But, oh! for the first rise of the eastern hills, to make me sure that the Mississippi is not still between me and beloved Eversley. I am so glad you like Westminster. Yes! we shall rest our weary bones there for awhile before kind death comes, and, perhaps, see our grandchildren round us there.[1] Ah! please God, *that!* I look forward to a blessed quiet autumn, if God so will, having had a change of scene which will last me my whole life, and has taught me many things. The collection of plants grows magnificent. . . . Give my love to W. Harrison. I long to hear him preach in the Abbey, and to preach there myself likewise."

On July 25 he embarked on the *Adriatic* for England, and was so far recovered that he was said to be the life and soul of all on board on the homeward voyage; but the beginning of the end had come.

During his severe illness in Colorado, he composed these lines; they were the last he ever wrote:

[1] His first grandchild passed away at its birth just before he himself went into the unseen world. Happily he was spared the news.

1.

"'Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
You 're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You 're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see.
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me.
Barum, Barum, &c.'

2.

"She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Barum, Barum, &c.
'I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He 's killed a boy, he 's killed a man, and why must he kill me?'

3.

"'Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It 's you may keep your baby, for you 'll get no keep from me.'

4.

"'That husbands could be cruel,' said Lorraine, Loraine, Lorèe,
'That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!'

5.

"She mastered young Vindictive — Oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree;
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see.
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrèe."

CHAPTER XXVIII

1874-5.

AGED 55

RETURN FROM AMERICA — WORK AT EVERSLEY — ILLNESS AT WESTMINSTER — NEW ANXIETY — LAST SERMONS IN THE ABBEY — LEAVES THE CLOISTERS FOR EVER — LAST RETURN TO EVERSLEY — THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH — LAST ILLNESS AND DEPARTURE — ANSWERED PRAYER — HIS BURIAL — FUNERAL SERMONS — LETTERS OF SYMPATHY — THE TRUE AND PERFECT KNIGHT — AT HIS GRAVE — THE VICTORY OF LIFE OVER DEATH AND TIME.

"Death, beautiful, wise, kind Death, when will you come and tell me what I want to know?" C. K.

"Out of God's boundless bosom, the fount of life, we came; through selfish stormy youth, and contrite tears — just not too late; through manhood not altogether useless; through slow and chill old age, we return Whence we came, to the Bosom of God once more — to go forth again with fresh knowledge and fresh powers, to nobler work. Amen." C. K.

IT was sultry August weather when he returned to Eversley from America, and his great joy at being at home again made him plunge too eagerly and suddenly into work and Sunday services, before he had regained his full strength after his illness in Colorado. There was much sickness and a great mortality in the parish; and he was out among his poor people twice and three times a day in the burning sun and dry easterly wind. When he went up to Westminster

in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver came on, which alarmed his friends, and prevented his preaching in the Abbey on the first Sunday of his residence. This attack shook him terribly, and from that time he was unable to preach more than once a week during his residence; but, though altered and emaciated, he seemed recovering strength, when, early in October, a shadow came over his home, in the dangerous illness of his wife, touching him in his tenderest point, and filling him with fears for the future. When all immediate danger for her was over, it was with difficulty he was persuaded to leave her and take a few days' change of air and scene, at Lord John Thynne's, in Bedfordshire, and with his friend Mr. Fuller Maitland, in Essex. From these visits he returned invigorated in health and spirits for his November work, and got through his sermons in the Abbey with less fatigue. The congregations were enormous — the sermons powerful as ever, though their preparation was an increasing labor: but the change in his appearance was observed by many. "I went back," said an old correspondent, "from the Abbey service, sad at the remembrance of the bent back and shrunken figure, and while hoping the weakness was but temporary, I grieved to see one who had carried himself so nobly, broken down by illness."

His All Saints' Day sermon will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was like a note of preparation for the life of eternal blessedness in the vision of God upon which he himself was so soon to enter. It was a revealing too of his own deepest belief as to what that blessedness

meant, with back glances into the darker passages and bitter struggles of his own earthly life and warfare with evil. In it he speaks of the mystery of evil, and of the soul puzzled, crushed, and "sickened by the thought of the sins of the unholy many — sickened, alas! by the imperfections of the holiest few."

"And have you never cried in your hearts with longing, almost with impatience, 'Surely, surely, there is an ideal Holy One somewhere — or else, how could have arisen in my mind the conception, however faint, of an ideal holiness? But where? oh where? Not in the world around strewn with unholiness. Not in myself, unholy too, without and within — and calling myself sometimes the very worst company of all the bad company I meet, because that company is the only company from which I cannot escape. Oh! is there a Holy One, whom I may contemplate with utter delight? and if so, where is He? Oh that I might behold, if but for a moment, His perfect beauty, even though, as in the fable of Semele of old, the lightning of His glance were death. . . .'

"And then, oh, then — has there not come to such a one — *I know that it has come* — that for which his spirit was athirst — the very breath of pure air, the very gleam of pure light, the very strain of pure music — for it is the very music of the spheres — in those same words, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come;' and he has answered with a flush of keenest joy — 'Yes, whatever else is unholy, there is a Holy One — spotless and undefiled, serene and self-contained. Whatever else I cannot trust, there is One whom I can trust utterly. Whatever else I am dissatisfied with, there is One whom I can contemplate with utter satisfaction, and bathe my stained soul in that eternal fount of purity.

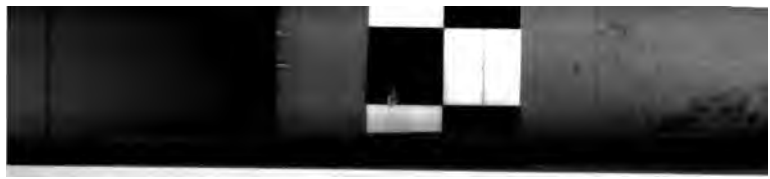
And who is He? Who, save the Cause and Maker, and Ruler of all things, past, present, and to come? Ah, gospel of all gospels — that God Himself, the Almighty God, is the eternal realization of all that I and all mankind, in our purest and our noblest moments, have ever dreamed concerning the true, the beautiful, and the good.' . . . Whosoever has entered, though but for a moment, however faintly, partially, stupidly, into that thought of thoughts, has entered in so far into the communion of the elect, and has had his share in the Everlasting All Saints' Day which is in heaven." [1]

He little thought when preaching this sermon that in less than three months' time he too should himself be entering the Holy of Holies. Of that very beatific vision he spoke once more shortly before his death; when, conscious of no human presence, he was heard in the night by his daughter to cry out, in a clear voice, "How beautiful God is!"

One of the last letters he ever wrote was on November 22nd, to Mr. Shone, of Chester, to thank him for an "Address on the Tendency of Modern Thought."

"My young friend," he says, "You see the broad truth, and you have put it in very manly words. . . . Only — don't lose hold of that belief in the old faith, which is more precious to my *reason*, as well as to my moral sense, the older I grow, and have to do with sorrows and difficulties which you, in your youth and strength, do not know yet — and God grant you never may know. Be true to your own manly words: and in due time God will pay you all, for He is very just and very merciful. Give my love to all the dear Chester people."

[1] All Saints' Day and other Sermons



To this "old faith" he clung more and more strongly; and a friend about this time with whom he was speaking of the deep things of God, said she could never forget his look and voice, as folding his arms he bowed his head and said, "I cannot — cannot *live* without the Man Christ Jesus."

On Advent Sunday, November 29, he preached his last sermon in Westminster, with intense fervor. It was the winding-up of his year's work in the Abbey, but neither he nor those who hung upon his words thought that it was the winding-up of his public ministrations and the last time he would ever enter the pulpit. The text was Luke xix. 41, Christ weeping over Jerusalem. A great storm was raging over London that afternoon, and the gale seemed almost to shake the Abbey, which made the service to one who was keenly sensitive, as he was, to all changes of weather, especially those which would affect the fate of ships at sea, most exciting.

The sermon was a characteristic one. "Advent," he said, "should be a season not merely of warning, awe, repentance, but a season of trust and hope and content." He sketched the leading features of his past teaching in the Abbey — dwelling on the Kingship and Divine Government of Christ over races, nations, individuals — His infinite rigor and yet infinite tenderness of pity — the divine humanity which possessed Him as He wept over the doomed city, and cried out, "How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." He closed with these words:

"And what is true of nations and of institutions — is it not true of individuals, of each separate human brother of the Son of Man? . . .

"Ah — and is there a young life ruined by its own folly — a young heart broken by its own wilfulness — an elder man or woman too, who is fast losing the finer instincts, the nobler aims, of youth in the restlessness of covetousness, of fashion, of ambition? Is there one such poor soul over whom Christ does not grieve? To whom, at some supreme crisis of their lives, He does not whisper — 'Ah, beautiful organism — thou, too, art a thought of God — thou, too, if thou wert but in harmony with thyself and God, a microcosmic *City of God!* Ah! that thou hadst known — even thou — at least in this thy day — the things which belong to thy peace!"

"Shall I go on? shall I add to the words of doom? 'But now they are hid from thine eyes.' Thou hast gambled with thine own destiny too long. Thou hast fixed thy habits. Thou hast formed thy character. It is too late to mend. Thou art left henceforth to the perpetual unrest which thou hast chosen — to thine own lusts and passions; and the angels of peace depart from thy doomed heart, as they did in the old legend, from the doomed Temple of Jerusalem — sighing — 'Let us go hence.' Shall I say that? God forbid — it is not for me to finish the sentence — or to pronounce the doom of any soul.

"But it is for me to say — as I say now to each of you — Oh that you each may know the time of your visitation — and may listen to the voice of Christ, *whenever* and *however* He may whisper to you, 'Come unto Me, thou weary and heavy-laden heart, and I will give thee *Rest*.'

"He may come to you in many ways. In ways in which the world would never recognize Him — in which

perhaps neither you nor I shall recognize *Him;* but it will be enough, I hope, if we but hear His message, and obey His gracious inspiration, let Him speak through whatever means He will. He may come to us, by some crisis in our life, either for sorrow or for bliss. He may come to us by a great failure; by a great disappointment — to teach the wilful and ambitious soul, that not in *that* direction lies the path of peace. He may come in some unexpected happiness to teach that same soul that He is able and willing to give abundantly beyond all that we can ask or think. He may come to us, when our thoughts are cleaving to the ground, and ready to grow earthy of the earth — through noble poetry, noble music, noble art — through aught which awakens once more in us the instinct of the true, the beautiful, and the good. He may come to us when our souls are restless and weary, through the repose of Nature — the repose of the lonely snow-peak, and of the sleeping forest, of the clouds of sunset and of the summer sea, and whisper Peace. Or He may come, as He may come this very night to many a gallant soul — not in the repose of Nature, but in her rage — in howling storm, and blinding foam, and ruthless rocks, and whelming surge — and whisper to them even so — as the sea swallows all of them which *it* can take — of calm beyond, which this world cannot give and cannot take away. He may come to us, when we are fierce and prejudiced, with that still small voice — so sweet and yet so keen. 'Understand those who misunderstand thee. Be fair to those who are unfair to thee. Be just and merciful to those whom thou wouldst like to hate. Forgive, and thou shall be forgiven.' He comes to us surely, when we are selfish and luxurious, in every sufferer who needs our help, and says, 'If you do good to one of these, My brethren, you do it unto Me.' But most surely does Christ come to us, and often most happily, and most

clearly does He speak to us — in the face of a little child, fresh out of heaven. Ah, let us take heed that we despise not one of these little ones, lest we despise our Lord Himself. For as often as we enter into communion with little children, so often does Christ come to us. So often, as in Judæa of old, does He take a little child and set it in the midst of us, that from its simplicity, docility, and trust — the restless, the mutinous, and the ambitious may learn the things which belong to their peace — so often does He say to us, 'Except ye be changed and become as this little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'

"AND THEREFORE LET US SAY, IN UTTER FAITH, 'COME AS THOU SEEST BEST — BUT IN WHATSOEVER WAY THOU COMEST — EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS.'"

As soon as the Abbey service was over, he came home much exhausted, and went straight up to his wife's room. "And now my work here is done, thank God! and . . . I finished with your favorite text."

The next day he dined at the Deanery to meet Dr. Caird, before attending his lecture in the Abbey at the special evening service. The air was damp, and coming out into the cold cloister he caught a fresh cold, and coughed all through the night; but he made light of it, for he could think of nothing but the happiness of returning with his wife to Eversley for Christmas and the quiet winter's work. And on the 3rd of December he left the cloisters forever, full of joy and thankfulness, and took her with tenderest care to

Eversley. But his happiness was short lived; the journey down had had serious consequences for her, and that night the Angel of Death for the first time for thirty-one years seemed hovering over the little rectory. He had been engaged by the Queen's command to go to Windsor Castle the following Saturday for two days. Telegrams were sent there, and to his absent children. Still he could not believe the threatened danger, till he was told that it was a hopeless case; and then — "My own death-warrant was signed," he said, "with those words."

Children and friends collected round him, while he gathered himself up with a noble self-repression to give comfort where it was needed. His ministrations in the sick room showed the intensity of his own faith, as he strengthened the weak, encouraged the fearful, and in the light of the Cross of Christ and the love of God, spoke of an eternal reunion and the indestructibility of that married love which, if genuine, can only seem to be severed for a brief moment. When asked if he thought it cowardly for a poor soul, who had been encompassed with such protecting love as his, to tremble on the brink of the dark river which all must cross alone — to shrink from leaving husband, children — the love that had made life blessed and real and full for so many years — and to go alone into the unknown: "Cowardly!" he said, "don't you think I would rather some one put a pistol to my head than lie on that bed there waiting? *But*, —" he added, "it is not darkness you are going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there."

And when the dreary interval before reunion was mentioned, he spoke of the possibility of all consciousness of Time being so destroyed that what would be long years to the survivor might be only a moment to the separated soul that had passed over the river of death. And so, with words of strong consolation and hope, with daily prayer, and reading from the Psalms and the Gospel and Epistles of St. John he preached peace and forgiveness till all was calm; and dwelling on the borderland together for weeks of deep communion, every chapter of the past was gone over once more, and "life was all retouched again," — favorite poetry was read for the last time, Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," Milton's magnificent Ode to "Time" again and again, Matthew Arnold's "Buried Life," and certain passages from Shakespeare. Once more he administered the Holy Communion to his wife, children, and servants; and once again, before he himself lay down to die, he received it with them from the hands of Mr. Harrison. But though his own iron will and utter submission to the will of God enabled him to appear outwardly calm in the sick room, and even to speak of the lonely years which he feared were before him, to the grave where, he said, he would allow no one but himself to do the last office, where he would place the three Latin words in which the life of his life, past, present, and future, are gathered up, — the charm of this world for him was over, and he spoke simple truth when he said his "heart was broken," for so it was. Though ill himself, he was reckless of his own state, careless of cold and snow; and soon his cough became

bronchitic. On the 28th of December he took to his bed, and pneumonia, with its terrible symptoms, came on rapidly. He had promised his wife to "fight for life" for his children's sake, and he did so for a time; but the enemy, or, as he would have said himself, "kindly Death," was too strong for him, and in a few weeks the battle was over and he was at rest. The weather was bitter, and he had been warned that his recovery depended on the same temperature being kept up in his room, and on his never leaving it; but one day he leaped out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and taking her hand in his, he said, "This is heaven, don't speak;" but, after a short silence, a severe fit of coughing came on, he could say no more, and they never met again. When told that another such effort might be fatal to both, he replied, "Well, we have said all to each other, we have made up our accounts. It is all right, all *as it should be.*" For a few days a correspondence was kept up in pencil; and on December 30 he wrote of this "terrible trial," the fiery trial of separation, to both so bitter at such a moment. "But," he adds, "I am somewhat past fretting — almost past feeling. . . . I know it *must* be right, because it is so strange and painful." Again, on New Year's Eve, "I am much better in all ways. Thank God for the gleam of sun and the frost on the window-pane. . . ." And again, in the last letter he ever wrote, on January 3rd, a bright morning, the first Sunday in the year: "Ah! what a good omen for the coming year — this lovely Sunday morning. May it mean light and peace and blessing in both worlds

for us all! . . ." But, to use his own words, the letters then became "too painful, too tantalizing" for both, and they ceased.

He was now kept constantly under the influence of opiates to quiet the cough and keep off hemorrhage, and his dreams were always of his travels in the West Indies, the Rocky Mountains, and California. These scenes he would describe night after night to the trained nurse from Westminster Hospital who sat up with him; and he would tell her, too, of the travels of his eldest son in America, of whom he continually spoke with love and pride, and to whose success in life he so eagerly looked. Though he did not care to recover, he watched his own symptoms as a scientific spectator might have done, saying that his physical experiences were so singular that if he got well he would write a book about them, and describing them brilliantly to Dr. Hawkesley, who twice came down from London. Dr. Hawkesley said he had never seen a more splendid fight for life.

He spoke but little latterly, and the fear of exciting him made those around afraid of telling him anything that would rouse him to the sense of his great loneliness. But one morning before his condition became hopeless, when some little letters, enclosing some drawings to amuse him, had come from the young Princes at Sandringham, who loved him well and were sorry for his illness and his grief, his doctor said they might be shown him. They touched him deeply; and his messages in answer were among the last he sent. On Sunday, the 17th, he sat up for a few moments, where he could see from the bedroom

window which looked into the churchyard his dear people go into church, and spoke of their "goodness" to him and how he loved them. He reiterated the words, "It is all right." "All *under rule.*" One morning early he asked the nurse, if it was light, to open the shutters, for he loved light. It was still dark. "Ah! well," he said, "the light is good and the darkness is good — it is all good." From sleeping so much he was unconscious of the lapse of time. Since his boyhood he had never till now been confined to his bed for more than a day. "How long have I been in bed?" he asked one day, and on being told three weeks, he said, "It does not seem three days. Does F. know how ill I have been? Ah, I live in fairyland, or I should go mad!"

On the 20th of January the Prince of Wales, whose regard and affection for fourteen years had never failed, requested Sir William Gull to go down to Eversley. Dr. Gull thought recovery possible; but immediately after his visit the hemorrhage returned — the end seemed near, and then the full truth — and not a painful one — burst upon him. "Heynes," he said to his own devoted medical man, who was with him day and night, "I am hit; this last shot has told — did F. tell you about the funeral? We settled it all;" and then he went over every arrangement that had been agreed upon a few weeks before in view of the event he had so dreaded, and which God so mercifully spared him; even to the names of the bearers selected by his wife (laboring men endeared by old parish memories), adding, "Let there be no paraphernalia, no hatbands, no car-

riages. . . ." He was calm and content. He had no need to put his mind into a fresh attitude, for his life had long been "hid with Christ in God." Many years before, in speaking of a friend who rejected Christianity, he had said, "The more I see of him, the more I learn to love the true doctrines of the Gospel, because I see more and more that only in faith and love to the Incarnate God, our Saviour, can the cleverest, as well as the simplest, find the Peace of God which passes understanding." In this faith he had lived — and as he had lived, so he died — humble, confident, unbewildered. That night he was heard murmuring, "No more fighting — no more fighting;" and then followed intense, earnest prayers, uttered in a low voice, as was his habit when alone, — too sacred for any listener. Yes, his warfare was accomplished, he had fought the good fight, and never grounded his arms till God took them mercifully out of his brave hands and gave him rest.

It was on one of those, his last nights on earth, his daughter heard him exclaim, "How beautiful God is!" true to his own words written long before, "Self should be forgotten most of all in the hour of death." For the last two days before he departed, he asked no questions, and sent no messages to his wife, thinking all was over, and hoping that at last the dream of his life was fulfilled of their dying together; and under this impression, it is thought, when the faithful nurse who had been with his children since their birth, left his wife for a moment to come to her dying master the day before he went, he said, "Ah, dear nurse, *and I, too,* am come to an end; it is

all right — all as it *should be*," and closed his eyes again. On that same morning from his bed he had looked out over the beloved glebe once more. The snow, which had been deep for weeks, had cleared a little, the grass of the pasture was green, and he said, "Tell Grenville (his youngest son, who had just left him after helping to arrange his bed) I am looking at the most beautiful scene I ever saw," adding some words of love and approval of his boy, that were scarcely audible.

The last morning, at five o'clock, just after his eldest daughter, who, with his medical man and Mr. Harrison, had sat up all night, had left him, and he thought himself alone, he was heard, in a clear voice, repeating the words of the Burial Service:

"Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee."

He turned on his side after this, and never spoke again, and before midday, on the 23rd of January — without sigh or struggle — breathed his last breath, so gently that his eldest daughter and the family nurse, who were watching him, could scarcely tell that all was over. Twenty years before, and how often since, he had thus expressed his longing for that moment: "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity." And

now the great secret that he had craved to know was revealed to him, and he was satisfied.

"Never shall I forget," said Max Müller, "the moment when for the last time I gazed upon the manly features of Charles Kingsley, features which death had rendered calm, grand, sublime. The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression, the spirit, like a caged lion, shaking the bars of his prison, the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response — all that was over. There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and to the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as Nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than Death.

"As one looked on that marble statue which only some weeks ago had so warmly pressed one's hand, his whole life flashed through one's thoughts. One remembered the young Curate and the 'Saint's Tragedy'; the Chartist parson and 'Alton Locke'; the happy poet and the 'Sands of Dee'; the brilliant novel-writer and 'Hypatia' and 'Westward Ho!'; the Rector of Eversley and his 'Village Sermons'; the beloved professor at Cambridge, the busy Canon at Chester, the powerful preacher at Westminster Abbey. One thought of him by the Berkshire chalk streams, and on the Devonshire coast, watching the beauty and wisdom of Nature, reading her solemn lessons, chuckling too over her inimitable fun. One saw him in town-alleys, preaching the Gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and navvies. One heard him in drawing-rooms, listened to with patient silence, till one of his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be

forgotten. How children delighted in him! How young wild men believed in him, and obeyed him too! How women were captivated by his chivalry, older men by his genuine humility and sympathy! All that was now passing away — was gone. But as one looked at him for the last time on earth, one felt that greater than the curate, the poet, the professor, the canon, had been the man himself, with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his readiness to spend himself, his chivalry and humility, worthy of a better age. Of all this the world knew little; — yet few men excited wider and stronger sympathies." [1]

"As he lay," said Dean Stanley, "the other day, cold in death, like the stone effigy of an ancient warrior, the 'fitful fever' of life gone, the strength of immortality left, resting as if after the toil of a hundred battles, this was himself idealized. From those mute lips there seemed to issue once more the living words with which he spoke ten years ago, before one who honored him with an unswerving faithfulness to the end. 'Some say' — thus he spoke in the Chapel of Windsor Castle — 'some say that the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or a woman left to say, I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt. The age of chivalry is never past so long as we have faith enough to say, God will help me to redress that wrong, or if not me, He will help those that come after me, for His eternal will is to overcome evil with good.' . . ." [2]

On the afternoon of his departure a telegram was sent to Chester, where the daily bulletins had been watched for so eagerly, "Canon Kingsley peacefully expired;" and on the Sunday

[1] Max Müller — Preface to "The Roman and the Teuton."
[2] Dean Stanley. — Sermon in Westminster Abbey.

morning the tolling of the Cathedral bell, and the omission of his name in the daily prayers for the sick, confirmed the worst fears of many loving hearts. For many weeks the prayers of the congregation had been asked for "Charles and Fanny Kingsley." Not only in Chester Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, but in other churches and in Nonconformist chapels; at prayer-meetings, too, in London, Sheffield, and elsewhere, his life was prayed for, and God in His great mercy had answered all by giving him immortal life.

As soon as the news reached Westminster, a telegram from the Dean brought these words to his children: "Bear up under the blow. You will perhaps choose Eversley, but the Abbey is open to the Canon and the Poet." The telegram was followed by this letter.

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER: *January* 24, 1875. — "I cannot let the day pass without a word in addition to the brief telegram I sent last night. It seems but a few years, though it is many, since I first saw your dear father at Oxford, and again still fewer, though that is also long ago, since I for the first time was at Eversley — and our meetings have been but few and far between — but I always felt that he was a faithful friend, and a brave champion for much and many that I loved: and when he was transplanted among us, my dear wife and I both looked forward to the multiplication of these meetings — to long years of labor together. God has ordered it otherwise. He had done his work. He had earned his rest. You had seen all that was highest and best in him. The short stay amongst us here had given him a new life, and had endeared him to a new world. He has gone in the fulness of his strength, like one of his

own tropical suns — no twilight — no fading. Be of good heart, for you have much for which to be thankful. I ventured to say something about the place of burial. It is far the most probable (from what I have heard that he had said) that Eversley will have been the place chosen by him and by you — most natural that it should be so. Had his days ended here, then I should have pressed that the right which we have acquired in him should have the chief claim, and you know that should the other not be paramount, here we should be too glad to lay him, not by that official right which I try to discourage, but by the natural inheritance of genius and character. Any way, let me know the day and hour of the funeral. If none nearer or more suitable should be thought of, I, as the chief of his last earthly sphere, would ask to render the last honors.

There was no hesitation with those who knew his own feelings, and at Eversley he was buried on the 28th of January; no one was invited to attend, but early in the day the churchyard was full. There had been deep snow and bitter cold for many weeks. But that day was kindly, soft and mild, with now and then gleams of sunshine, and at two o'clock in the afternoon the coffin, covered with flowers, was met at the garden-gate by the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Westminster, his oldest friend, Mr. Powles, his two last curates, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Elis Price, and his churchwarden Sir William Cope, and was laid before the altar in the church, where for thirty-two years he had ministered so faithfully. He was carried to the grave by villagers who had known, loved, and trusted him for years. Roman Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, American and English, working-men

and gipsies, met at that grave; every profession, every rank, every school of thought was represented there. Soldiers[1] and sailors were there; among them three Victoria Cross officers, men whom he had loved, and who honored him. The Master of Fox Hounds, with the huntsman and the whip, were there also, and from his beloved Chester came the Dean and a deputation from the Natural Science Society he had founded. "I have been at many State funerals," said a naval officer who was present, "but never did I see such a sight as Charles Kingsley's."

"Who," says Max Müller, "can forget that funeral on the 28th of January, 1875, and the large and sad throng that gathered round his grave? There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of Eversley Common, who used to call him their 'Patrico-rai' (their Priest King). There was the squire of his village, and the laborers young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant colonies,[2] officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey; there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighborhood, and his own devoted curates, peers and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and the huntsmen in pink; for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling. All that he had loved and all that had loved him was there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own gravel bed, the old trees, which he had planted and

[1] Gen. Sir William Codrington; Col. Sir Charles Russell, V. C.; Col. Alfred Jones, V. C.; Col. Evelyn Wood, V. C., &c.
[2] Sir Arthur Gordon; Col. Sir Thomas Gore Browne.

cared for, waving their branches to him for the last time, and the gray sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory, and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal man. All went home feeling that life was poorer, and every one knew that he had lost a friend who had been, in some peculiar sense, his own. Charles Kingsley will be missed in England, in the English colonies, in America, where he spent his last happy year; aye, wherever Saxon speech and Saxon thought is understood. He will be mourned for, yearned for, in every place in which he passed some days of his busy life. As to myself, I feel as if another cable had snapped that tied me to this hospitable shore."

Such was the scene at Eversley, while at Chester and at Westminster the cathedral bell tolled for the well-beloved Canon, whom they should see no more.

. . . . . .

The Sunday following his funeral, sermons on his life and death were numerous, by Churchmen, Baptists and other Nonconformists, both in London, Chester, and elsewhere — from Dean Stanley in London, Dean Howson at Chester — while his own pulpit at Eversley Church was occupied by Sir William Cope in the morning, and by his last attached curate, the Rev. Elis Price, in the afternoon. At Westminster Abbey Dean Stanley spoke of that —

"One brilliant light which shone in our dim atmosphere, and has been suddenly extinguished, and which cannot be allowed thus to pass away without asking ourselves what we have gained by its brief presence amongst us — what we have lost by its disappearance.

Others have spoken and will long speak on both sides of the Atlantic of the gifted poet whose dust might well have mingled with the dust of his brother poets in these walls. Others will speak, in nearer circles, of the close affection which bound the pastor to his flock, and the friend to his friend, and the father to his children, and the husband to the wife, in that romantic home which is now for ever identified with his name, and beside which he rests, beneath the yews which he planted with his own hands, and the great fir-trees that fold their protecting arms above. But that alone which is fitting to urge from this place is the moral and religious significance of the remarkable career which has left a spot void, as if where a rare plant has grown, which no art can reproduce, but of which the peculiar fragrance still lingers with those who have ever come within its reach. To the vast congregations which hung upon his lips in this church — to the wide world which looked eagerly for the utterances that no more will come from that burning spirit — to the loving friends who mourn for the extinction of a heart of fire, for the sudden relaxation of the grasp of a hand of iron — I would fain recall some of those higher strains which amid manifold imperfections, acknowledged by none more freely than himself, placed him unquestionably amongst the conspicuous teachers of his age, and gave to his voice the power of reaching souls to which other preachers and teachers addressed themselves in vain. It has seemed to me that there were three main lessons of his character and career which may be summed up in the three parts of the apostolic farewell 'Watch ye: quit you like men and be strong; stand fast in the faith.' . . ."

After a masterly enumeration of his works, and the principle which was the keynote to each, the Dean says:

"And this leads me to that clause in the apostle's warning, which I have kept for last, 'Stand fast in the faith.' I have hitherto spoken of our lost friend in his natural God-given genius, not in his professional or pastoral functions. He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God made him in himself. He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise or disguise, and sometimes hardly in the guise, of a clergyman — fishing with the fisherman, hunting with the huntsman, able to hold his own in tent and camp, with courtier or with soldier; an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman — that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet human, genial layman as he was, he still was not the less — nay, he was ten times more — a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and walks of man. He was sent by Providence as it were, 'far off to the Gentiles,' — far off, not to other lands, or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, to 'fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thought, and wild tracts of character, in which he found a response for himself, because he gave a response to them. Witness the unknown friends that from far or near sought the wise guidance of the unknown counsellor, who declared to them the unknown God after whom they were seeking if haply they might find Him. Witness the tears of the rough peasants of Hampshire, as they crowded round the open grave, to look for the last time on the friend of thirty years, with whom were mingled the hunter in his red coat and the wild gypsy wanderers, mourning for the face that they should no more see in forest or on heath. Witness the grief which fills the old cathedral town of the native county of his ancestors, beside the sands of his own Dee, for the recollection of the

energy with which he gathered the youth of Chester round him for teachings of science and religion. Witness the grief which has overcast this venerable church, which in two short years he had made his own, and in which all felt that he had found a place worthy of himself, and that in him the place had found an occupant worthy to fill it. In these days of rebuke and faintheartedness, when so many gifted spirits shrink from embarking on one of the noblest, because the most sacred of all professions, it ought to be an encouragement to be reminded that this fierce poet and masculine reformer deemed his energies not misspent in the high yet humble vocation of an English clergyman — that, however much at times suspected, avoided, rebuffed, he yet, like others who have gone before him, at last won from his brethren the willing tribute of honor and love, which once had been sturdily refused or grudgingly granted. Scholar, poet, novelist, he yet felt himself to be, with all and before all, a spiritual teacher and guide. . . . Amidst all the wavering inconstancy of our time, he called upon the men of his generation with a steadfastness and assured conviction that of itself steadied and reassured the minds of those for whom he spoke, 'to stand fast in the faith.' . . ."[1]

Telegrams and letters, full of reverent love for him and of sympathy for those whom he had left — many of which will be heirlooms to his children, too private, too sacred, to meet the public eye, — all poured in from the highest to the lowest in this land, and from many in other lands, where his words had brought light in darkness, comfort in sorrow, hope in despair — from the heart of Africa, from Australia, from Cali-

[1] "Charles Kingsley." Sermon preached on Jan. 31, 1875, in Westminster Abbey, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

fornia, as well as from America, where thousands had loved him before they had seen him face to face so recently.

Never had mourners over an unspeakable loss more exultant consolation, lifting them above their own selfish sorrow, to the thought of what they *had* possessed in him, and that if misunderstood by many in his lifetime, he was honored by all in his death — that among men of all parties, there was the unanimous feeling that the great presence which had passed away had left a blank which no other could exactly fill. But to those who knew what the life of his spirit had been, and how his soul had been athirst for God, even the living God, there was higher consolation still, in the thought that that thirst was slaked — that his own prayer offered up years ago before Holy Communion in Eversley church, was answered, — when, after speaking of the "intolerable burden of sin," he cried:

"O Lamb Eternal, beyond all place and time! O Lamb of God, slain eternally before the foundation of the world! O Lamb which liest slain eternally in the midst of the throne of God! Let the blood of life which flows from Thee, procure me pardon for the past; let the water of life, which flows from Thee, give me strength for the future. I come to cast away my own life, my life of self and selfishness, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, that I may live it no more, and to receive Thy life, which is created after the likeness of God, in righteousness and true holiness, that I may live it for ever and ever, and find it a well of life springing up in me to everlasting life. Eternal Goodness, make me good like Thee. Eternal Wisdom, make me wise like Thee. Eternal Justice, make me just like

Thee. Eternal Love, make me loving like Thee. Then shall I hunger no more, and thirst no more; for

"'Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise me, fallen; cheer me, faint;
Heal me, sick; and lead me, blind.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.'"[1]

His bust, by Woolner, stands in the new Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey — a National Memorial.[2]

In Eversley churchyard his wife has placed a white marble cross, on which, under a spray of his favorite passion-flower, are the words of his choice, the story of his life:

"AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS."

And above them, circling round the cross, "God is Love," the keynote of his faith.

The green turf round his grave was soon worn by the tread of many footsteps; for months a day seldom passed without strangers being seen in the churchyard. On bank holidays numbers would come to see his last resting-place — little children, who had loved the "Water Babies," and the "Heroes," would kneel down reverently and

[1] The Rock of Ages. Sermon XIV., Town and Country Sermons.

[2] The bust in the Baptistery of the Abbey was unveiled in 1876 by his eldest son. At Eversley the church has been restored; and at Chester a marble bust has been placed in the Chapter House; a medal struck for successful students in the Natural Science Society; and the ladies of Chester undertook to restore one of the Cathedral stalls in memory of the Canon. There is a memorial cot in the Hospital for Incurable Children at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the endowment of which is nearly completed.

look at the beautiful wreaths of flowers, which kind hands had placed there, while the gipsies never passed the gate without turning in to stand over the grave in silence, sometimes scattering wild flowers there, believing, as they do, to use their own strange words, that "he went to heaven on the prayers of the gipsies."

. . . . . .

And now these scattered memories, connected by a feeble thread all unworthy of its great subject, draw to a close. To some it may have seemed a treachery to lift the veil from the inner life of a man, who while here hated the notoriety which he could not escape, and shrunk from every approach to egotism; but his private letters, showing, as they do, the steps by which he arrived at many of his most startling conclusions through years of troubled thought, are a commentary on much that seemed contradictory in his teaching, and justify him, while they teach and strengthen others. Those alone who knew him intimately — and they not wholly — best understood his many-sided mind, and could interpret the apparent contradictions which puzzled others. Those who knew him little, but loved him much, could trust where they could not interpret. But to the public, such explanation, if not due may yet be welcome; and in that invisible state where perhaps he now watches with intensest interest the education of the human race, he would not shrink, as he would have shrunk here, from a publicity which, in revealing the workings of his own mind, may make his teaching of the truths which were most precious to him on earth more intelligible, if

such a revelation should only help one poor struggling soul to light, and strength, and comfort, in the sore dark battle of life.

Some, again, may be inclined to say that this character is drawn in too fair colors to be absolutely truthful. But "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." The outside world must judge him as an author, a preacher, a member of society; but those only who lived with him in the intimacy of everyday life at home can tell what he was as a *man*. Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest, loveliest passages in his private letters, a veil must be thrown; but it may not be lifting it too far to say, that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships, a love that never failed for six-and-thirty years — pure, patient, passionate — a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away forever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a "most true and perfect knight" to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity. To eternity — for such love is eternal; and he is not dead. He himself, the man — lover, husband, father, friend — *he* still lives — in God — who is not the God of the dead but of the living. *He* is not dead; for to use his own inspiring words[1] —

"Those who die in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death; to them there is no

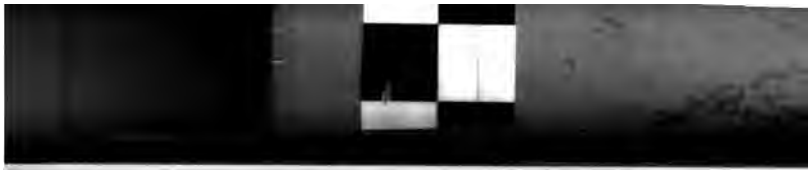
[1] "The Victory of Life," preached at the Chapel Royal in 1862. Milton's "Ode to Time" was the last poem he read to his wife before his death.

death, but only a change of place, a change of state; they pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings, unchanged; still the same living, thinking, active beings, which they were here on earth. I say active. . . . Rest they may: rest they will, if they need rest. But what is the true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care; this is true rest. Above all, to rest from the worst weariness of all — knowing one's duty, and yet not being able to do it. That is true rest; the rest of God, who works forever, and yet is at rest forever; as the stars over our heads move forever, thousands of miles a day, and yet are at perfect rest, because they move orderly, harmoniously, fulfilling the law which God has given them. Perfect rest, in perfect work; that surely is the rest of blessed spirits, till the final consummation of all things, when Christ shall have made up the number of His elect. I hope that this is so. I trust that this is so. I think Our Lord's great words can mean nothing less than this. And if it be so, what comfort for us who must die! What comfort for us who have seen others die, if death be but a new birth into some higher life; if all that it changes in us is our body — the mere shell and husk of us — such a change as comes over the snake when he casts his old skin, and comes out fresh and gay, or even the crawling caterpillar, which breaks its prison, and spreads its wings to the sun as a fair butterfly. Where is the sting of death, then, if death can sting and poison and corrupt nothing of us, for which our friends have loved us; nothing of us with which we could do service to men or God? Where is the victory of the grave, if, so far from the grave holding us down, it frees us from the very thing which holds us down — the mortal body?

"Death is not death, then, if it kills no part of us save

that which hindered us from perfect life. Death is not death, if it raises us from darkness into light, from weakness into strength, from sinfulness into holiness. Death is not death, if it brings us nearer to Christ, who is the fount of life. Death is not death if it perfects our faith by sight, and lets us behold Him in whom we have believed. Death is not death, if it gives to us those whom we have loved and lost, for whom we have lived, for whom we long to live again. Death is not death, if it rids us of doubt and fear, of chance and change, of space and time, and all which space and time bring forth, and then destroy. Death is not death; for Christ has conquered death, for Himself, and for those who trust in Him. And to those who say, 'You were born in Time, and in Time you must die, as all other creatures do: Time is your king and lord, as he has been of all the old worlds before this, and of all the races of beasts, whose bones and shells lie fossil in the rocks of a thousand generations;' then we can answer them in the words of the wise Poet, and in the name of Christ, who conquered death:

"'Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For whenas each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine



About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time!"

AMEN.